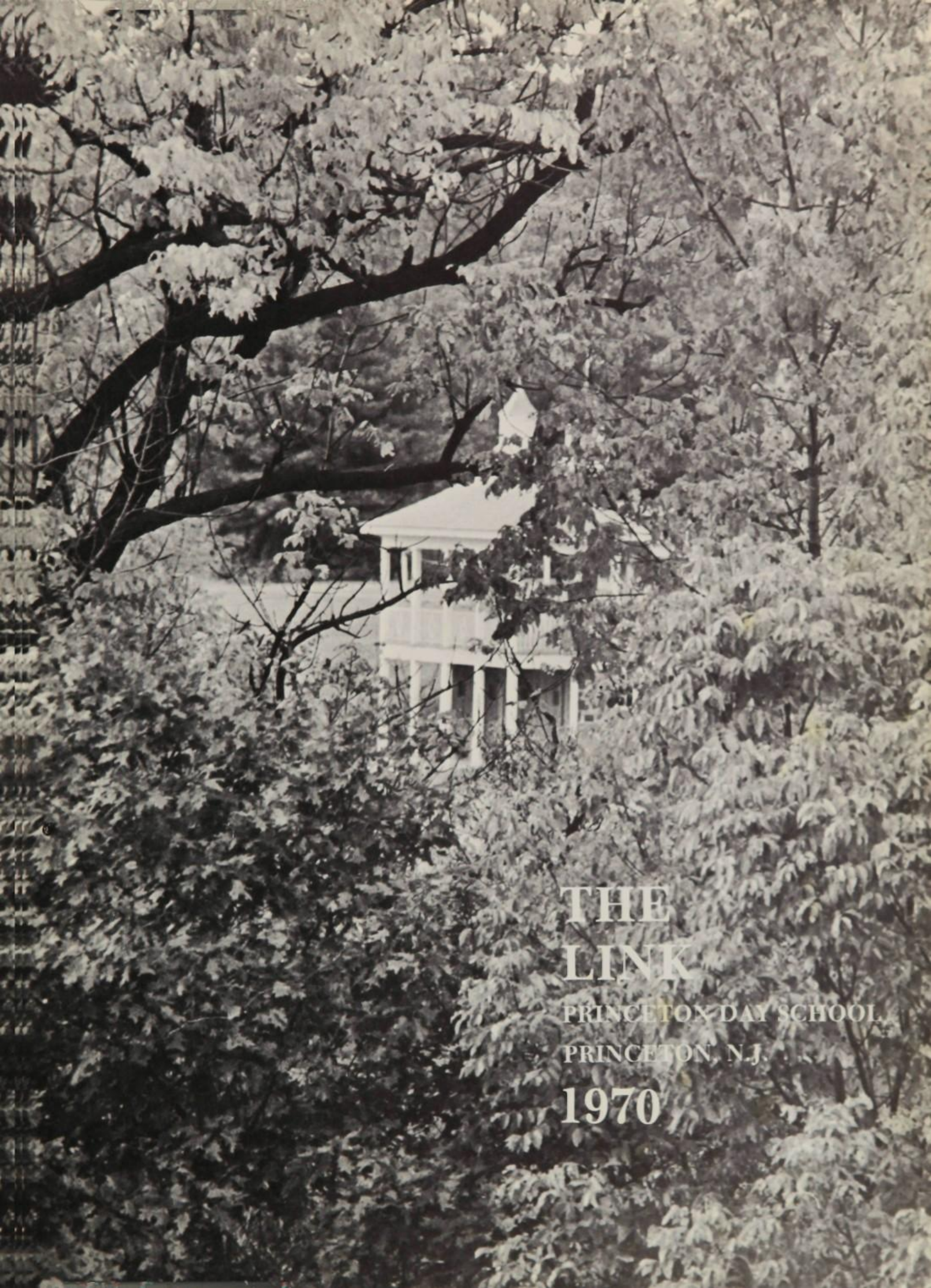
1970



THE LINK

PRINCETON DAY SCHOOL

PRINCETON, N.J.

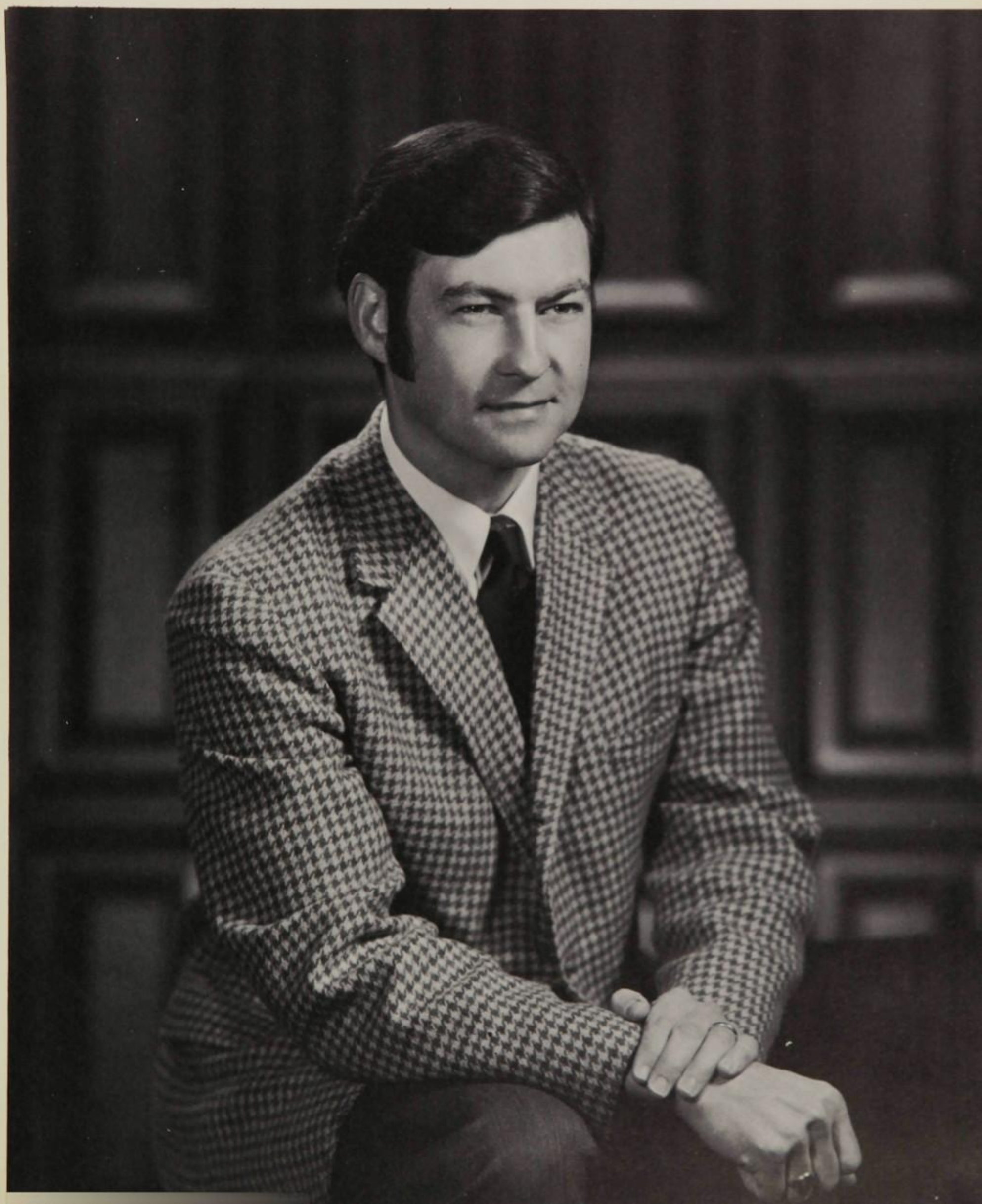
1970

Huson R. Gregory

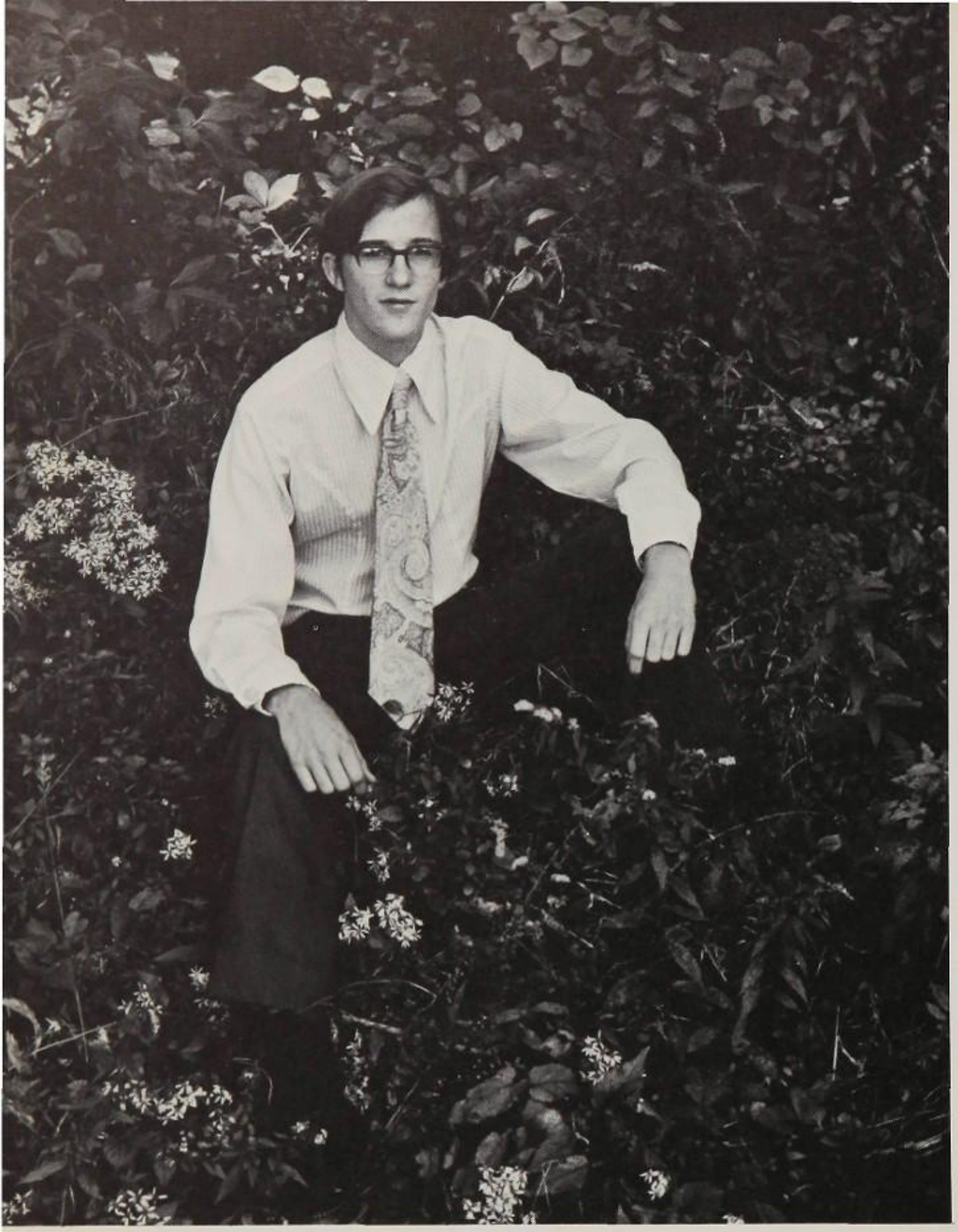
You were new when we were a year old, and we thought we were one up on you.

You taught us and talked to us and soon we found you listened to us and learned from us. You crept silently behind the scene, helping us survive our major crises and defending us. Sometimes you encouraged us and sometimes you laughed with us.

We will remember how you kept believing in us when we didn't believe in ourselves, and we will thank you from far away places.



Seniors



Porter Eubank

The whooping crane wandered woefully westward into warm and warmer waters. He hailed his friends the herons who came towards him on a seven engine motorcycle.

"Hail," he said. And since the sky was blue, the sea was blue and the herons were quite brown, they got into a small discussion about the merits of whooping crane color: "Regardless of the basis taken," said the crane," the assumption is deleterious to a clear understanding, in that the basic cognizance of the incessant manifestations of the beauty criteria, as constituted culturally and as reinforced by the appropriate representation of artistic material, so that inherent in any presentation hereupon..."

Whereupon, he drew from his large and left pocket a long and figured stream, cluttered closely with private digits that Ethela typed. "In the event that absolute perspective were maintained," he continued, "the realization that the decision can only be subjectively viewed will be reached."

The herons, however, had not reached it yet. They did not plan to reach it in the near future. Instead, the larger one replied in a loud voice: "YOU KNOW I SUPPOSE THAT IF YOU HAVE ONLY ONE LIFE, WHY LIVE IT AS A WHOOPING CRANE?" He addressed himself with false discretion to his friend, to say, "For, you know, they are becoming quite extinct." And the crane gave one sort of laugh. He knew, of course.

He wiggled his toes in the tepid water. He was not whooping today.

Moral: The eschatological process towards eventual epiphany is irrelevant if extinct.

Once there was a Spider, and a very frustrated spider it was indeed. It was forever constructing elaborate webs, but always after careful picking and pulling of the web, a look of dissatisfaction would appear on the Spider's face, and it would utter a short cry of disbelief-- NO, the web wasn't quite Right.

The Spider built a succession of webs, each of which the neighbors said was quite satisfactory. The Spider kept on. But, at about the 164th web, it began to ask itself--

"Am I really the Spider, or the Fly?"

One day, a housemaid with large red hands came lazily dusting, and swiped at the 399 now existing webs of the Spider. The Spider shrieked, and clung to a single line. Then, miraculously, in that condition, it found that this was without doubt the perfect web. Indeed. Now you will find the Spider, hanging on a single line, happily devoting its life to supplying free toothbrushes to itinerant insects.

Moral: Give an inch, to gain a mile.

Linda McCandless

" ," said the nightingale. And she was grey, but the walls around her were roses. She took the roses off the walls, peeling the paper in circles of three inches and in rows of seven across.

From all the world, the people came to watch the nightingale peel in rows of seven. They sat in every other chair and whispered.

An owl came up to the nightingale. He was eating fiddle-faddle, and wearing funny glasses. "Pardon, Madame," he said. "May I inquire as to the nature of your venture?" "Why no," smiled the nightingale. And so the owl receded.

A tufted tit-mouse scattered into the chamber. "I think," he said, "that you are a repressed sparrow caught up, threatened, stifled by an atavistic wallpaper rite. You shouldn't let roses tell you what to do. You should be out singing to the sun and the moon, you should learn to hear all that the trees say to the sky...." The nightingale looked at him and peeled without interruption.

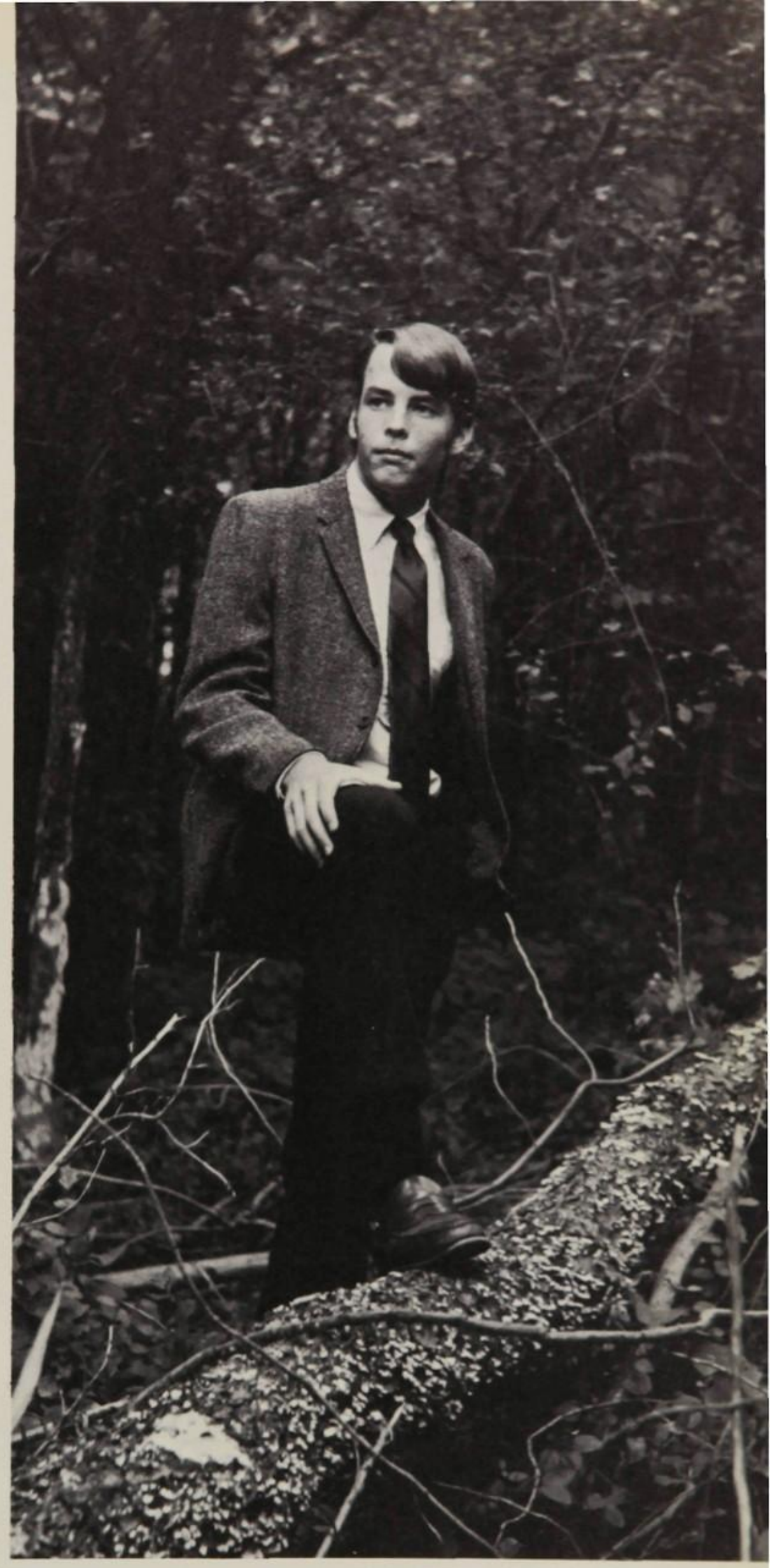
A man walked into the room and the birds all pretended that they were statues. "My," said the man. "This nightingale has the herringbone stripe. And evidently," he added, "has nothing much to do."

The nightingale got up and flew away.

Moral: If the shoe fits, fly.

Rebecca Bushnell

There once was a serious-minded Bruin. He lived in a house of hockey sticks just outside a garden. Every night he would walk slowly through his garden, examining carefully each detail of every individual as he came to it. His only guide to the path he took through the garden was the North Star. And when he reached it he turned around and walked back toward his dwelling.
Moral: Only you can prevent forest fires, especially in a garden.

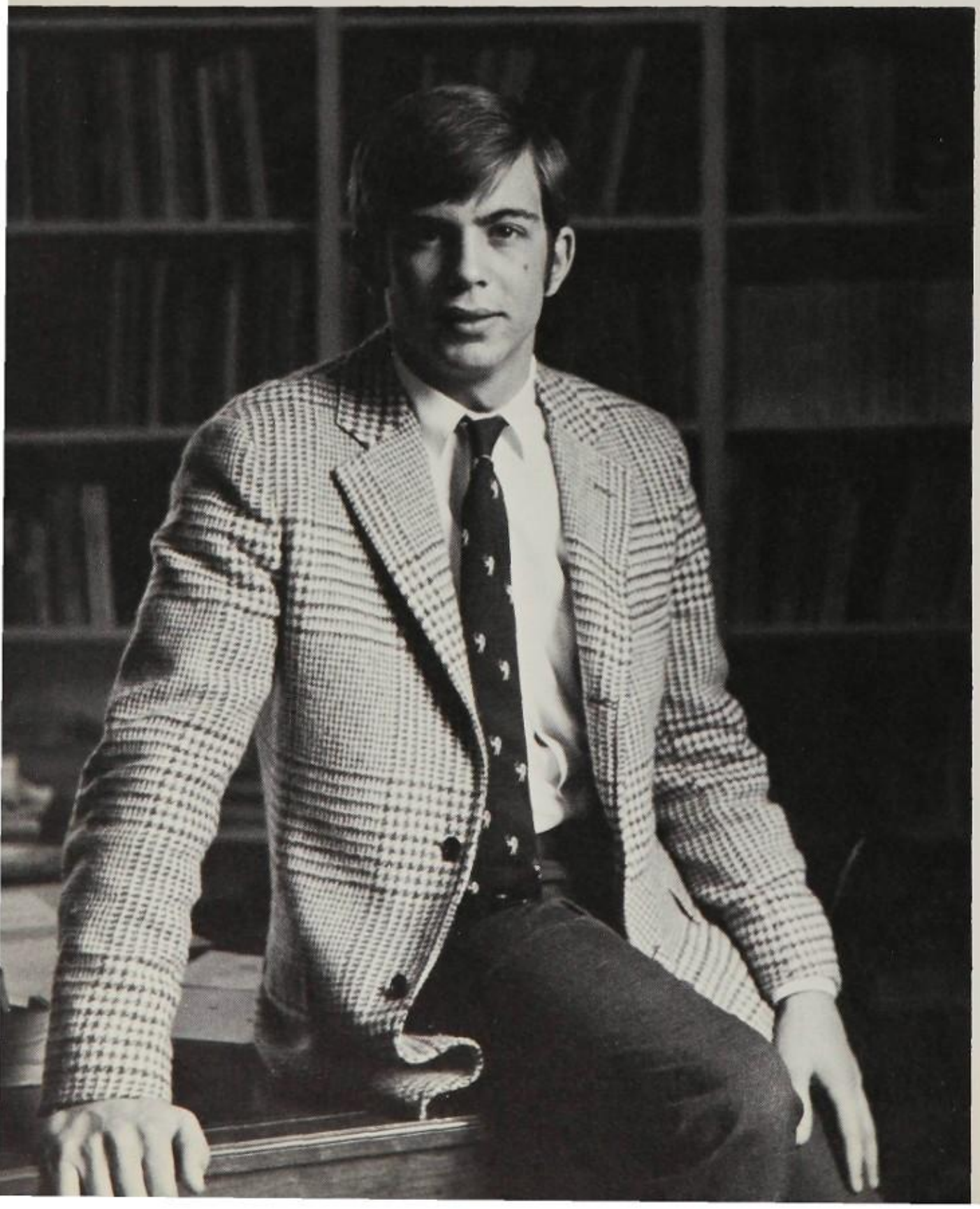


Deebs Young

The king of the tank was an extremely versatile guppy. He was well-versed in ecological relationships, the art of schooling and fish-participation, and his particular aim was to make the fish think they had no glass walls surrounding them. Consequently, any fish who happened to bump into the wall--perhaps as an early sign of revolt--had to appear before a special committee where he would usually be assigned to helping clean out the filters. The guppy was also in charge of a special team that specialized in ramming teams from other tanks. They never won any of the games but the usual excuse was that too few fish could never muddy the waters enough to make it sufficiently difficult for the pursuit. He also supported the no-tuxes at feeding time and any length tails. He was especially happy with the female in charge of socials for the service of the tank and promoted her activities whole-heartedly.

All in all, the master guppy took good care of his community.

Lew Bowers

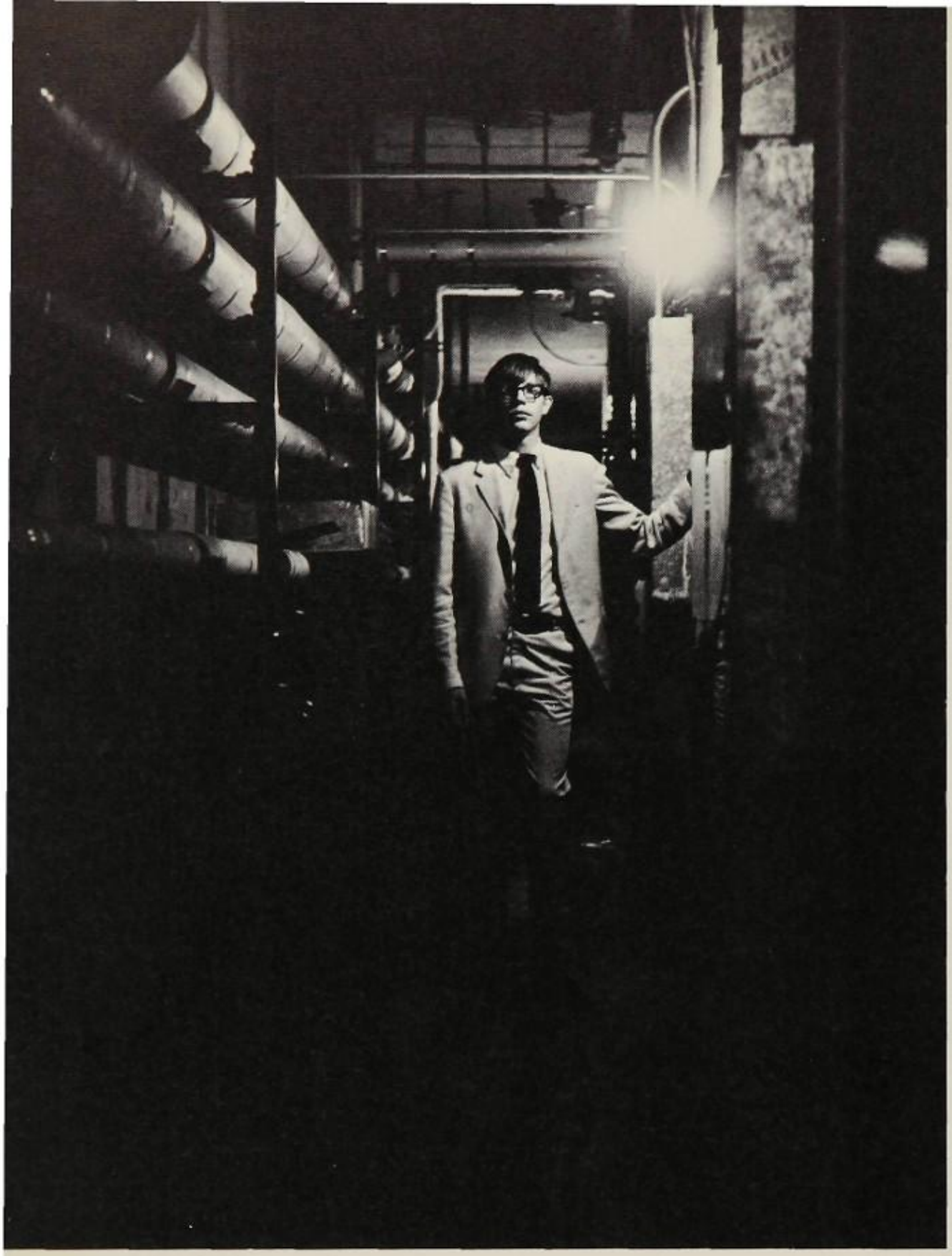


Heidi Flemer

It was the height of the honey-making season and the prosperous hive of the honeybees was overflowing with honey, wax and plump, well-fed bees. The Queen bee, in the midst of all the activity, buzzed in and out of the sticky cells, guiding the workers and rescuing those overly ambitious ones that sometimes slipped head-first into the thick, syrupy pools. The supply of honey steadily increased until the situation became seriously sticky. Little bees were being engulfed by the sweet brown glop. Workers sank into it as they tried to move from cell to cell. They could no longer find their individual compartments, and soon the queen bee declared the hive a honey disaster.

But, unfazed by the situation, she calmly looked about and thought of the solution. Gathering all the honeybees who could unstick themselves from the mess, she divided them into groups and assigned each group to a neighboring hive that had not had so prosperous a year. And before long, the bees were again transporting honey, this time out of the hive, and the queen, pleased by the renewed activity, happily resumed her role as director of honey services. Her workers soon became known throughout the community as the S. S. (Social Sector) or, more familiarly, the B. U. Z. Z. (Busy Unit of Zig-zagging Zealots).

Moral: When the cup runneth over, have faith in your leader.



Tim Medley

Figuring that by decreasing the ratio of his height over weight by the length of his shadow in comparison with Boyle's theory of falling bodies, the thin, trim roadrunner knew he could easily double his speed and could do very well in the perennial roadrunner cross-country championship race. After double-checking his results in his PDP-10, he concluded that his hypothesis was indeed correct and ideal for the upcoming competition.

After donning his goggles, red-checked shirt and Adidas lightnings, he proceeded to start his trek toward the track. Once perplexed by an inability to give his best effort to achieve, he closely examined his id and ego and announced to himself he would win. Yes, indeed.

Moral: Roadrunners know the beaten trail.

There once was a singular monkey. He lived in the jungle among many others. Unfortunately, he was considered rather peculiar by some of his fellows because he often jumped about wildly, creating disturbances completely unworthy of dignified monkeys. He also had a tendency to slick back his fur and wear shiny black shoes. However, many of the monkey kingdom had an opportunity to change their opinion of him when, one day, a gorilla invaded their territory. Though the aforementioned monkey was of no great size, he was known to be wiry. The small monkey leapt down from a branch over the invader's head, grabbed his knees and, though the struggle was tough, pinned the gorilla in only two - yes, two - minutes. Exhausted and overwhelmed, the conquered gorilla crawled away, never to return. The monkeys gathered around their champion, amazed and admiring. But as they cheered him, he slipped away from the crowd to his favorite tree and began to compose a poem.

Moral: When one lives near a hill, he is not likely to give oup.

Robert Salup

Bob Peck

The first of dawn's rays sped through the cave, ricocheted off one of the faded beer cans that decorated the failing Muntz, and hit the aging warthog dead in the face. Deeply disturbed by this untimely awakening, Charlie shot straight up out of bed for at least six feet, cursed spectacularly, and fell into the deep, soot-filled ashtray that nature had intended to be the cave's floor. Painfully he pulled himself from the powdery, gray rug and made the long, arduous trek of about ten yards to the brook by the mouth of the cave. He plunged his head into the freezing water and immediately snapped to his usual fuzzy state of awareness of the world around him. Then he belched. It was an uncommonly pleasing belch; the warm fumes of cheap tobacco soaked with third-rate beer, various late-eaten food smells, and even a faint whiff of .....salami! Why, he hadn't had salami in over seventeen weeks! "Boy, that was some belch," he thought, "even for a master like me." He went back into the cave to throw out some of the older beer cans, find one of the newer butts off the floor, and dream of Madge. "Yep, ole Madge sure did look good last night," he mused, "all decked out in her good bowling jersey and dress hairnet with matching curlers. I'll haveta marry that broad one of these days. If her parents ever....."

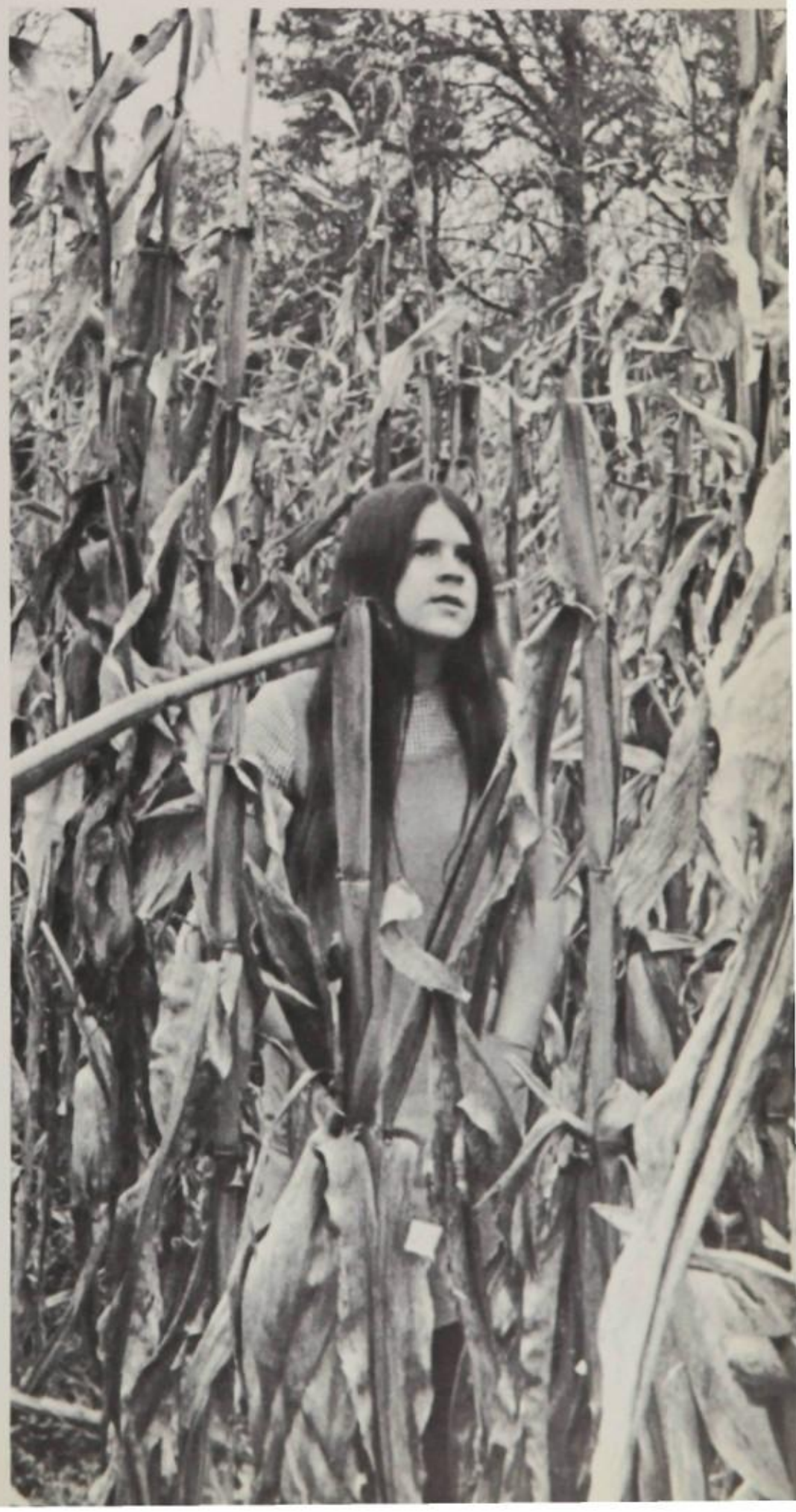
But Charlie was never subjected to this or any of the finer things that come to the average warthog with mounting years. He was shot on a rainy Tuesday in the spring by a near-sighted hunter with absolutely no sense of direction, who was in reality a retired meat packer from Camden. Don't cry for ole Charlie, though, because he finally made the bigtime, for on the plaque that sports Charlie's countenance, this mortar-toting idiot inscribed:

THE LION
THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

The spotted giraffe in the zoo was a collector of items. Because of her long neck she was especially fond of the highest and more obscure leaves on the tree which she swallowed in huge volumes. On account of her height the giraffe also encountered some of the more shooting breezes in existence but she was equally capable of creating some of her own. The giraffe always meticulously chewed whatever she came in contact with - leaves, volumes or shooting breezes - and digested it in such a manner that it could always be recalled.

It was widely acknowledged in both higher and lower circles that the giraffe's neck was well-developed for her age. The giraffe had recognized this herself and - accordingly - had several unusual stunts in her repertory. One of the more spectacular ones was a headstand - no small feat for a giraffe unless, of course, it had a strong neck - which tested leaf strength. Standing on her head and kicking her heels, the giraffe would shake off all weakly bound leaves on the tree, which left only the proven ones on the branches to be eaten. Of course, she always lost a few good leaves, especially in the fall, but this was to be philosophically accepted as sad and true, but inevitable. The stunt, by the way, was most offensive to the ground's crew in charge of upkeep of the trees and leaves, but that too was inevitable.

Bobby Miller



Jack Kilgore

The jung blakey-bird hopped from book to book. "Jung, jung," he said, "me blakey bird."

He gathered with zest and inference a small wonder from large leaves.

And the sky hung down, a pin-striped grey. He looked up at the sky. "Bosch," he said, and carefully dragged the leaves, two by two, to a small cove under the Acid Rock.

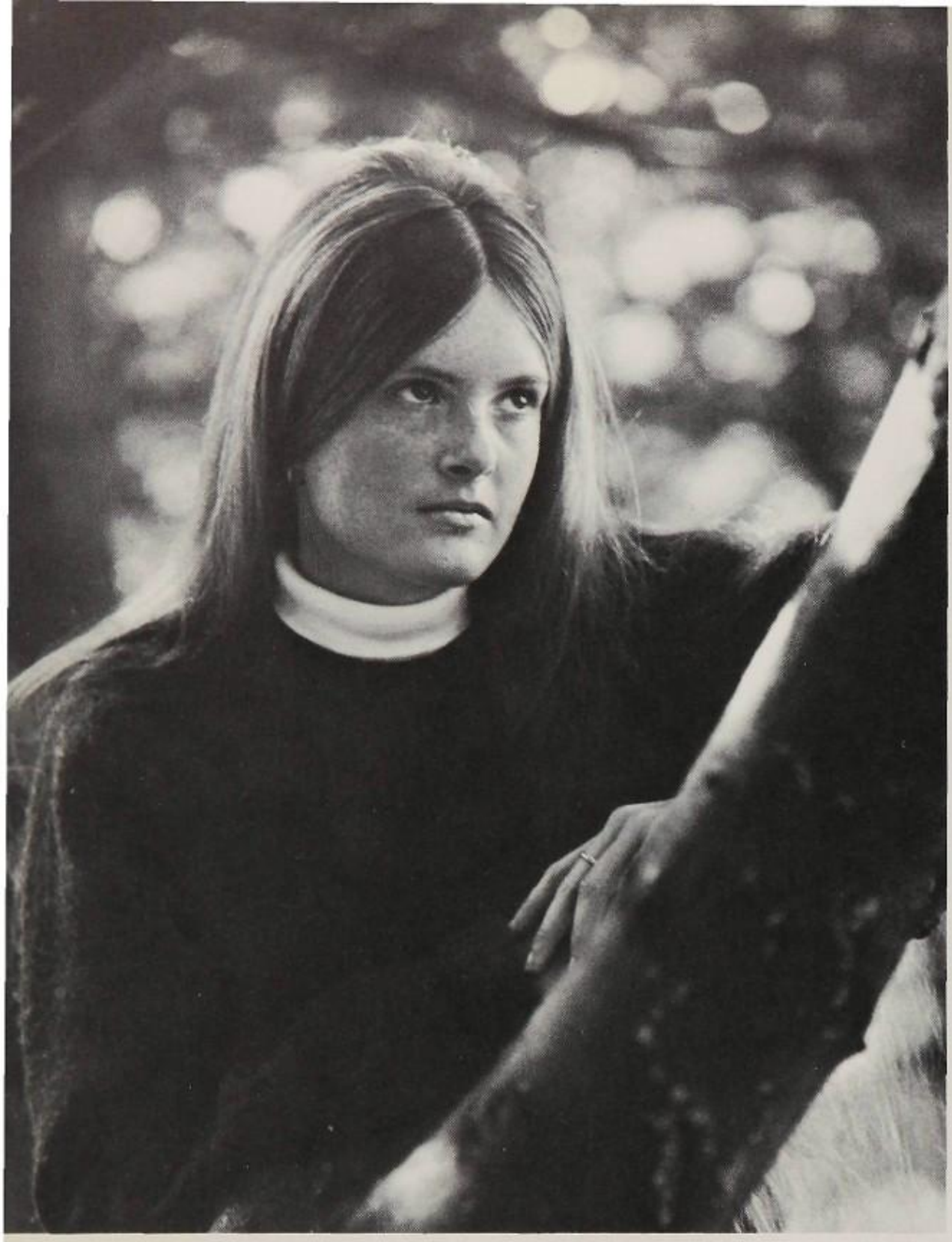
He lived there in fair splendor. Then one fine day he sat on his rock ruminating. He saw a worm squirming and wiggling and the worm could move in all directions. "O wow," he said, "the worm is God." He chewed the worm vehemently; he spat it out and got convulsions. Things happened rather fast and he finally flew away, across or through the tiny stripes.

Moral: The bird in the sky is worth two on the hook.

On a high, out-of-the way shelf of a candy shop sat some very glum gumdrops. Every day they watched the customers lingering in front of the gaudy displays of jumbo assortments, pouring over tiny, tempting chocolates, and exclaiming over the precious coconut animals. But no one saw the gumdrops, who were beginning to lose a bit of their sweetness with sitting on the shelf for so long.

Then one day a new lollipop display was set-up. It was a very nice display, but the cherry lollipop would have none of it and escaped on a small balloon of giggles. All the other candies collapsed in ecstasies of laughter at the sight; all but the gumdrops, who only watched glumly from their high shelf. The lollipop was not discouraged but floated right in front of them, giggling in their faces. Finally the gumdrops looked pleasant, then grinned and at last began to laugh so hard that they fell right off their shelf onto the counter below, where all the children love to see them.

Lucy Stover



Janet Masterton

The fawn, tottering on spindle legs, paused for an instant, seeming to gather itself up for some concerted effort to follow. Its soft eyes, fixed on a distant mountain, seemed unaware, but to the hedgehog, an old acquaintance, it was obvious that the fawn was listening intently to some forest sound as yet inaudible to himself. The hedgehog observed the fawn for some few minutes, following its elusive gaze which seemed to lead nowhere, naively hoping to penetrate its secret. Finally the hedgehog, who admittedly lacked his friend's subtlety and imagination, inquired of the fawn, "What do you hear?" "Listen," replied the fawn softly. "At the far edge of the forest, a nightingale is singing." The hedgehog listened but heard nothing. "You must be mistaken," he insisted impatiently. "Perhaps it is only the wind." And he rolled himself up into a ball, refusing to comprehend. The fawn gazed down at his friend understandingly, but only for an instant. For he knew the nightingale awaited him in some distant glade and was off.

Moral: The music is there for those who have learned to listen.

Une fois, il y avait une toute petite fille...

And she was found many times, smiling and leaping on a fine day, or sometimes, pushing a little white ball around the hockey field, lightly and firmly.

One particularly fine day, she was thoughtfully pushing this ball, and suddenly came to face a hefty defense of six, tunicked boarding-school girls. Swiftly, of course, she moved over and under their bodies, and shot the ball into the goal.

"Mon Dieu!" elle a souri;

"Comment ces jeux sont faits."

The game finished and won by this stroke, she wandered back down a path, splitting light flowers from their stems, and laughing, because it was a private joke.

Moral: On a des raisons, que personne ne connait point.

Lindsey Hicks

Another inspiration had come to the boulder, which was constantly plagued by its organizational tendencies and creative spirit. And so it set off in search of fellow rocks. Coming upon a scattering of pebbles, the boulder announced, "A wall. If we could just get together, I believe we might succeed with a wall." But the pebbles only stared in disbelief, and the boulder, who was given to self-consciousness, collapsed in an embarrassed fit of minor hysterics. The boulder made a half-hearted attempt to apologize for its unorthodox behavior, but on turning completely red, it shrugged and rolled off in search of other converts. The pebbles looked at one another and concluded that the boulder was undoubtedly insane. It did have a point, however, and so they set off after it in a line, struggling to keep pace.
Moral: An enthusiastic albeit mad rolling stone gathers considerable moss.

Louise Sayen

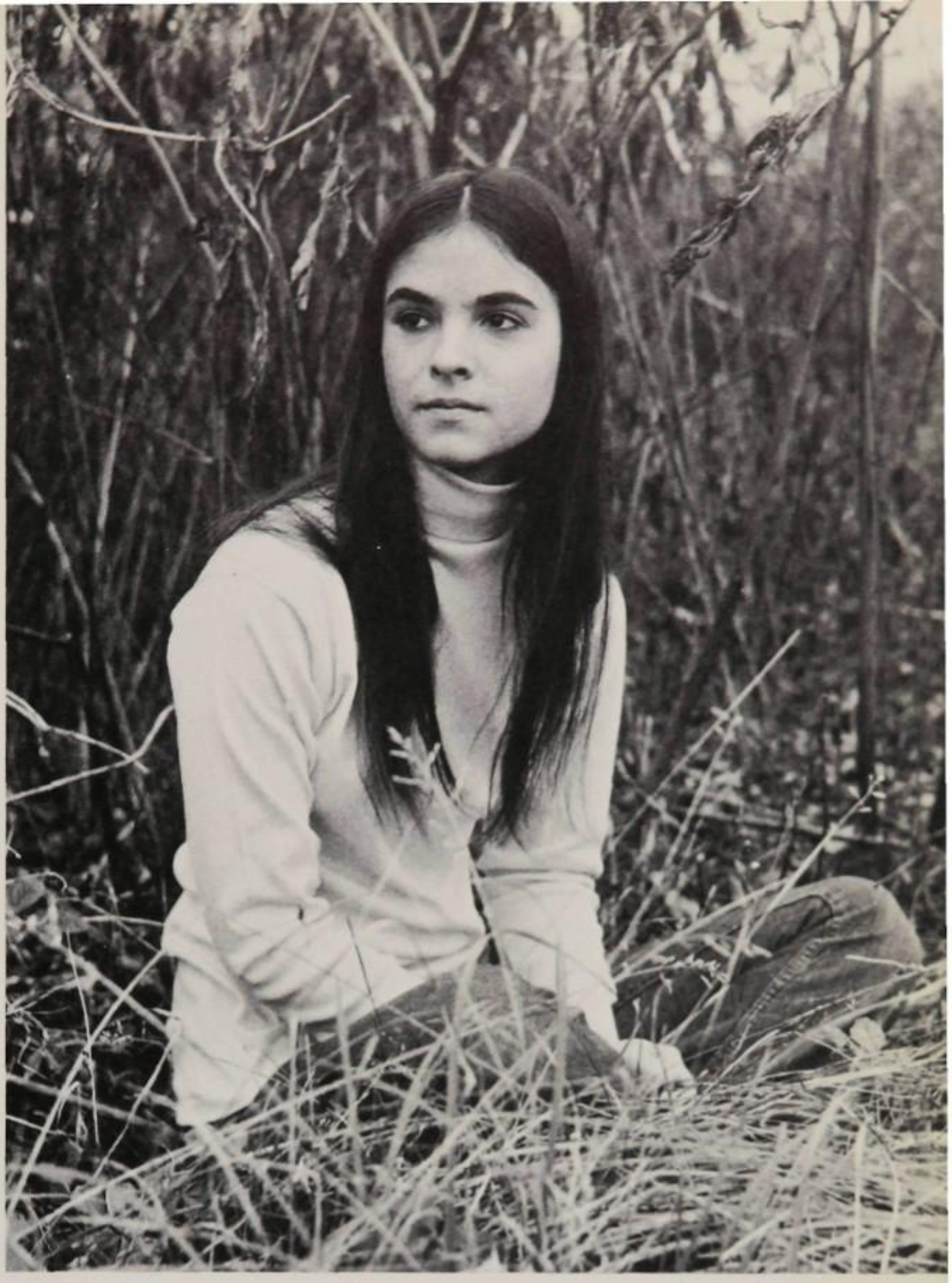
Being new to the region, the Beaver stumbled quite accidentally onto a stream. Glad to be near a welcome place, the Beaver jumped into the stream and paddled around on her back for nearly an hour, spewing water and wishing she could make inoffensive waves and go surfing. However, she decided that what was really worth having was not a surfboard, but a dam for the stream. Gathering together her organizational tendencies, she decided how it should be built. She now needed materials for it, which she went off to find. She wandered over by a patch of mushrooms in her search and thought she might study them for awhile. She came to the conclusion that they were of an edible nature. Suddenly she remembered that she had set out to build a dam and quickly went to search for sturdy logs. She came back with them and worked for several hours, patiently placing and securing them. After testing the dam to see if it met the Beaver's architectural standards, she smiled and turned to leave, remembering that there were mushrooms she had left behind she wanted to know more about.

Moral: A job worth doing is worth doing well.

Liz Hamid

The animal community at large had a tendency to forget about the mouse, perhaps because it was so small and perhaps because it was a foreigner. But despite its size, the mouse was extraordinarily vocal and with its alien culture it lent the community a distinct cosmopolitan flavor, living as it did, in a foreign city. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the community had of late forgotten many of its unobtrusive leading citizens, plunged as it was in a state of general despondency. It was nothing you could put your finger on--it was simply a grey wintry depression that had settled on the community and rudely refused to get up, despite the animals' determined prods. The entire company had thus assembled that morning on the assumption that common ennui was somehow more bearable than personal boredom, and such was the general state of things when the mouse arrived. The mouse, on observing the blank faces of its friends, could only stare in utter astonishment, for depression was a state unknown to it and quite apart from its nature. "Hey," shouted the mouse. "On your feet. There is much to be done and besides, the spring is coming." The animals stared in disbelief for the mouse's spirit quite outweighed its size, but the mouse only giggled and proceeded to throw an outlandish Italian banquet.
Moral: From a small spark may burst a mighty flame.

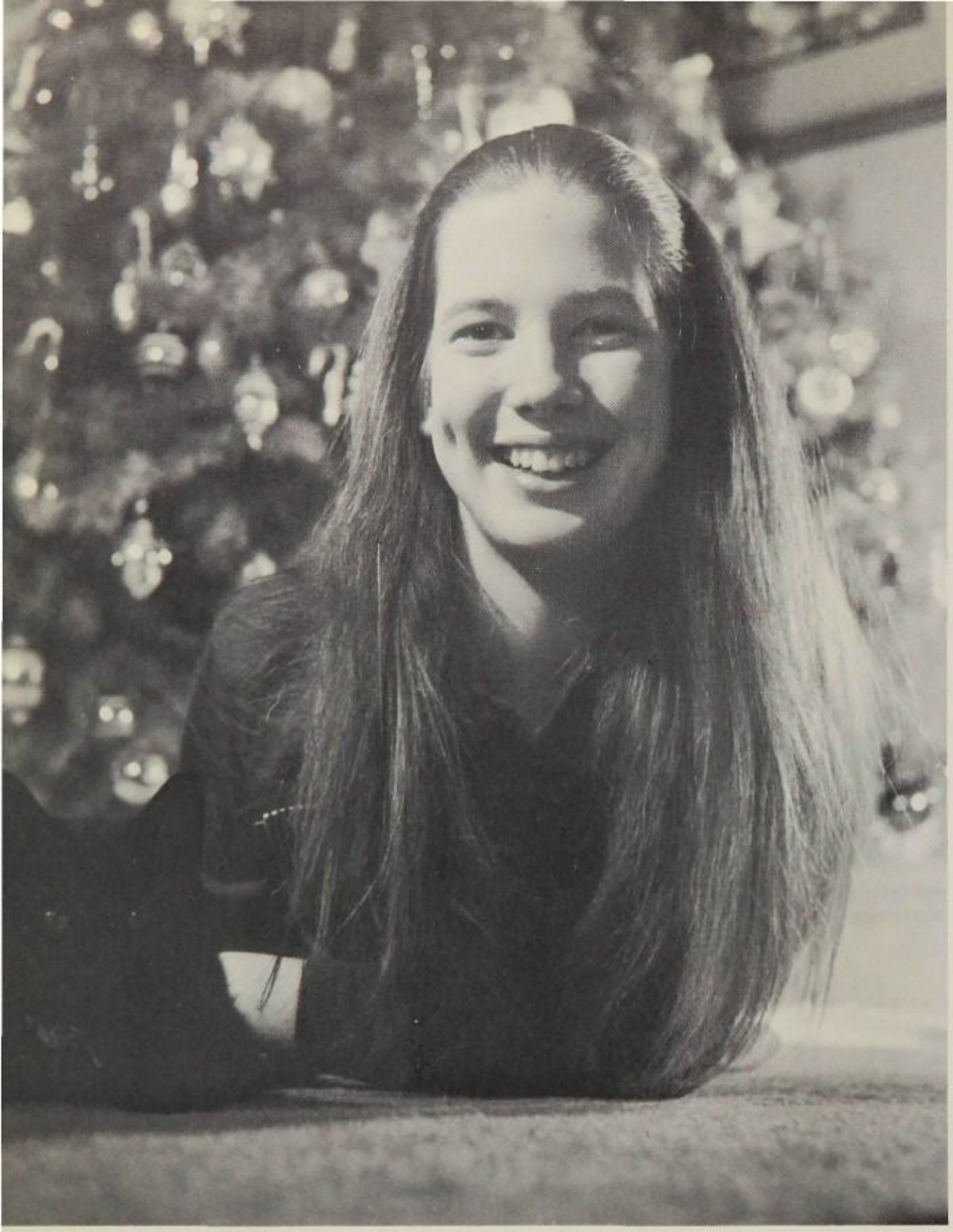
Judi Migliori



Meg Brinster

A lovely duck was visiting his friends the chickens in the barnyard. The hens were holding a heated discussion on the scandalous behavior of the old rooster. They were so deeply immersed in this important conversation that they took no notice of the open gate.

Passing on his way to the local hunt, the fox cast a hungry eye toward the chattering chickens and then proceeded to enter the barnyard for his feast. The duck, seeing disaster approaching, calmly tried to interrupt the chickens and warn them. The hens took no notice until the fox was upon them. They screeched and scattered fearfully in all directions, wailing, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" The duck, level-headed and without fear, took to the air and hovered above the snapping jaws of the fox. The chickens, meanwhile, found cover in their coop and continued to scream and wail while the duck valiantly led the fox out of the barnyard and back to his hunt. The hens marveled at the logic of this lovely duck and then returned to their endless chattering. Moral: Nothing astonishes hens so much as common sense and plain dealing.



Laurie Van Johnson

Victoria Johnson

An oyster sat sedately upon a quietly blue-gray rock gazing upward through amoeboid rings of green and blue to a rippled sky. She was carefully considering the smallest of the visible rings, thinking that it was rather too green and if she had made it, she would have added a few subtle spots of blue to improve the balance of colors. Presently, a sea horse, visibly excited, approached the oyster rapidly but considerately slowed his pace as he neared the rock. After a pause for recognition, he ventured, "Excuse me, but we are all gathering now to celebrate Father Blowfish's birthday. He is the oldest blowfish in the kingdom. It should be a lovely party and I should be delighted if you would join in the festivities." The oyster, noting the sea horse's polite impatience to depart, glanced off to the distant area of the assembling fish and, after reflecting upon the matter for a moment, replied appreciatively but decidedly, "Thank you, but it is pleasant here. I have no wish to leave." And so the sea horse swam on as the oyster gazed upward through rippled rings to the green-blue sky.
Moral: Time and tide wait for no one but that does not always matter.

A group of eminent Harvard art historians encircled the straight ivory statue of a woman, set in sunlight in the center of a great domed hall.

"Obviously, it is the noblest product of the Graeco-Roman synthesis manifest in the first century A.D. Regard the unique chiseling technique employed in the eye structure."

"On the contrary, I date it to the Greek archaic period in the fifth century B.C., by its astonishing resemblance to the Kare of the Acropolis."

"Gentlemen, this argument is obviously impossible, for you ignore that those two culture periods are quite distinct."

The carving maintained repose, and a look of polite disbelief. The scholars shifted and argued and circled, until, furious, they burst out and dispersed.

The carving looked after them, then removed and adjusted a pin in her hair. Then she stepped down, and walked across the hall, and down to the gallery where she knew that those young ladies from Avignon were going to be holding the meeting of races. Moral: Some, after all, have better things to do.

Louise Hutner

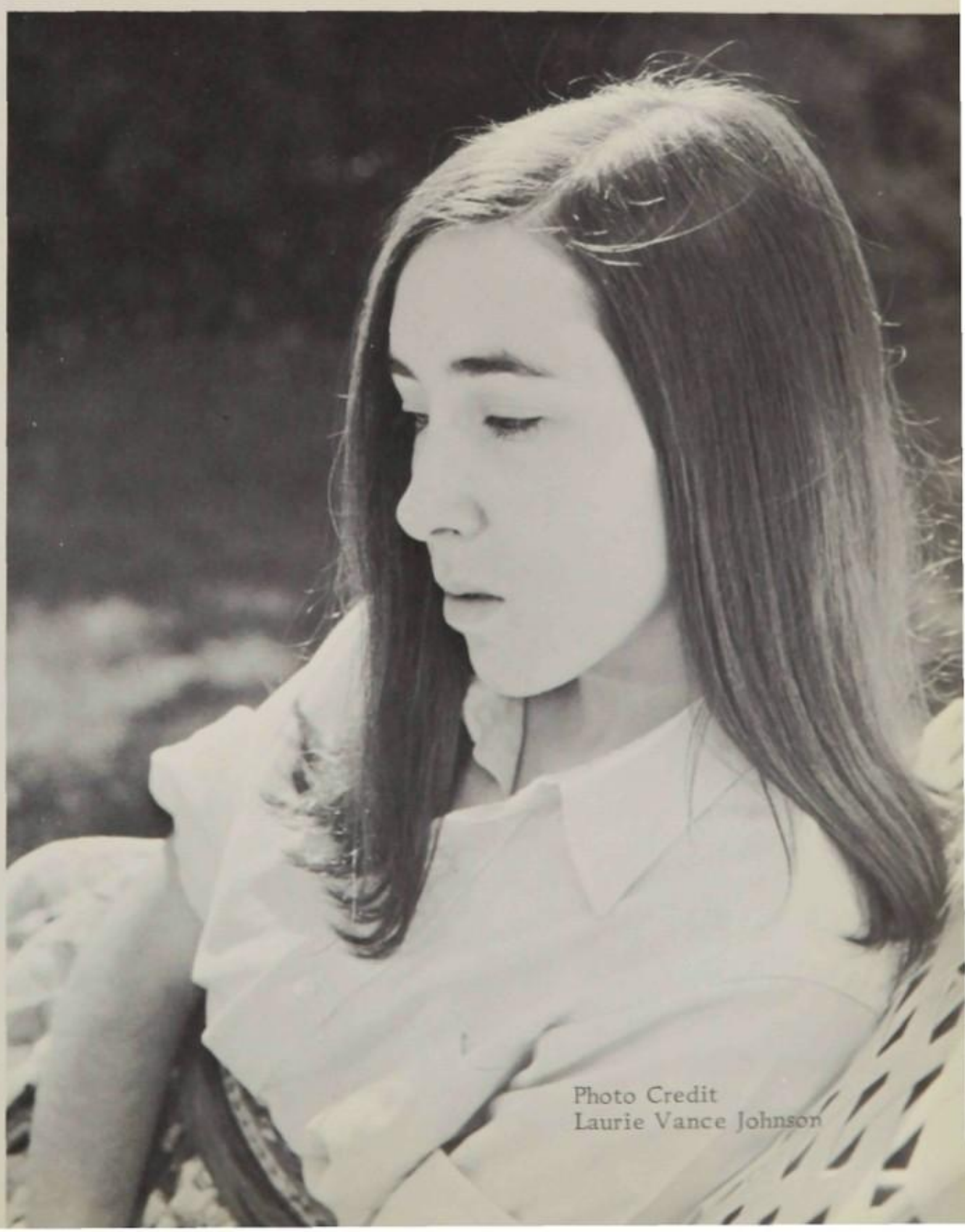
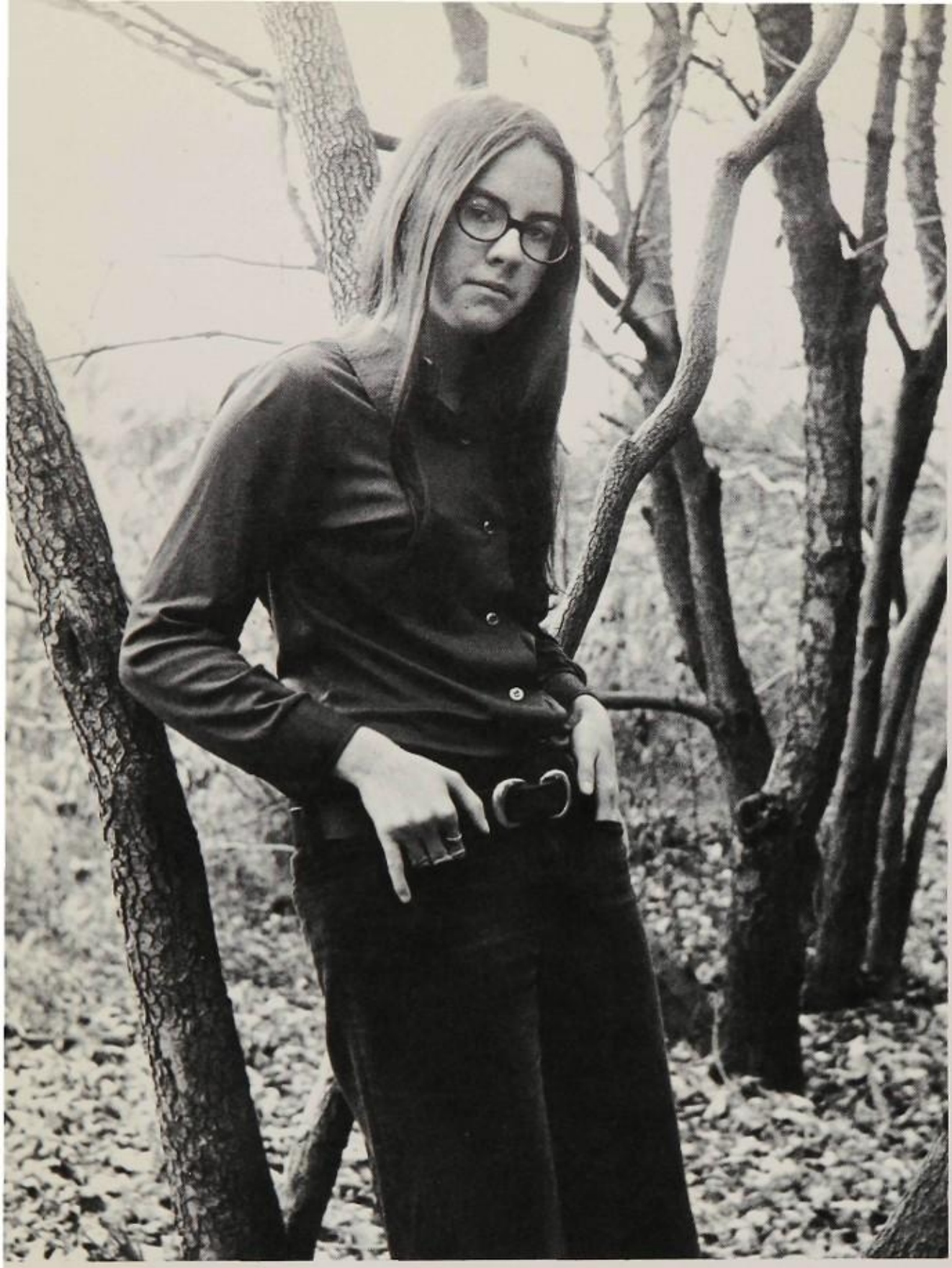


Photo Credit
Laurie Vance Johnson



Margaret Meigs

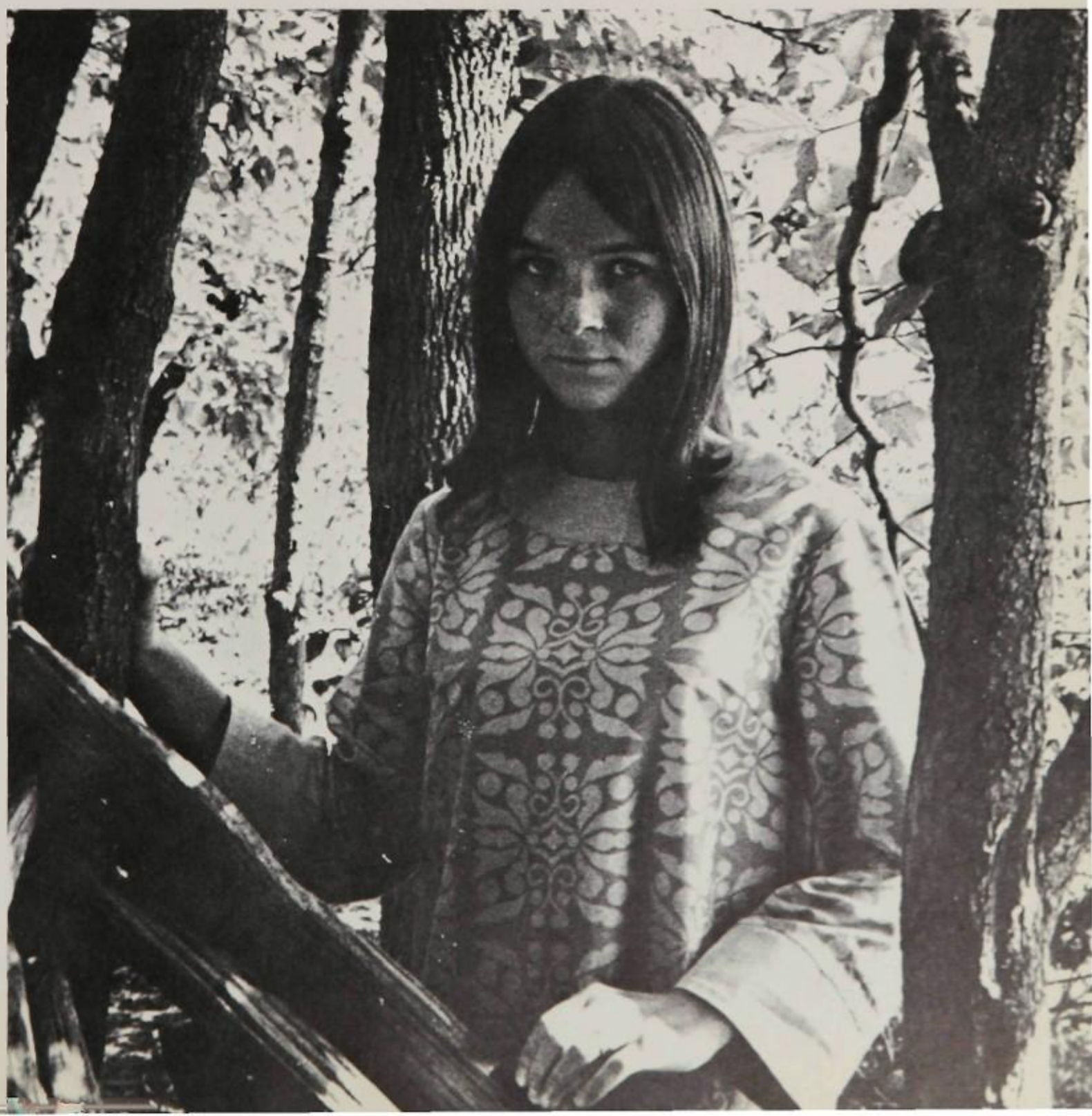
Once upon a time there was a grasshopper of the green variety who lived in a meadow and was very dexterous in her hopping maneuvers. She hopped around the cows and did figure-eights around the bulls, who became dizzy trying to keep up with her. She was extremely fond of a purple harmonica that she had bought at a 16th Street Pier the years she had gone east. When she played it all the meadow creatures would gather around her in wonder and amazement. Many of the ants in the hills brought food to her meadow-ins for the banquet which always took place afterwards. The grasshopper would always store all that was left for the winter. You see, unlike the crickets who begged their way through the snowy season, this grasshopper was not only versatile, figure-eighted, and purpled with harmonica strains, but she was self-sufficient. Moral: The beautiful way to be self-sufficient is to play the wind and let others bring things for you.

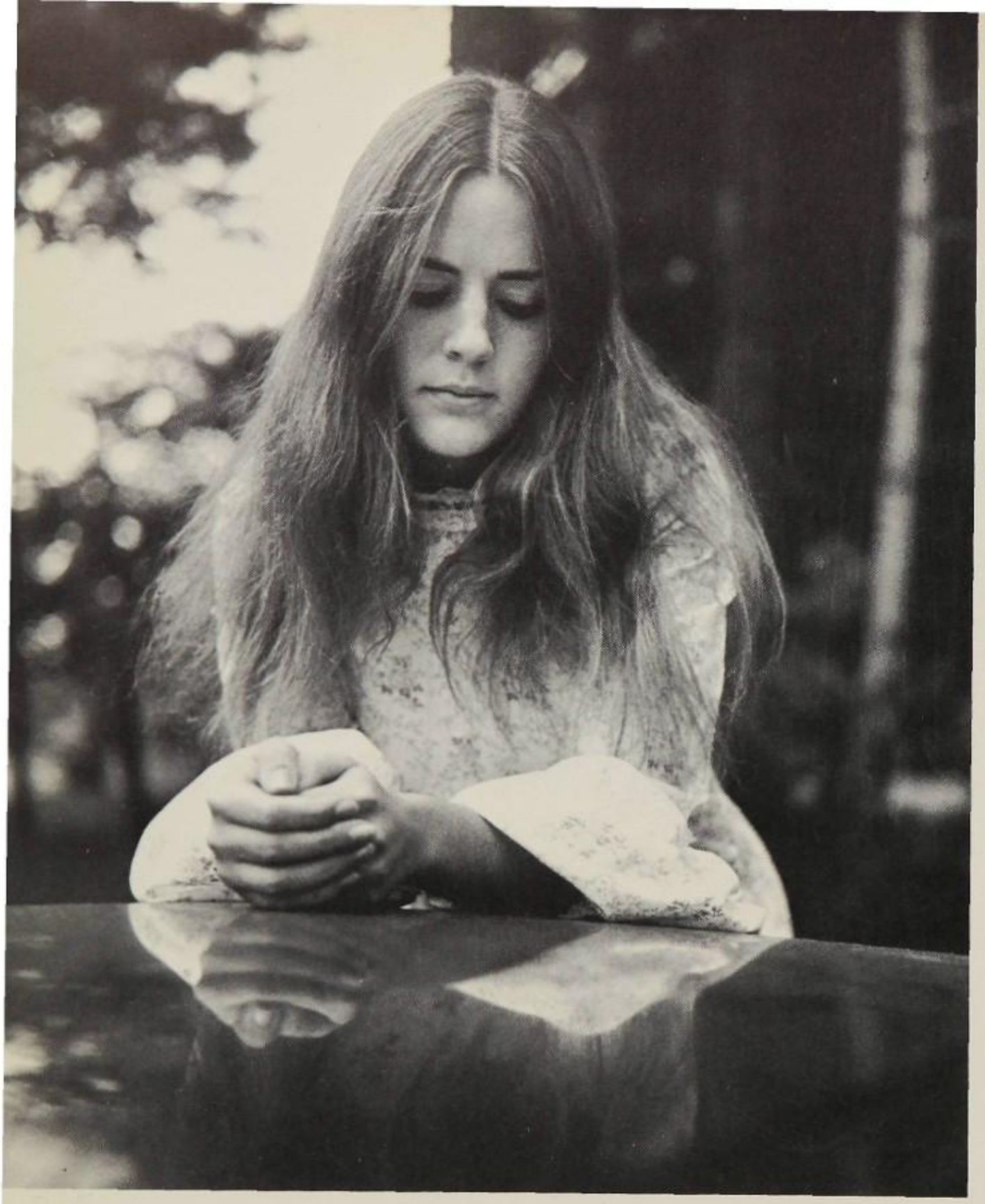
One morning a greyish-white dove came to rest in the castle courtyard. She cooed softly but all the other birds were still asleep, so instead she flew up to one of the gargoyles and engaged it in a conversation. At first he was shy and difficult but soon he was spewing forth all sorts of marvelous stories about queens and kings, knights and magicians. The dove was enthralled listening and began imagining and wondering about all that he had seen. Suddenly, though, he stopped.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"It's...it's raining," he sputtered. The dove smiled, promised to return and flew off to find a tree that was dry. She slept in an oak and dreamt of flying gargoyles. When she awoke the rain had stopped, so she stretched lusciously, preened her feathers and flew back to the roof and the gargoyle. He was still spouting water through his mouth but he blew seven water rings for her when he saw her coming. The dove trilled delightedly and knew she was happy.

Anne Kolsrud





Grace Taylor

The Doe and the Squirrel were promenading in a forest green, gray and brown. The Squirrel was stumbling excitedly over logs and branches, demanding all the particulars of the Doe's existence:

"Oh My-Do you play tennis? Who is your mother?
Do you like elephants?"

The Doe pushed large piles of leaves with her foreleg, distractedly; but she was vaguely gracious in her replies:

"Only on Tuesdays. John the Baptist.
Only on Tuesdays."

When they approached a certain small enclosed glade, the Doe halted.

"This is as far as I go," she said.

The Squirrel contorted in a frenzy of obsequiousness.

"Oh. Lovely...How Charming! Oh! Please, let me see...Oh!.." (as the Squirrel approached the glade, seeing within bright swirling colors and geometric shapes).

"No," said the Doe. "This is mine."

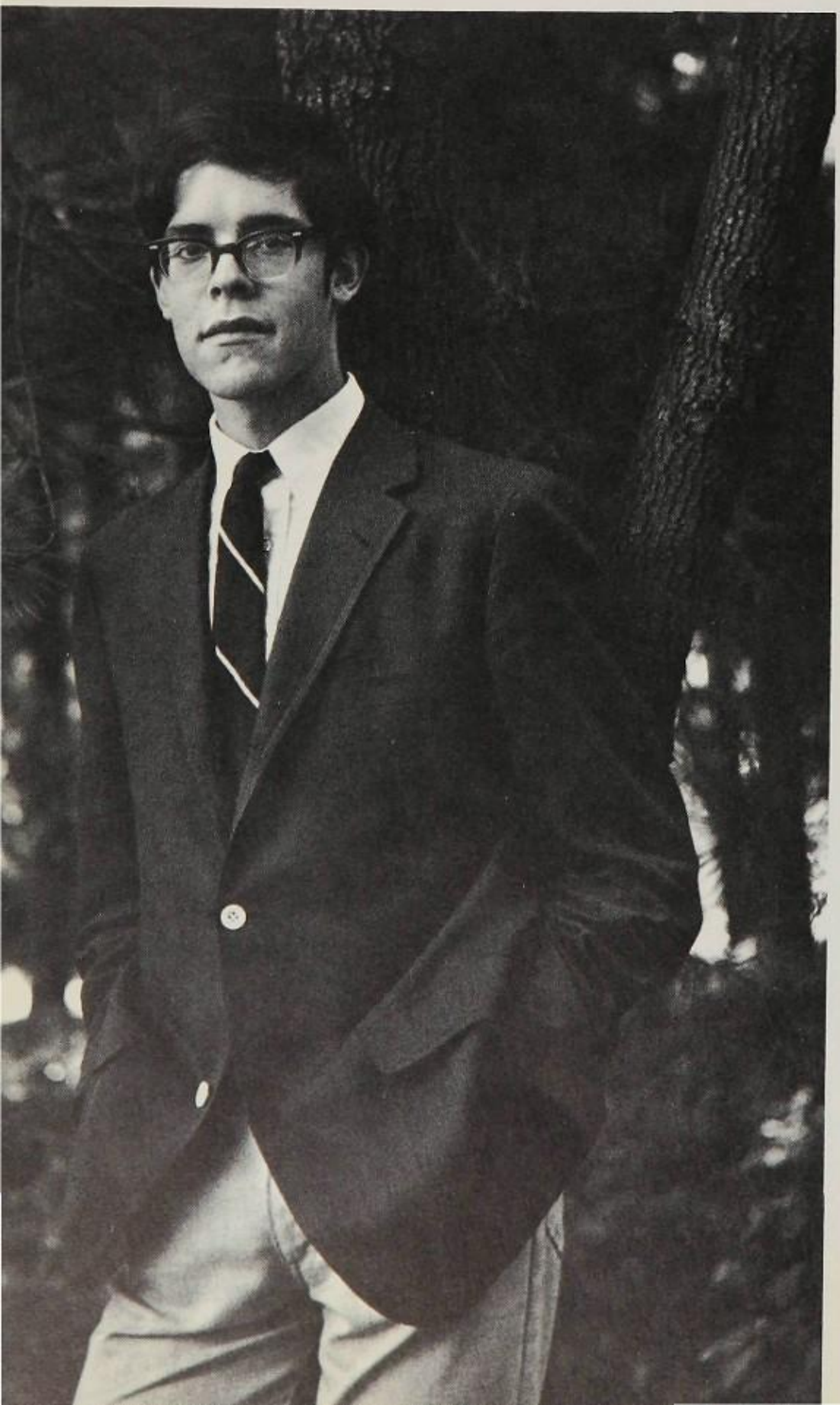
And she swiftly disappeared, leaving the Squirrel behind stunned, and quite lost.

Moral: Without Graceful and Gracious, we too are gray and brown.

The Kangaroo was out on duty for the KFS (Kangaroo Friends Service) comforting and serving tea to those Kangaroo whose feet hurt from stomping around too much. As she was helping a sore-footed friend, she began to wonder why people laugh. Finishing her job, she was off to ask the clouds, which seemed wise to her, if they knew. The KFS would have to wait until later, when she could hop back with an answer for them.

Laurie D'Agostino

Jonathan Paynter



All the animals respected him. Yep. And when strangers came into the forest the animals would gather round his comfortable crotch in the middle of a large oak tree. He would walk out onto his platform. As each individual animal saw him, they stopped talking to each other to see what their wise old owl had to say. The ears of each animal stretched so as not to miss a word.

"What is the problem, gentlemen?" They told him of the stranger and asked his advice.

"Problems are man-made," he answered. "We do not have a problem until we start worrying about something."

They all looked at each other as if hypnotized.

"Yep."

"Sure."

"He's right."

"We just won't worry."

"That's it."

They walked away talking. The Owl stood out for a while, adjusted his eyes, and walked back into his tree. Smiling.

Ann Wiley

Surveying the vastness ahead, the camel noticed the ill-arranged floor plan of the desert with few oases and many dunes. Thus she noted that the journey across the Grand Keuka desert would be both perilous and tedious, demanding endurance and patience. At the first oasis, the desert-raiding humpers from the village (not to be confused with the Attilan raiders) invited her to partake of their tea. They wished to prepare her for the excursion ahead. As she trekked through the arid land, her tea ranneth low, but her moral(e) remained high. Finally she reached her destination - the first in the history of the caravan. As thousands cheered, the undaunted camel simply and modestly uttered, "Il n'y a pas de quoi."

Moral: Only a camel can get you through an Arabian night.

In a small estuary in Nova Scotia, a large turtle was washed ashore. She stayed there for a fortnight, chilled, lost, reciting in Greek, ("What man, what hero, what god?") until the experts came from Harvard.

They stared. They had heard she was a talking turtle, and of her predilection for classics. They politely offered the boxes of Greek manuscripts sacked from the Library. But nothing happened for since she could read by herself, she did not feel like reciting, and, her head buried in the poetry, she looked up only to flip through the dictionary at her left.

The scientists thought her unreasonable. But after three days they rose from their haunches and began "the delicate task of phylomizing her."

The analysis proved intricate, and they were offered no help by the turtle herself, who read seven hundred lines a day and then one of the mysteries the scientists had brought along for their own amusement. They were soon convinced that if they could categorize her they would be assured of an intellectual breakthrough. To do so, they would have to make her speak.

They started subtly. "Ah, I am struck deep with a deadly blow," one exclaimed.

"How was my Agatha Christie?" asked a second.

No answer.

They could not induce her; after some time they were reduced to rage, and went around shouting "Chelonia mydas mydas?" "Eretmochelys imbricata imbricata?!" "Lepidochelys Kempi?!"

****

She was glad when they went away. They spoke such horrid Greek.

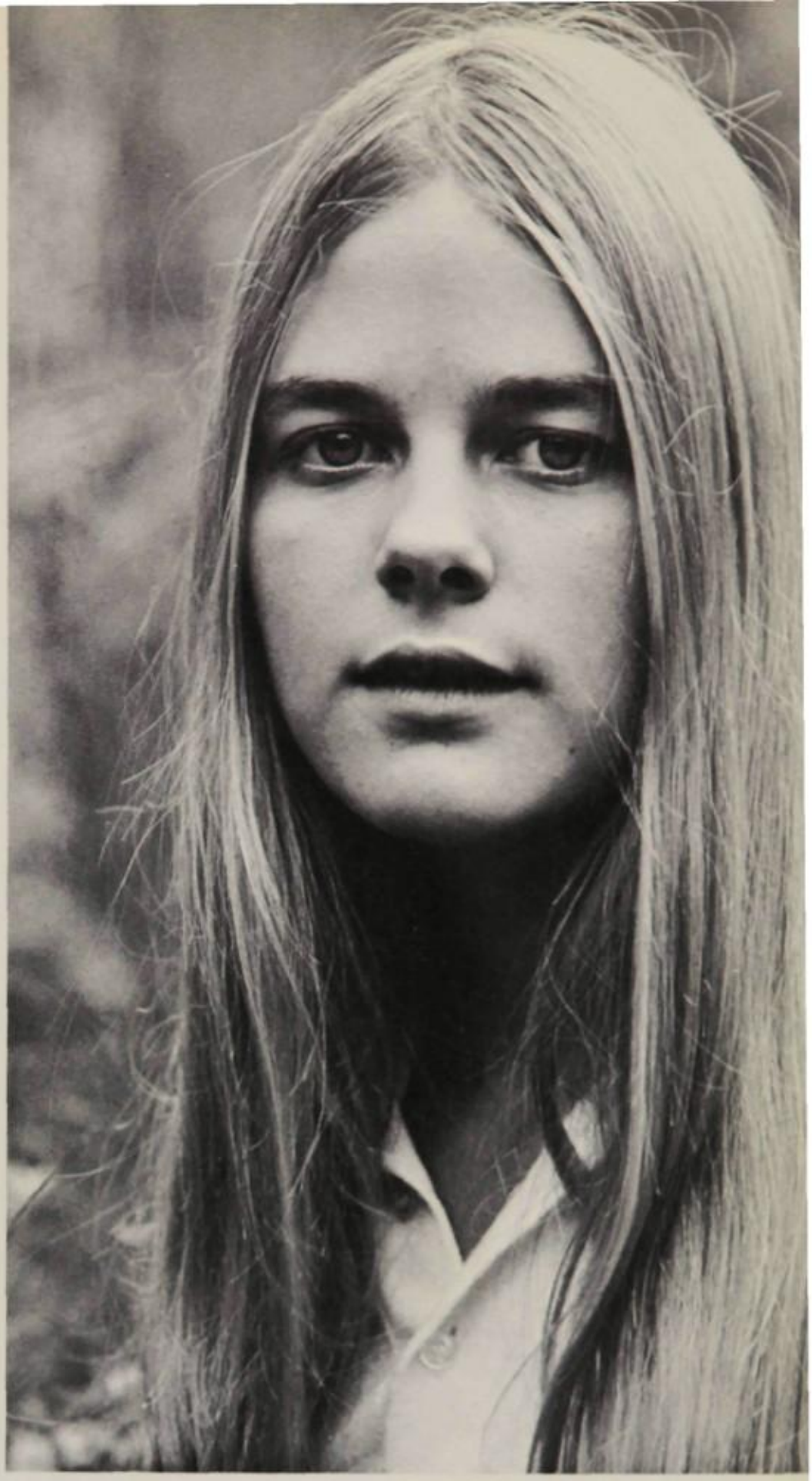
ὤμοι, πέπληγμαι καιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω.
Aeschylus. AGAMEMNON

Sarah Brett-Smith

The sea gull glided smoothly over the calm, blue water, exulting in the peaceful solitude of the upper air. The warmth of the sunshine saturated her with a beautiful happiness that was all her own and she began to dance. She soared upwards toward the sun and then, with a swift, elegant motion, curved in an arc, her wings extended confidently at an angle to the sea. The gull, feeling the cool, salty spray as she neared the waves, at the last moment turned and spiraled joyfully back up through the feather-weight air, ending the dance with a spin.

In the distance, several sea gulls appeared, babbling away about all sorts of important things and occasionally bumping into each other in their happy heedlessness. Catching sight of them and observing their carefree content, the sea gull relinquished her solitude and glided away to enjoy the company of her fellow birds.

Moral: Birds of a feather flock together, but the lucky one doesn't need to.



Robin Murray

The ant was exceedingly industrious. She knew every morsel in the anthill and the number and place assigned to it. Every foray was under her indirect supervision. She chose which sorts of edibles were to have top priority, according to their size, weight, storageability and appetising appearance (ants aren't too particular as to taste), and where each was to be stored. When the winter came, the rest of the colony was pleasantly surprised at the results of all their labor and wondered how it had all been accomplished. The industrious ant smiled, and nibbled a bit of popcorn. Moral: Behind every anthill there is at least one ant.

Peninah Chilton

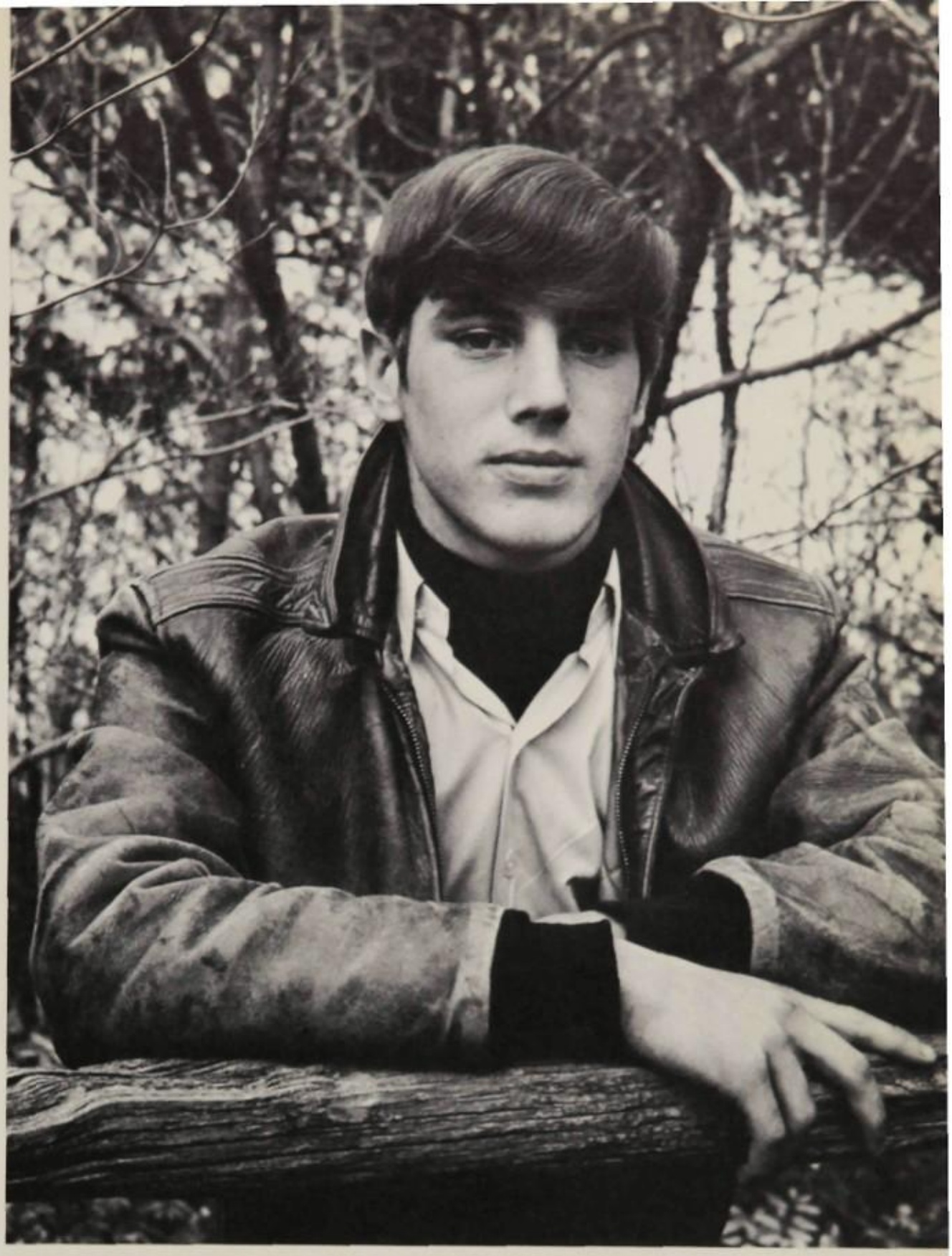
The cat was purported to be something of an ideal feline; in the presence of the male of the species, she was demure and quiet but never without a certain degree of sophistication. Within the community, the cat was known as a worker and seems even to have induced a group of clerically-minded kittens to learn to seal envelopes with their hind paws while stapling with their forepaws, and to run errands for certain distinguished elder cats who had grown sleek and lazy and spent their days answering telephones and lapping saucers of milk in a lounge designed for the purpose. In social circles the cat was sociable; in academic circles she was intellectual. Intimates of the cat, however, suspected her of distinct schizophrenic tendencies. They, after all, had seen her carousing in the late hours of the night with certain tom cats in the alleys behind the theaters. When questioned about her suspicious activities, however, the cat only smiled elusively. She seemed to integrate her many lives with the same graceful ease with which she walked and swayed her tail. A multitude of lives actually.

(A cat has nine.)

Freddi Cagan

I held my hand out across the fence and the mare I had been admiring trotted lightly toward me. A chestnut mare, she was sleek and long-limbed, and I was surprised by the smoothness of her coat. She had a gentle manner; she stepped softly and deliberately with her long, flowing tail swishing from side to side as she went. She nuzzled my closed hand, sensing the sweetness it concealed, until, finally, I gave her the sugar. I knew by her confidence that I was not the first who had succumbed to her beauty.

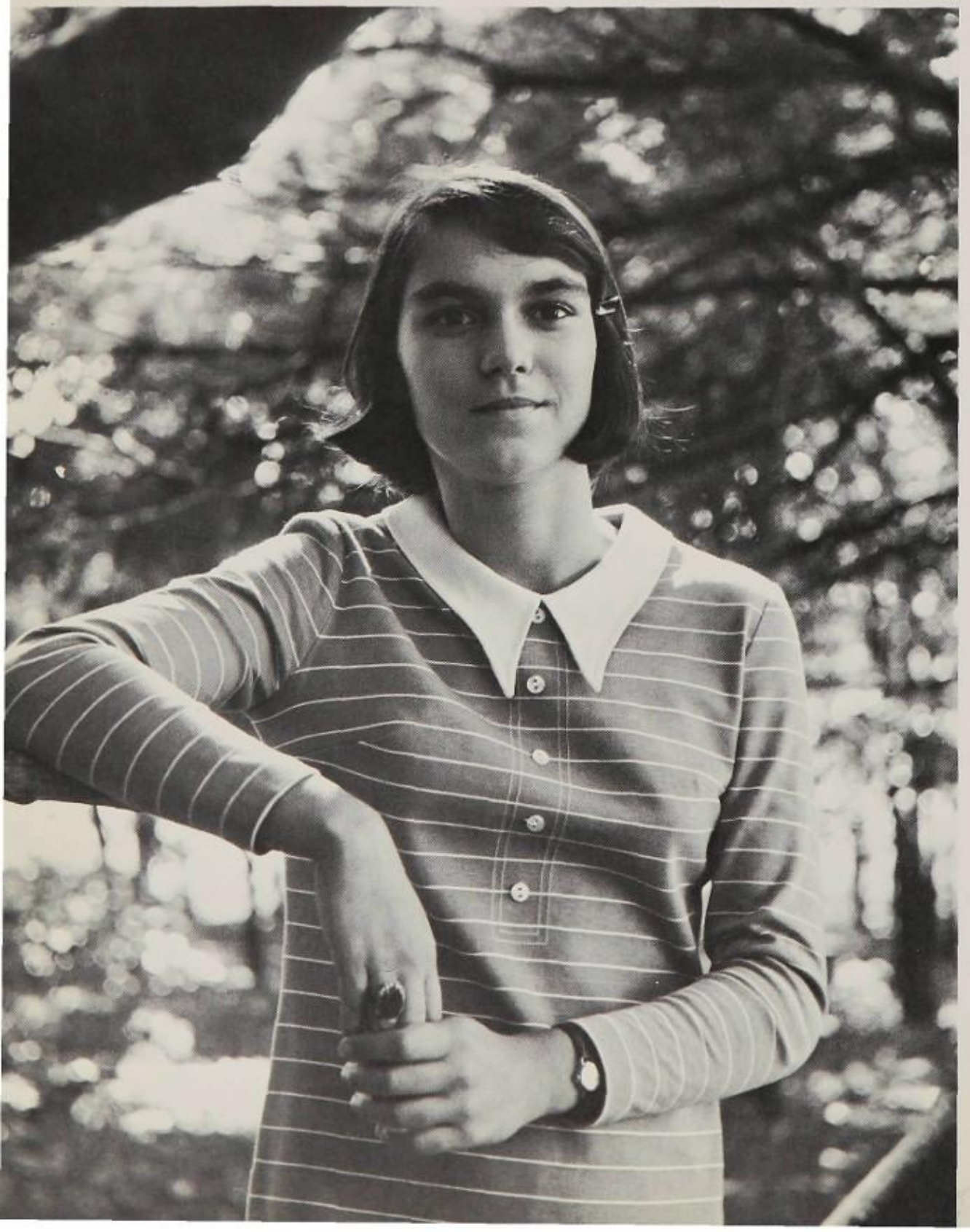
Mary Lapidus



Erik Heggen

Cool Jumpin' Jack Rabbit rolled over a woody log in de deep of de forest. Seein' good old crazy cagey cocker-spaniel Carson, cool Jumpin' Jack jumped down on his tail with a "Hi, Aw, Aw!" Crazy Carson gave a start and, rollin' up his cheek, said "Thay, you thilly thavage." After doing a couple of toe-steps around Jumpin' Jack, he rolled all the way over on his back, giving a "Das all, fokes." While in such a position, pretending to be asleep, cool Rabbit poured pine sap in his ear which strangled his mind and sent him down home for a spell. He died that night by the light of the silvery moon and the campfire Jack had built for him to roast in. But, as the carcass dripped and browned, Carson's milk-white soul emerged, giving off the most God-damning din. It turned toward Jack, eyes blazing, arms outstretching, his mouth moving, his breath uttering, "Well, here I is again!"

The sleek black cat stretched and jumped off the green sofa to go examine the situation outside. She could see the sunlight coming through the trees, illuminating the leaves, and falling on the grass; clouds passed swiftly by on their way somewhere and the breeze came gently across her face; she sat on a rock in the sun to wonder about all she saw around her and was glad. Smile.

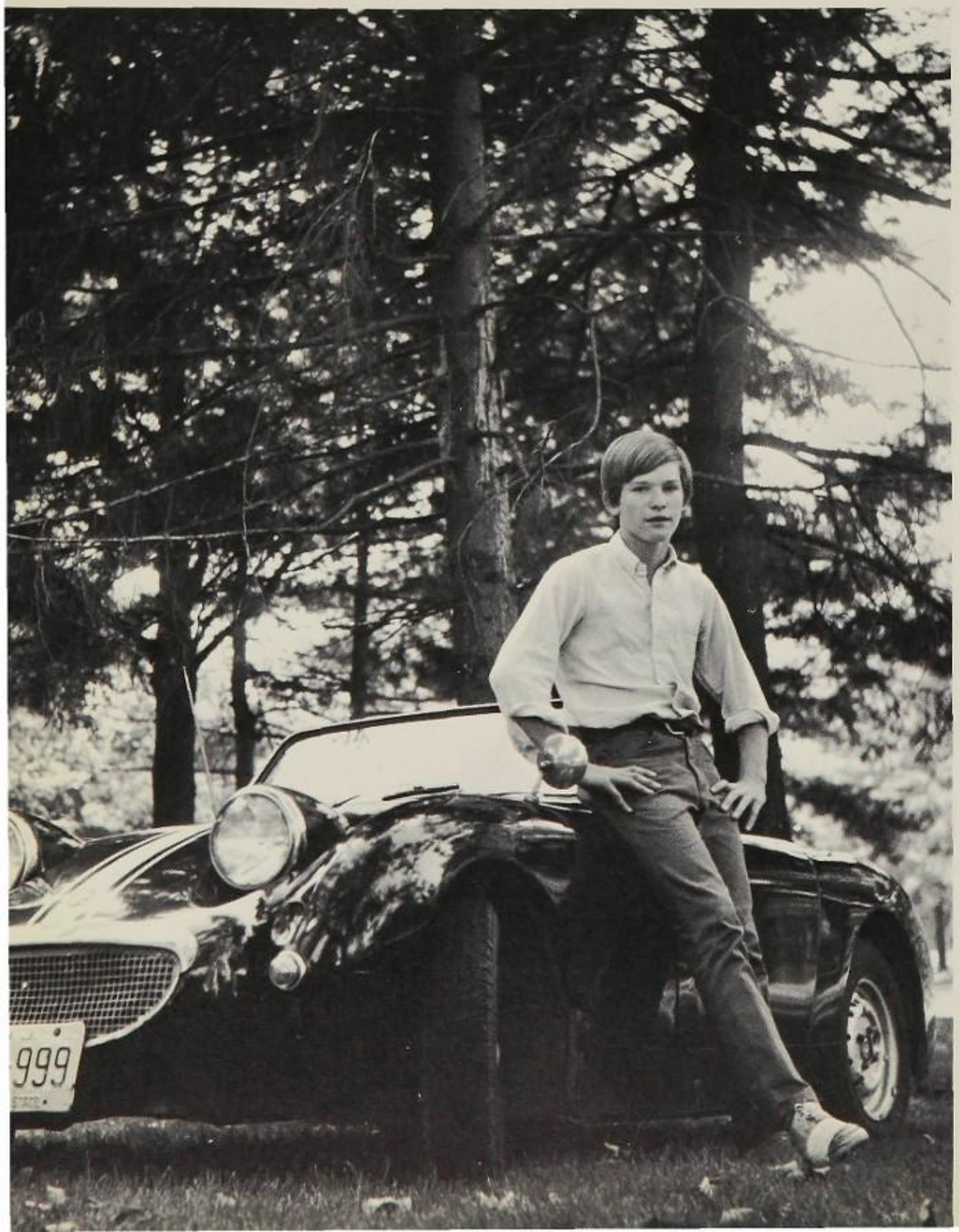


Cynthia Walsh

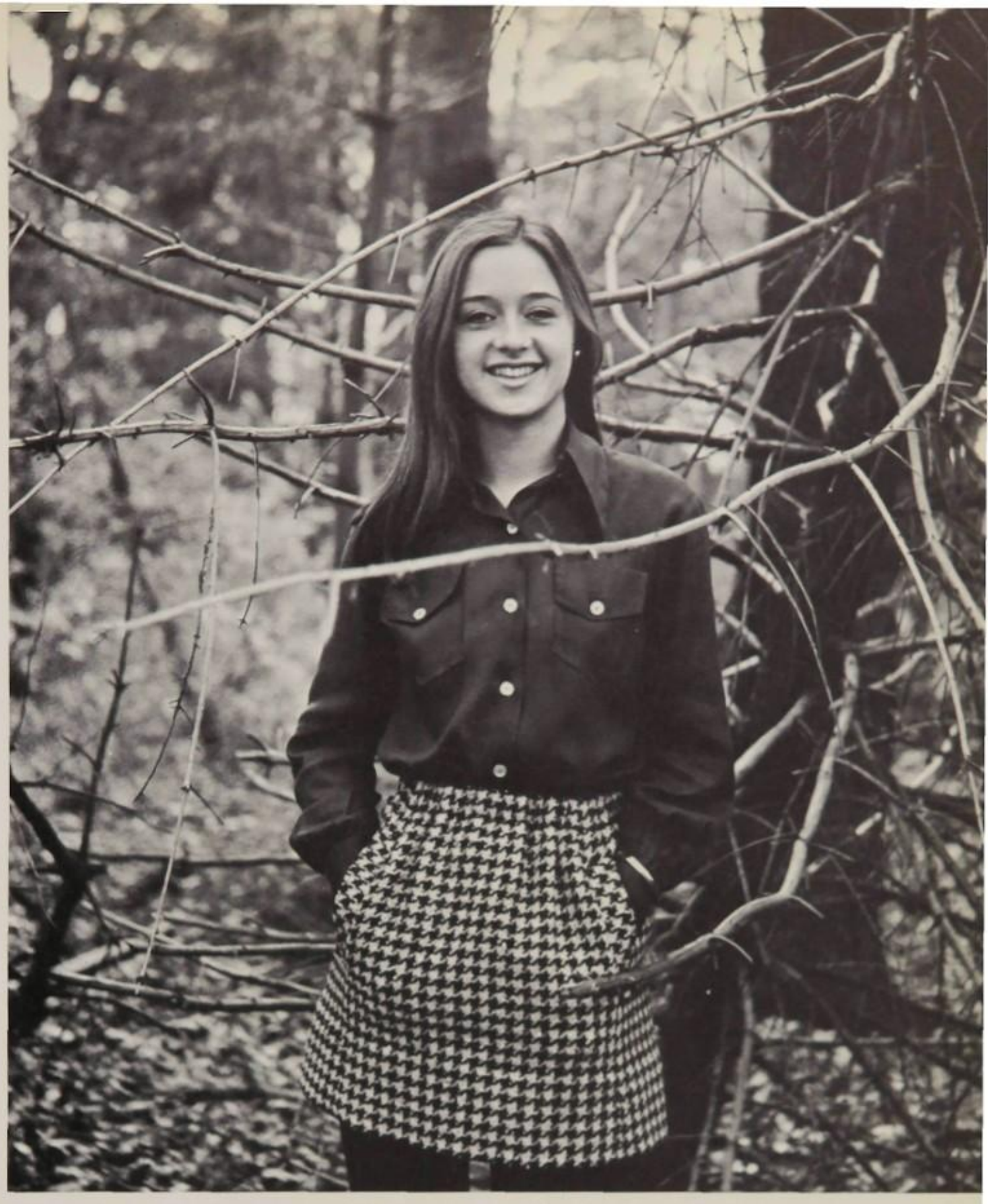
Cindy Shoemaker

The racoon threw a pebble into the tide pool and watched the ripples wave uncertainly. She began to look for a flat round pebble to skip across the quiet pool. Just the day before she had watched a little boy skipping stones out to sea. Skimming across the top they had made gentle little splashes until there was a tiny 'glub' and they had sunk out of view. She found two flat stones and flicked them across the surface with her paw. They skipped and then sank and she decided to look for starfish instead. Leaning over until her nose was just tickled by the surface, the racoon peered intently into the water. Little grains of sand fell over one another as a tiny crab tried to bury itself deeper and there was a scurrying of sand snails. No starfish here, but there, half-buried, was another flat stone. She picked it up and hopped it across the pool. "The sea, the sea," she murmured happily and wandered off in search of the white breakers.

The squirrel was bushy. The squirrel was decidedly bushy, and being a quiet sort, a loner in fact, determined to maintain total independence, despite a somewhat smaller stature; he had a distinct tendency to disappear behind his very bushiness. To the outsider, he might well have seemed an aloof fellow - perhaps even disgruntled. But the initiated knew of his individualism and approved whole-heartedly. His world was not entirely their world, for he scorned the bustle of the earth-bound community and kept to the high tree tops. But sometimes he came down.



Taylor Chambers



The pheasant strutted out one fine autumn morning. It was joined by some friends: three fieldmice and a quail or two. They spoke of cabbage and winter's approach and laughed at the pheasant, who, typically, was dancing in the yellow leaves and singing a tuneless song, mocking itself. They strolled down a dusty path along the cornfield; the pheasant lagged behind, then took off into the woods to visit other old acquaintances. Impatient with old tricks and stale jokes, it sought laughter in others' eyes. Moral: Pheasants pointing index fingers at their heads become wiser annually.

Ann Wiser

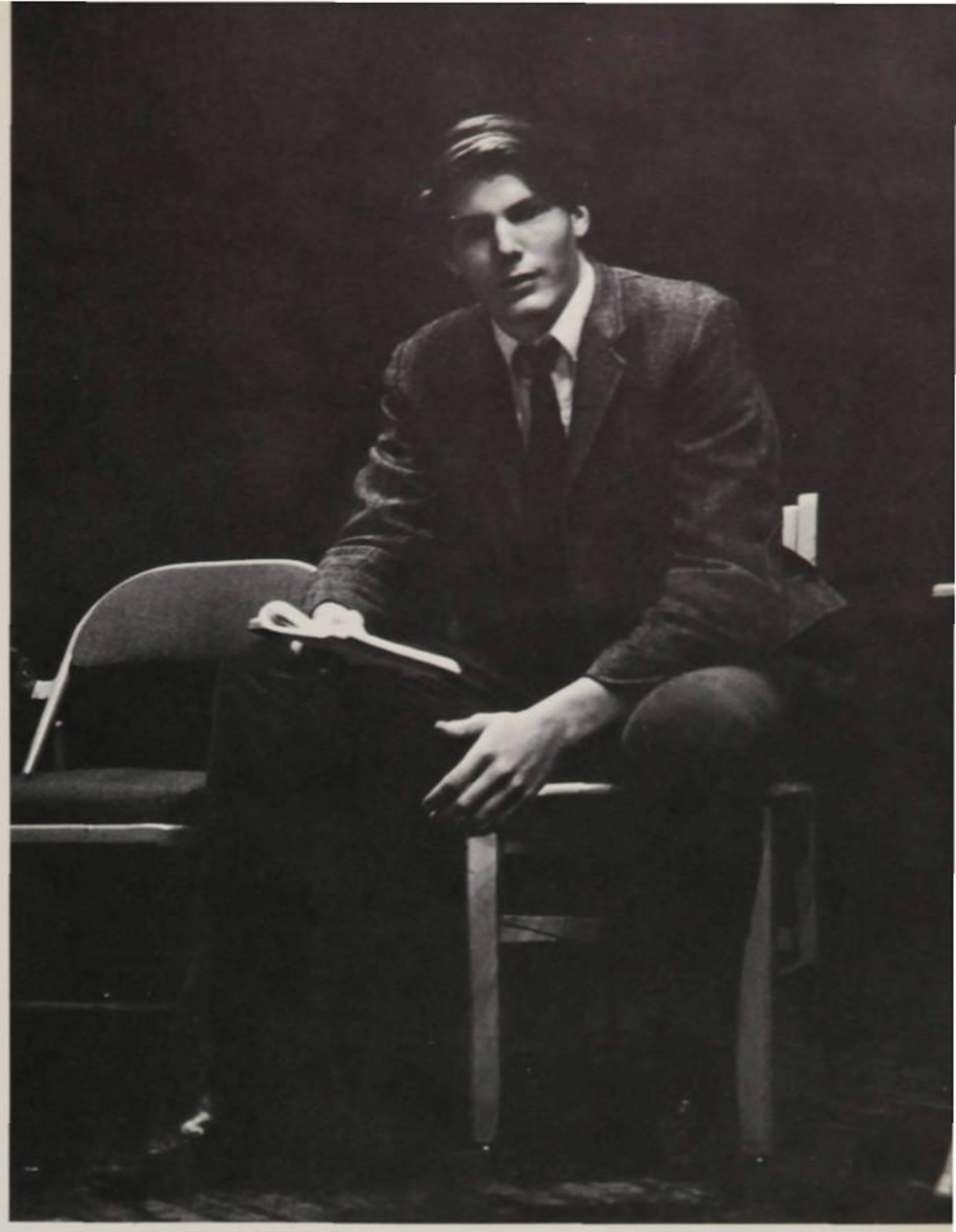
There was once a kangaroo with definite scientific tendencies. She lived alone in a biological house in an ecological niche, which was full of interesting specimens of many different species of animals, plants and protists. As the only female scientist in the niche, she was respected by most of the animals who regarded her activities with ignorant admiration.

Her house was a scientific phenomenon. The living room housed a zoological menagerie. The kitchen cupboards and shelves served as a chemical storeroom. And in the bedroom grew a garden of microorganisms. She had a laboratory too and everything was organized in a confused sort of way.

Often, an animal passing by the house would step into her botanical garden and carefully make his way over to the laboratory window. Peering through the vines and over the bowl of protists on the windowsill, he might see the kangaroo intently examining the chlorophyll content of algae or scribbling structural formulas and equations on her blackboard. One day, as she was studying the catalyzing action of manganese dioxide, her house exploded. Everything was destroyed except herself and her zoological menagerie but she took the accident very good-naturedly. Besides, it was a good excuse to move to another ecological niche and study new and different organisms.

Moral: He who has a sense of humor survives.

Margi Shaw



Chris Reeve

He was a vagabond, huge and shaggy, with places on his coat where all the fur had worn off. The children did not know it and wanted to keep him. He stayed for a few days. He wagged his great tail and ran with them and knocked them down, growling mock threats deep in his throat. They laughed and screamed and tried to ride him, hugging tightly to his neck. But when the sky changed its blue, the vagabond was gone. He was looking for something that was not here.

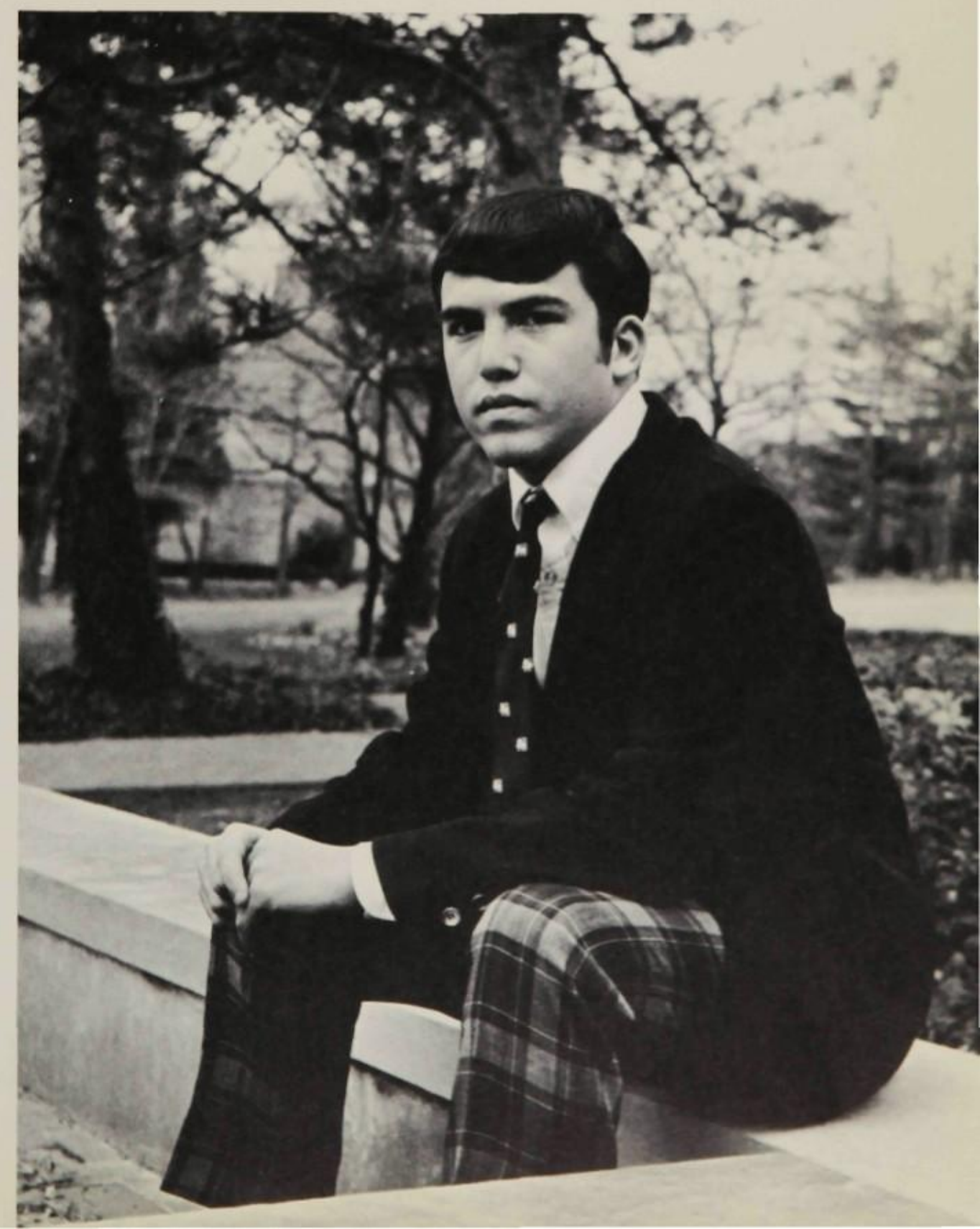
Linda Mihan

The wind, being whimsical, had been to many places and had seen beautiful and unusual aspects of nature; but many of her friends had never traveled very far from their homes and could only imagine what she had experienced. They longed to do and see all the things she had told them of.

The wind could sense this sadness in her friends and decided she must do something for them. She quietly left her friends, who wondered where she had gone, in order to search for the beautiful stones, animals and plants which had fascinated her so much. She wanted to bring them back for her friends. Her return brought smiles and joy at seeing the marvelous things she had carried back to them.

The snowman looked around and saw that the trees were brown and black skeletons and that the ground was white. Pleased with this sight, he looked up only to see a disappointingly grey sky. So, taking his paintbrush, he dipped it into some green paint and placed careful strokes against the sky, until that too was pleasing. He stood back, then, to enjoy the view.

Herb Hamid



Suzanne Fish

The antelope stood among the animals at the water hole. She was a tall, fragile-looking animal with gently twisting horns and dark-fringed deep eyes. She felt awkward inside, being young and unknown on this side of the veldt. She raised shy, beautiful eyes to the others. They watched this new creature suspiciously; suspicion was a law of the grazing animals. The antelope began to back away dejectedly. Then a shaggy, wild beast came forward and introduced himself to her. The rest followed. The antelope was first surprised, then happy. She took off in joyous flight across the tall grass and outran her new friends, laughing with them.
Moral: The gentle find a favorable place in the hearts of all.

The student rabbits turned to see from whence the words were flowing. A slight blush on her pink nose, Rosie Rabbit continued to speak, moving constantly with sheer excitement. Groping for a word she scrambled into her immense tower of books, papers, carrots and lettuce and soon popped up with exactly what she needed. Scurrying off with her newly-found word and a fresh head of lettuce, Rosie ran to the Horace School for Hares to consult the local genius on the gravity of her find. Together they contemplated the joys of her discovery and led a peaceful rabbit's life.
Moral: Seek and ye shall find.

Barbara Sturken

Eve Robinson

The goat was a great contributor to the general sanity of the herd because it refused to take seriously matters which were never intended to be taken seriously. It scoffed equally at cynics, unnecessary restrictions, aristocratic types, trivia, and fellow goats who insisted on taking seriously matters which were never intended to be taken seriously. You always knew when the goat was in the immediate vicinity because it was rather loud and because of the bell which it wore, as it was musically inclined and had recently been elected herd vice-pres. (It was second only to the illustrious chief administrator, Ewe Bank.)

The goat was known to be rather fond of a woolly, long-haired ram from a neighboring farm from whence it had originally come and to which it often returned but it kept a hoof in both camps and had risen to prominence in the herd despite the fact that it was a relative newcomer. The goat had definite social inclinations, and do you know?, they say it even entertained an Andean llama from south of the border...

He darted his head out a small crack in the middle of a large crevice in his quarry. Nope, no one was around. So he went back into his hideout.

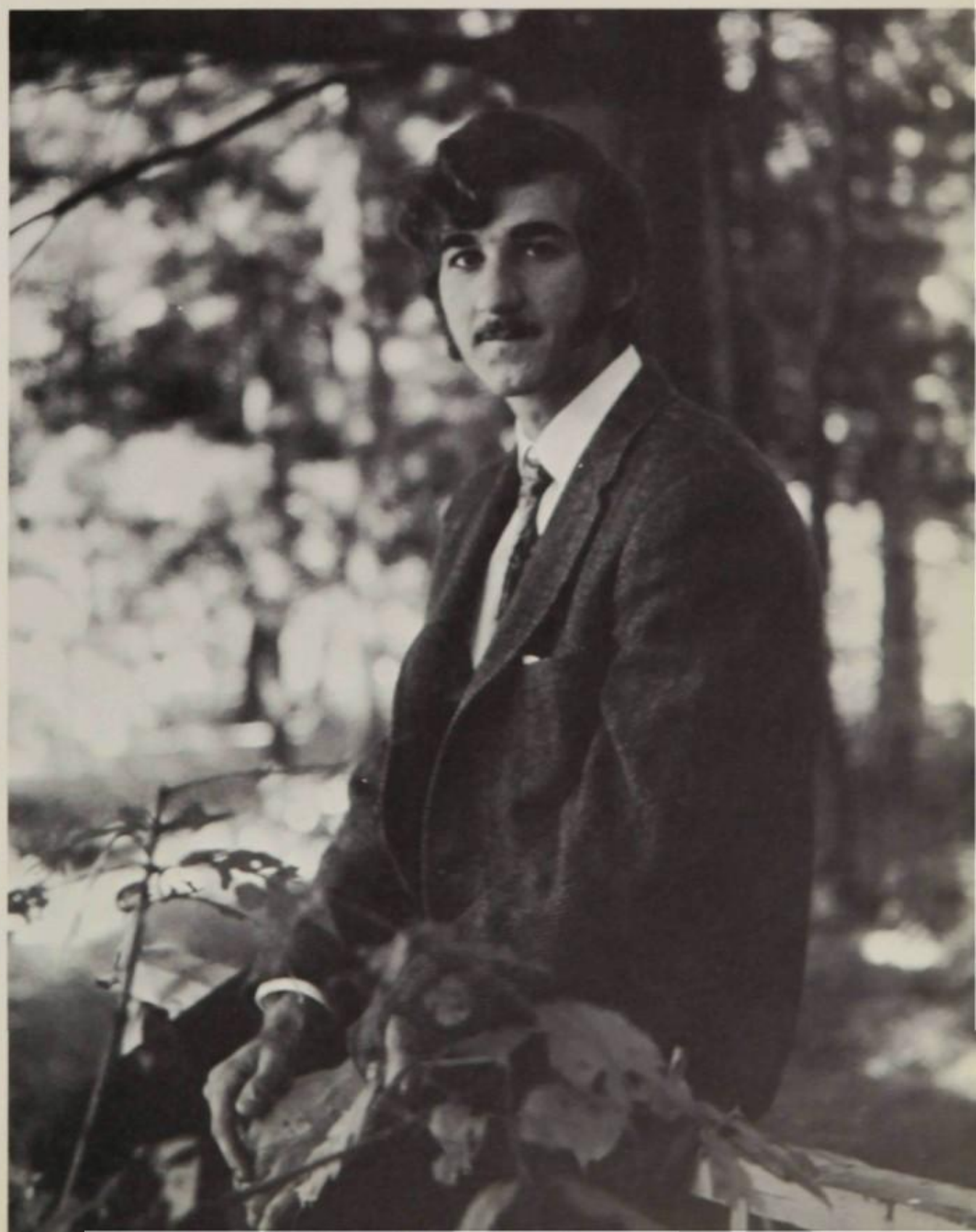
Switched-on Bach amplified through 65 speakers. Three huge IBM 300's whistle in beat. For a Kiwi he was rather intelligent.

But Kiwis aren't supposed to do the things he does. They're just supposed to be here--they can't fly away or anything.

Well, one day a man from Madison Ave. thought that this Kiwi would look good on a shoe polish can. After all, he wasn't just any Kiwi. Thus, he became known all over the world.

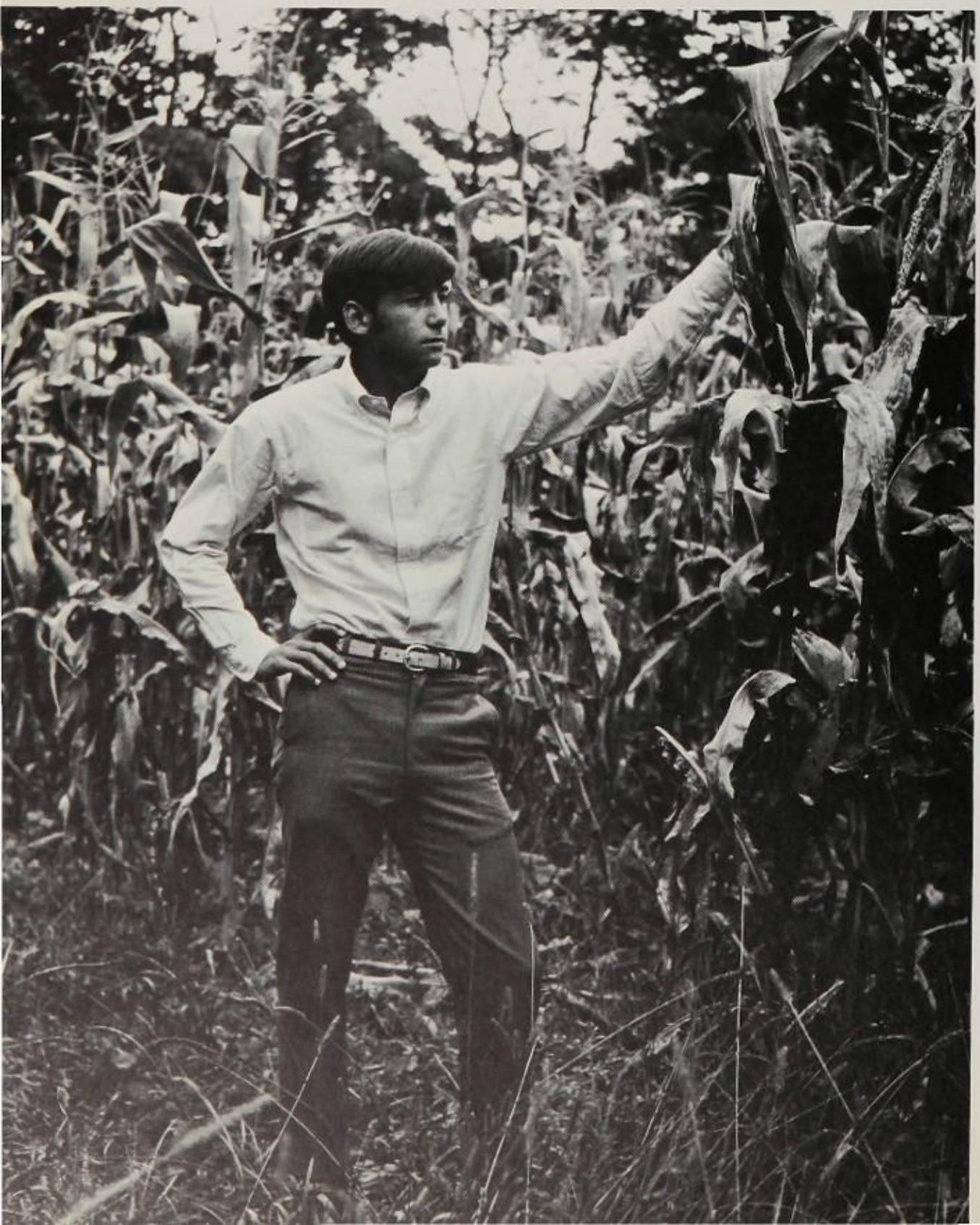
Moral: He who is a statue had better stand still.

Bruce Plapinger



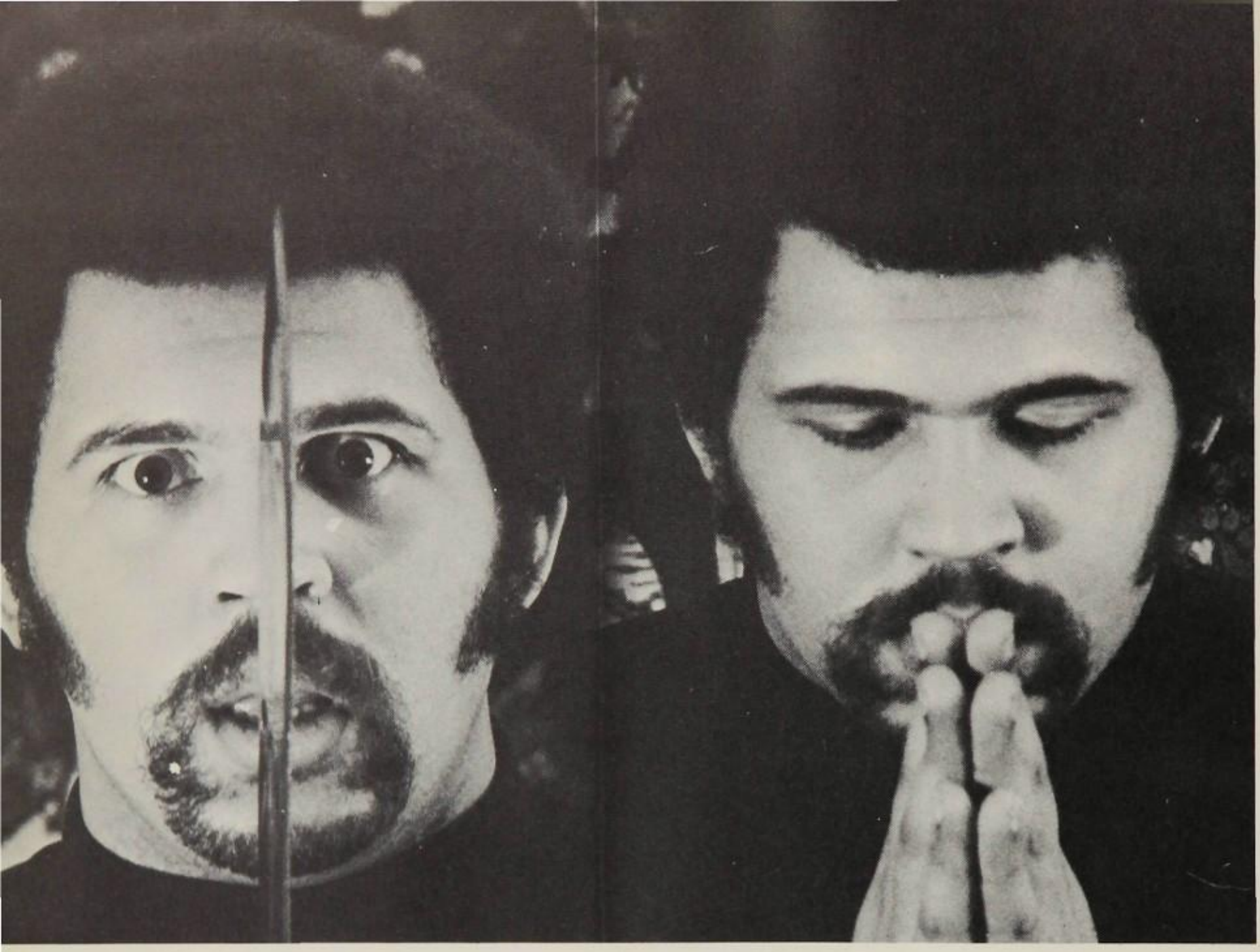
There was an otter, sleek and brown, who lived in the rocks beside the sea. The otter had many otter-friends and they spent their days playing games, sliding, and swimming. This otter was more curious than his companions and, one day, spying a large walrus sunning himself nearby, decided to investigate this odd creature. He ambled over in a long-bodied fashion. The walrus eyed him for a while, then, raising his bewhiskered muzzle, uttered a startling "WOOF!" The otter streaked back to his little cave in the rocks and, afterward, stayed close to home. Moral: Contented otters should concentrate on their mudslides, rather than walruses.

Randy Martin



Harriet Sharlin

Dr. Flamingo, known for her Psychopharmacology of Spiderphobia, has recently dug an oasis for failing Flamingoes. An expert in feather fits, Dr. Flamingo stresses tail spreads and claw-wing bends. As one of the former members of the "Flaming Flamingoes," she intends to use castanets to help her patients have better vibrations. With her canine associate, Stephenwolf, she employs the Rareshock Treatment to relieve repressions, the main cause of feather fits. Successful completion of her studies will lead to the extinction of flamingo flutters.
Moral: Birds of a feather fit together.



Calvin Johnson

One year a very wide bear appeared in the forest. Reputedly, he was one of the last of the dancing bears and specialized in pirouettes which he was continually executing between the trees. At first, the other animals did not notice him: they were concerned with an insidious smog that had somehow developed secretly and was hanging heavily. The bear too had noticed this smog but had simultaneously realized it was an endless cycle; problems created pollution created problems so he laughed and celebrated the observation with a double pirouette.

One day, the spirit, an influential member of the community, was caught in one of the swirling eddies of air left behind by a particularly ferocious pirouette. "A most tumultous ride," remarked the spirit with wonder at the end of his swirl. But the word spread and soon pirouetting became the exhilarating pastime of all the animals in the forest. Even the insidious smog disappeared.

Moral: To fight pollution, move air, i.e., pirouette en masse.

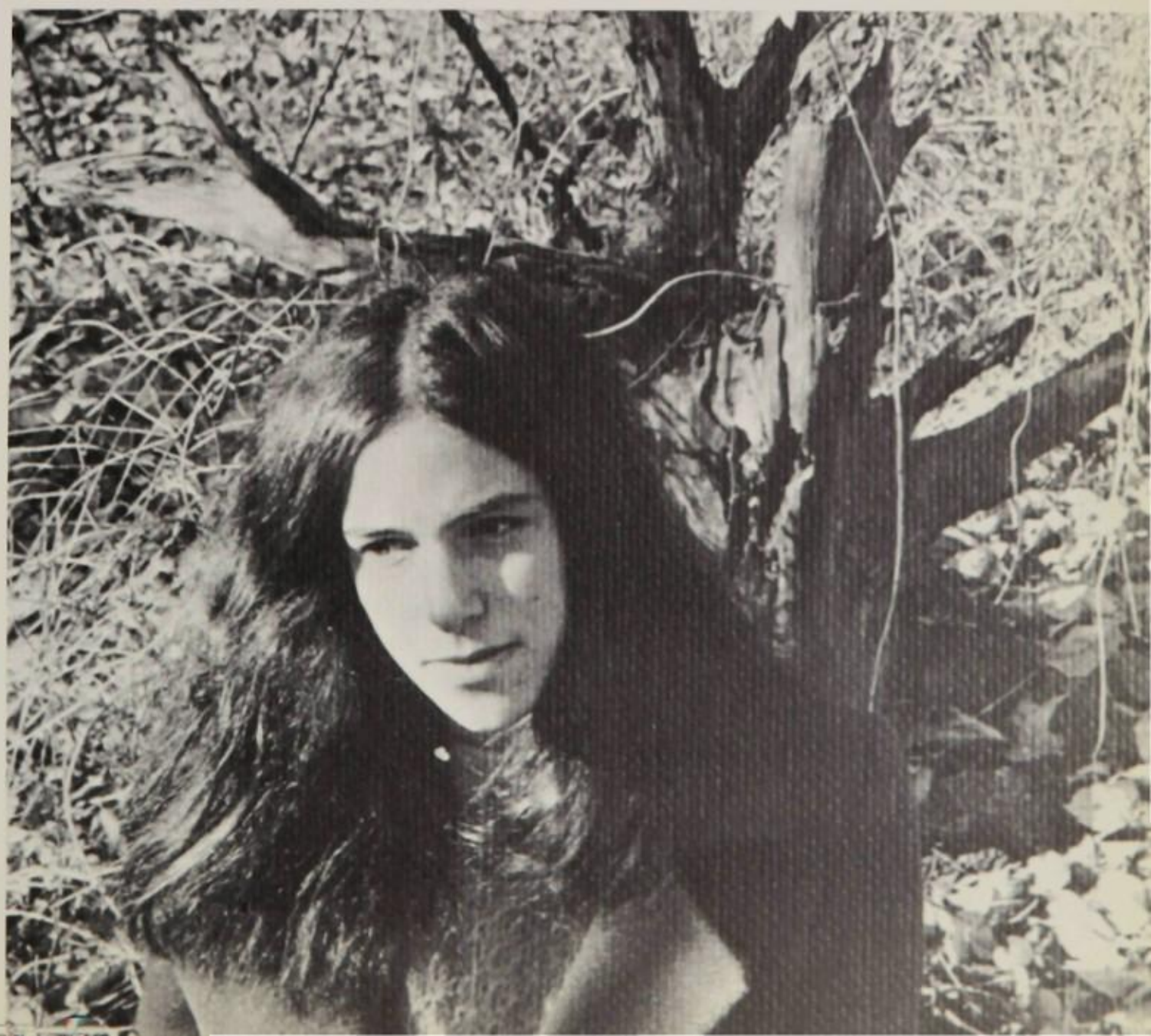
Once there was a Heron, a respectable Bird, living in a respectable aviary--a nest plot of artificial verdure, enclosed by walls of spotless plate glass. The walls, however, were invisible to the inhabitants of the aviary, who therefore knew them only as those very fierce and invincible Beasts that made escape impossible.

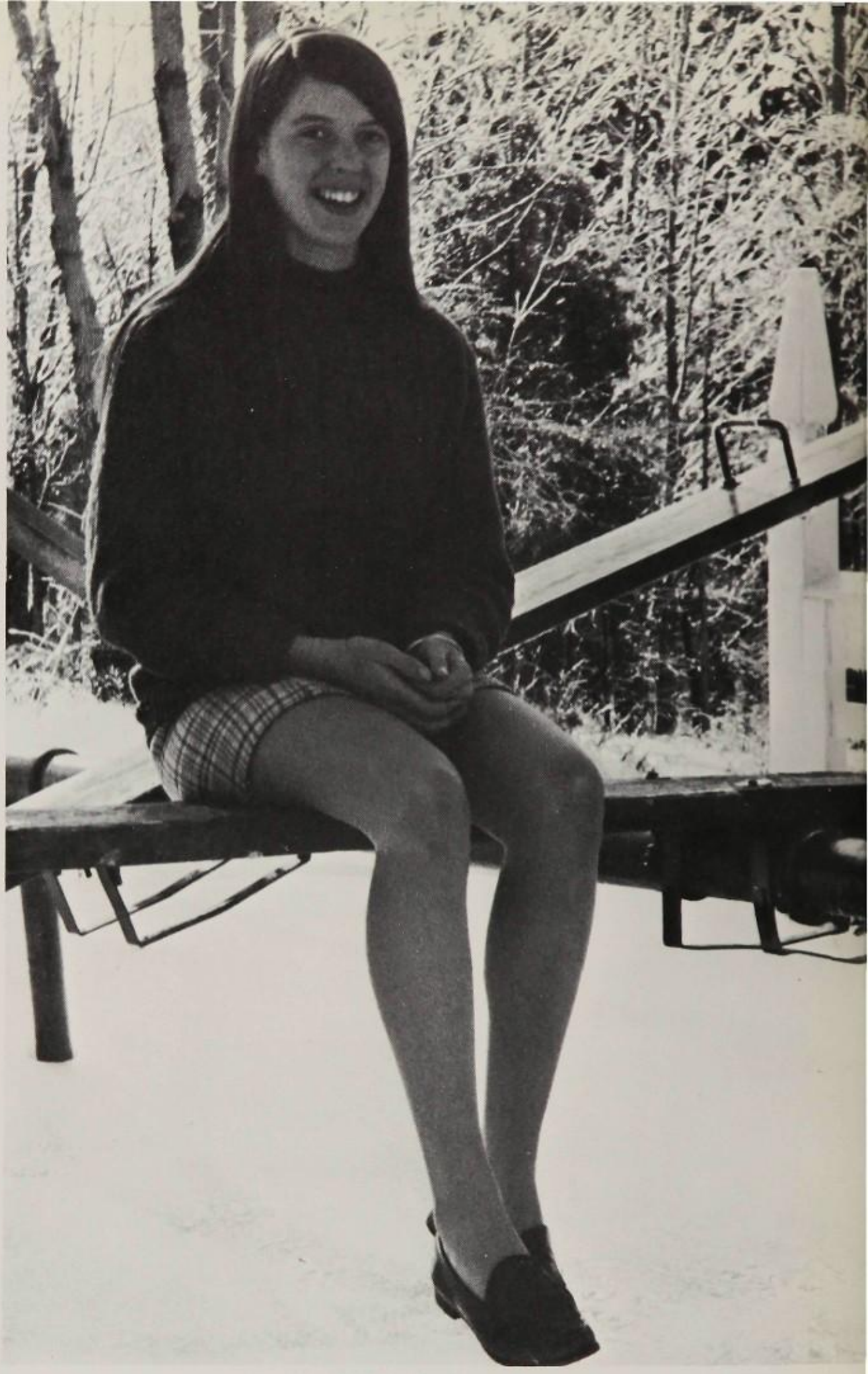
The Heron came striding freely down the aviary paths one day, but was so intently examining the composition of its toe claw that it smashed directly into the wall; and the wall shook and shattered into pieces. When the Heron recovered from the shock, and was playing with the pieces, it found with sweeping wonder that wall-smashing had, undoubtedly, head-clearing and strengthening effects. The Heron smiled.

The Heron earnestly took up the dissemination of this Discovery. Very soon indeed, the walls of the aviary were totally smashed, and the majority of the inhabitants wintering in Alcapulco; the Heron is now holding a chair in philosophy at a prominent East Coast University.

Moral: If only to reveal a glass house, throw stones.

Joan Williams





Pam Woodworth

Once upon a time there was a very chattery chipmunk. Now, all chipmunks are noted for chattering, but this one was especially voluble. Some of the other animals thought this must be due to the peculiar way her coat had of turning from sober brown to a rather startling shade of red at unpredictable intervals. Others thought it due to the presence of a certain other chipmunk...Anyway, the chipmunk had a knack of making her chatter sound convincing. She soon had every animal in the area busily engaged in a game of nut gathering.
Moral: Chattery will get you everywhere.

Jimmy Rodgers

The muscles quivered under the heaving spotted coat. The buck stood by a large, old tree, watching the two shadows on the snow, and his steaming breath on the dark air. When the clouds no longer billowed and the shadow's movement became slight, the buck once more resumed his swift progress through the winter forest. His silent, fluid motion disturbed no branch. Other creatures watched the figure pass. He again paused to see the night. A deer watched silently from the deeper shadows beside the path. In the great silence of the winter forest, two figures passed swiftly among the shadows, melting into the fluid darkness.

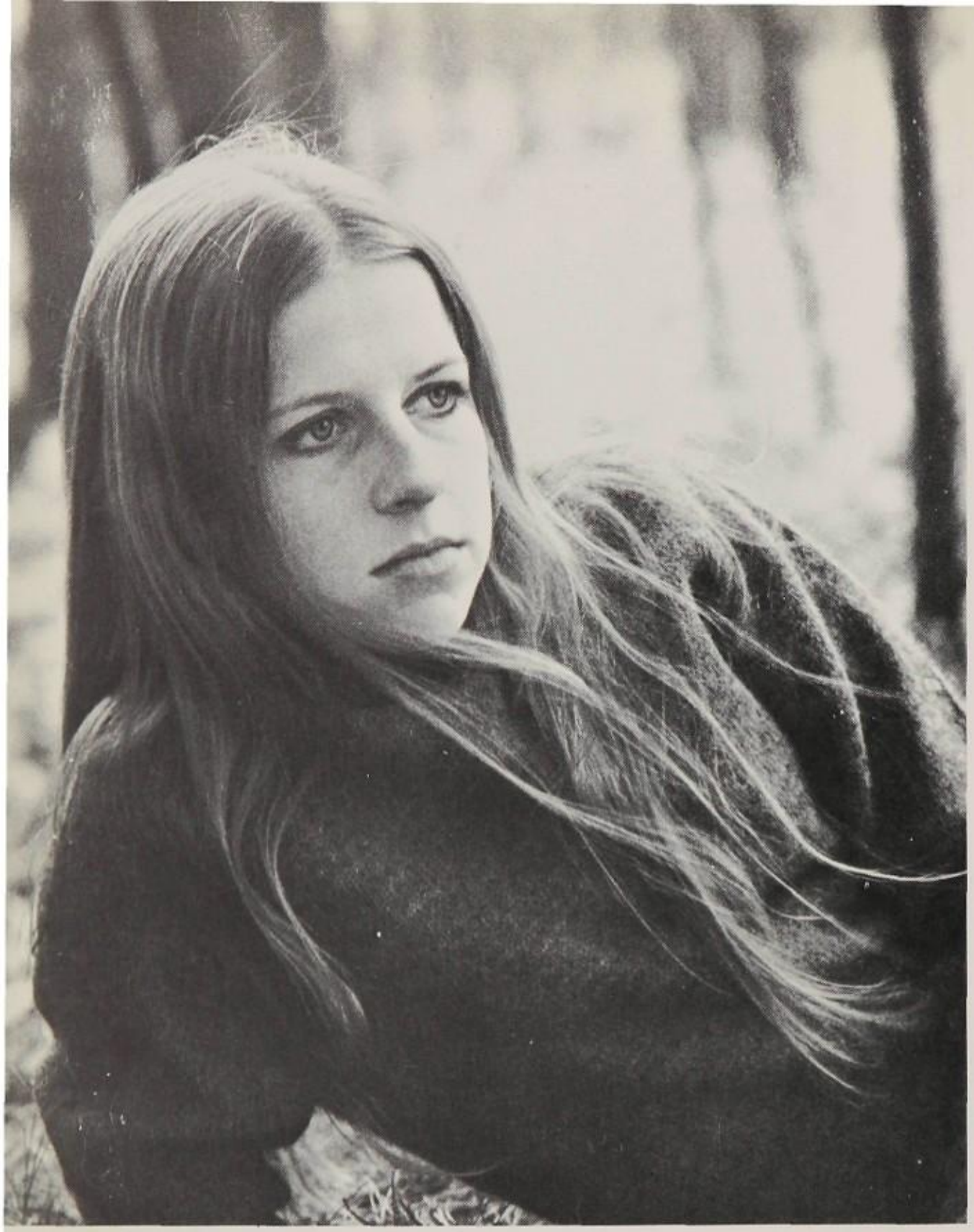
The west wind crept up from the river valley, streaming through the cool dark forests. Overhead, the clouds moved along the upper reaches in confusion. They fell away, swirled, twisted in the eddying air currents. The wind rushed through a long low range of mountains, at times near the snowy peaks, at times in the flower-dotted stephills. It searched, aching after contentment somewhere over the horizon. Descending from the heights, the wind circled a green hill. It was a still, strong hill - almost a mountain in size but definitely a hill in countenance. The west wind arched once toward the sun, then settled into the high meadows where the goatherds play their haunted pipes.

Brita Light

Pam Orr

Once upon a time there was a lovely fawn - all graceful and gay - who enjoyed the meadow and the forest, playing gentle games with her animal friends. She was skillful at making things and especially generous with her personal property and shared what she had with the other animals. She did not seem at all upset, when, for example, one of the other animals, the flying squirrel, had an accident when he borrowed something of hers. Life among her friends in the forest was happy and carefree.

From time to time the fawn would wander away from the area of the forest where she lived. As she was young, the other animals worried about her safety and feared the possibility that she might become too sophisticated for them. However, the fawn would return, unharmed, unchanged; she remained generous and happy as before. The animals then said to each other, "We were foolish. We were wrong. Let's let her know. Let's let her know tonight."
Moral: It's cheaper to tell a fawn after six p.m.



Hilary Martin

Discriminating citizens of the aviary considered the canary a femme fatale, and several crows with reputations as voyeurs-affectionately known as bird watchers-lined up in front of the canary's cage every morning, eagerly awaiting her emergence. On this particular morning, the canary artistically applied purple eyeshadow to match her purple stockings and flew forth to meet the world. The canary was a social sort, popular throughout the ornithological realm, but she showed a distinct preference for a particular fellow (not at all her type, mused the blue-crested flooby), a bird of the species Cucuria Specklimus (a freckled cuckoo). With her colorful plumage, the canary lent an exotic element to the otherwise humdrum community. The canary was by no means your average, run-of-the-mill, Woolworth's-pet-department songbird; she had, instead, a rather persuasive giggle which the birds found infinitely more disarming. Years ago she had rejected the tropics in favor of the aviary-the bird world was pleased, for a bird on the best-dressed list is worth two in the bush?

The smallest sandpiper was disconsolate. She picked at a shell and watched the grey waves come in up to her toes, then slip back. She glanced at the group of other birds hurrying along in the sand, stopping here and there to devour a mussel or a bit of crab. The sandpiper took flight towards the south; they did not see her leave. Yet, when autumn came, the smallest sandpiper returned. Questioned by the others, she only said, "I was alone in the South and, alone, I learned." Content, she was joined by another bird, a stranger to this beach who did not need to know.
Moral: Discontent breeds lasting repose.

Shelly
Brewster

Allison Gilbert

The tamarin lived a calm and smiling life with her family in the jungle. She belonged to that special breed (of the species: marmoset- 1. MIDAS) which has nails instead of claws, and she painted them with a see-through color.

It was just any day that year, and she was busy eating sacred flowers and singing songs in Spanish. Arthur, the angry young anteater, came upon the tree, and generally gave her grief, proclaiming that she had a lack of social conscience, "sitting there, eating flowers when all the world was green and rotting from the horrible reign of this shameless and corrupt..."

The tamarin was perturbed. She stopped eating flowers, finishing only the last one, tastefully and pensively. That evening at seven, she had a date with Arthur, who, when she spoke to him about it and asked why, said this: "You know, your old family name, far back on the tree, is Midas. And Midas has a special touch, I've seen it all along, and..." (That's the part of what he said that's necessary for the story.)

Agony returned, and he began, "How can you..." he said, "when all the world is green and rotting..." Just then, she stepped down from the tree, and going over to the brush beside his feet, she touched it. It turned to gold. She touched the trees, the leaves, the sky, and finally Arthur, all with gold.

Then Agony went away. He saw it her way.

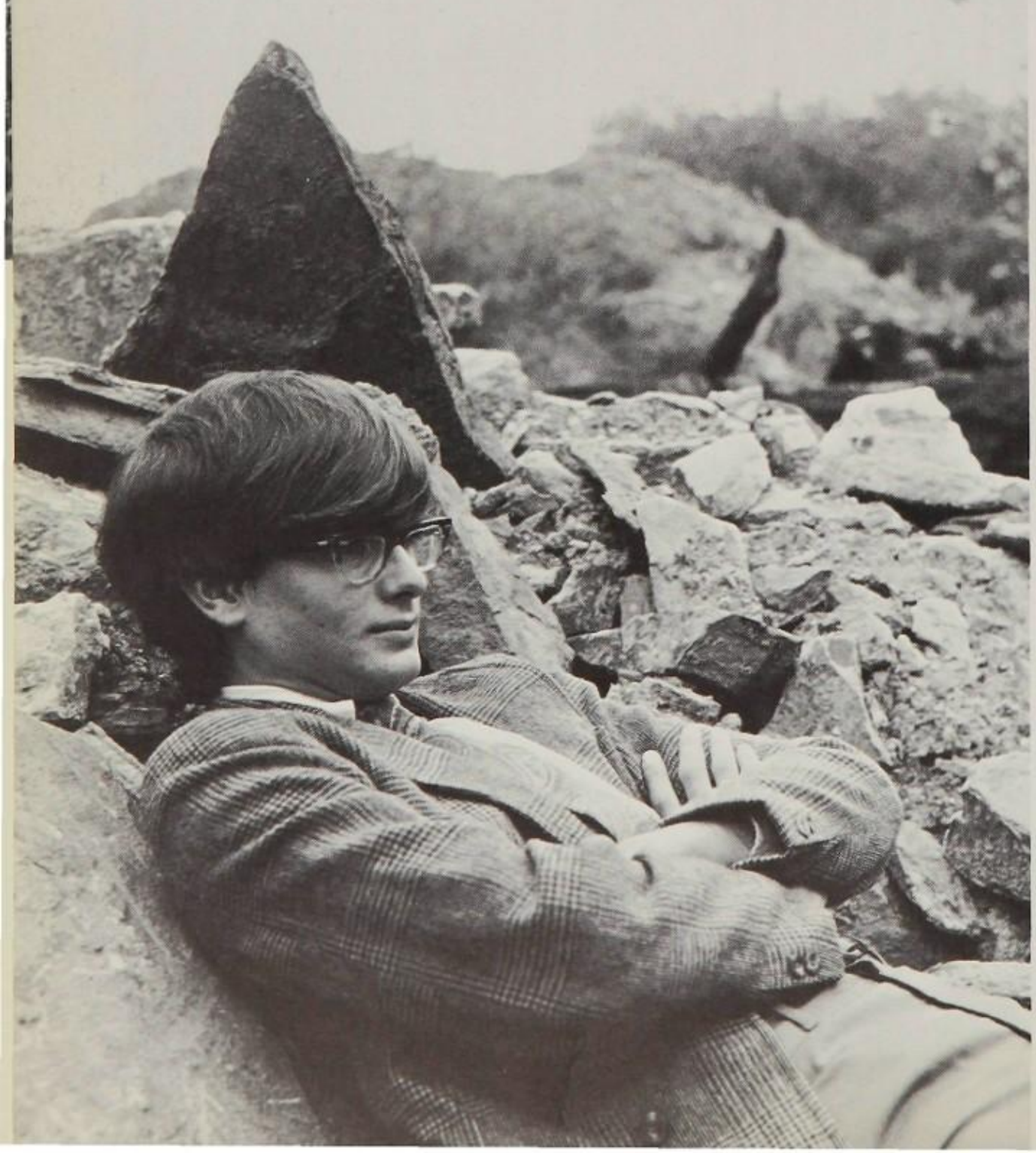
Moral: The Agony turns Ecstasy when you only see the gold.

The bear, emerging drowsily from his cave in the late hours of the morning, collided with the hippopotamus. "You fat oaf," grunted the hippopotamus, "look out." The bear, who was not clumsy at all, but who had, rather, a delicacy of another sort entirely, snorted good-naturedly, "Look who's talking - Minnesota Fats himself," to the hippopotamus, who was originally from Duluth. The hippopotamus thought the bear exceedingly rude and not understanding that such was the nature of the beast, he remarked angrily, "I had come to pay a call but I think now that I shall go and see the elephant instead." "Is that a promise or a threat?" inquired the bear innocently. The hippopotamus rumbled off in a fit of rage. "Hey," shouted the bear after him. "How do you know the elephant's been in your refrigerator?" But the hippopotamus, who had no defense against the bear's wit and who had not yet learned the trick of laughter as others had, was already out of range. "By the footprints in the cheesecake," sighed the bear, but realizing that his audience was an unappreciative lot anyway, he sauntered off in the direction of his cave. The hippopotamus turned for a parting shot. "You think you're pretty funny, huh?"
Moral: If the shoe fits, put it in your mouth.

David Mack

Strapping on his goggles, the flying squirrel launched effortlessly on to the nearest air current. Leveling off and cruising smoothly at a steady 89 m.p.h., the flying squirrel had time to reflect on his singular merits. In truth, he had a great deal to be proud of. He was a superior aviator - no one could dispute that. He had reduced flying to a simple science, having fed into an IBM 360, his statistics on air pressure per cubic foot (2 to the 7th power), velocity, descent curves and margin of error. He was quite a popular fellow, renowned for his sense of humor and listing among his many conquests a pert blond squirrel who had given him the use of her Fokker Triplane. The flying squirrel was reflecting thus when he crashed into a large pine tree.

Groggily coming to several hours later, the flying squirrel recalled dimly that the plane was not his own. "Ah," he sighed, "the mere vicissitudes of life..."
Moral: Pride goeth before a crash?



Bill Power

Alice Holiman

She sat on the sunny windowsill, sleek, grey-haired, with dancing blue eyes. The Persian cat seemed asleep to passers-by; but the tip of her luxuriously silky tail curled and uncurled with suppressed excitement. Suddenly a golden Saint Bernard with a crimson and white vest appeared and tapped alluringly on the window. Down sprang the Persian cat from her cozy window sill, and losing all her calm self-assurance, lightly paced to the door of her Lord Ladybug Taylor house and opened it in a rush. "Oh, I've missed you so! If it weren't so far to Pekin, I'd have run there by myself!" Devotedly, the dog stroked her glowingly clean fur, and murmured endearments into her perky little ears. Then they slipped away into the fields to be together at last, but as they walked away, she looked over her shoulder at a well-known bulldog and winked.
Moral: Vivre pour vivre.

Allyn Love

Magic Sam grabbed his guitar and split down the highway in a five ton 1957 Wise Potato truck. He was trucking and so were his six friends who were also in the same five ton 1957 Wise Potato truck. They had divided the cost.

Sam and his friends were free! They could go anywhere they wanted and do anything they liked. They went to Nashville, Sam picking and his friends singing "I'm Trucking". In Nashville Magic Sam and his friends joined a band. He wrote songs, picked strings, and hit keys. He became famous. His friends watched and washed dishes.

When the time came to 'truck' on Sam stayed in Nashville. He wasn't as free but he was happy. He found what he wanted.

The butterfly, perceiving an obstacle directly in his path, stopped abruptly in mid-flight. The obstruction proved to be a large, shimmering bubble traveling lazily skyward. The butterfly was momentarily dazed by the bubble whose ephemeral beauty was not unlike his own, and determining to speak with it, he flew after in hot pursuit. But the earthbound butterfly had not the bubble's buoyant effervescence and was ill-equipped for vertical flight; thus it was only with the greatest difficulty that he managed to catch up. Indelicately flapping to keep pace, the butterfly ventured, "Where are you off to?" "Up," laughed the bubble evasively. "You must come down eventually, mustn't you?" inquired the butterfly, but the bubble who served another master, drifted effortlessly on, subject only to the caprices of the wind. "You are transparent, colorless, and insubstantial," snorted the butterfly; but the bubble, who reflected the blue of the sky and the light of the stars, only quivered imperceptibly with amusement at its obvious and gaudy traveling companion. The butterfly sighed, for he was quite exhausted, and began a weary descent. Moments later, gazing skyward, the butterfly could only just distinguish the bubble on its way to see the sun.

Midge Valdes

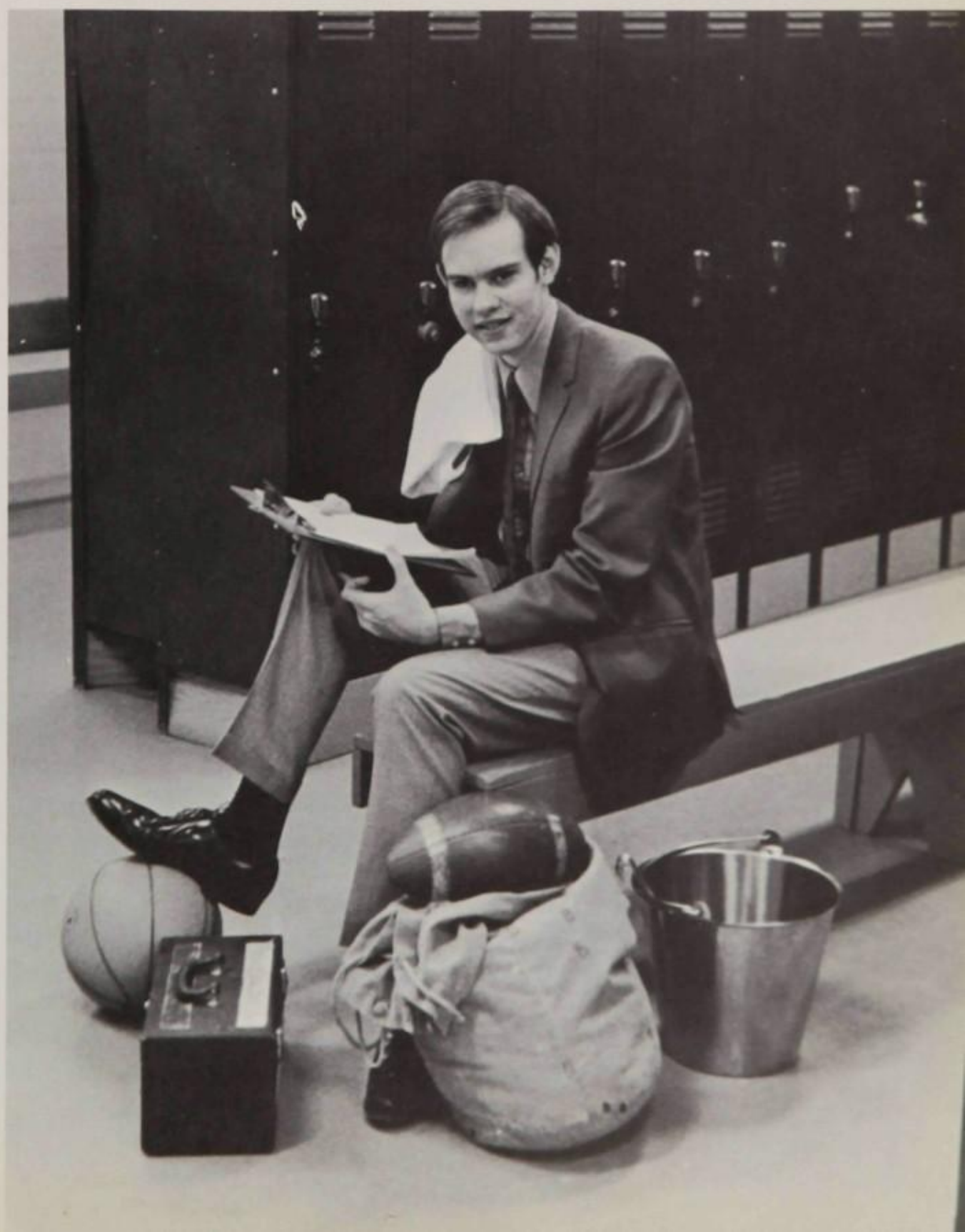
Laurie Linowitz

I once had a nightingale who was forever singing a lovely tune. We were great friends and spent long hours by the river, I lying in the grass and my nightingale perched on my knee ever singing. One day we were very lazily basking in the sun when another bird came along and perched on my other knee. A terrible fight broke out and the two birds, squawking and feathers flying, flew away. I called to my nightingale to please come back but to no avail; it was gone.

Now there was no one to go to the river with, no one to sing to me; I was very sad. I hoped that some day my nightingale would return and it did, but its voice had changed. I didn't care. I was much too happy seeing my friend to notice that.

Once there was a dolphin in whom the powers of vocal communication with humans (which has amazed mankind since antiquity) were developed to an extraordinary degree. Even more extraordinary was the dolphin's interest in all the media of communication which homo sapiens has thus far produced. He therefore became the spokesman for all the denizens of the sea. Soon little dolphins took to swimming after him, with delightful, silvery archings and curvettings, and raucous croakings, attempting to learn how to communicate, too. So our dolphin organized schools of little ones, who gradually became more and more articulate, showing much promise. And the silver whistle which our hero wore around his neck became a symbol of his special link with the world of people.

Gil Farr



Naurene
Donelly

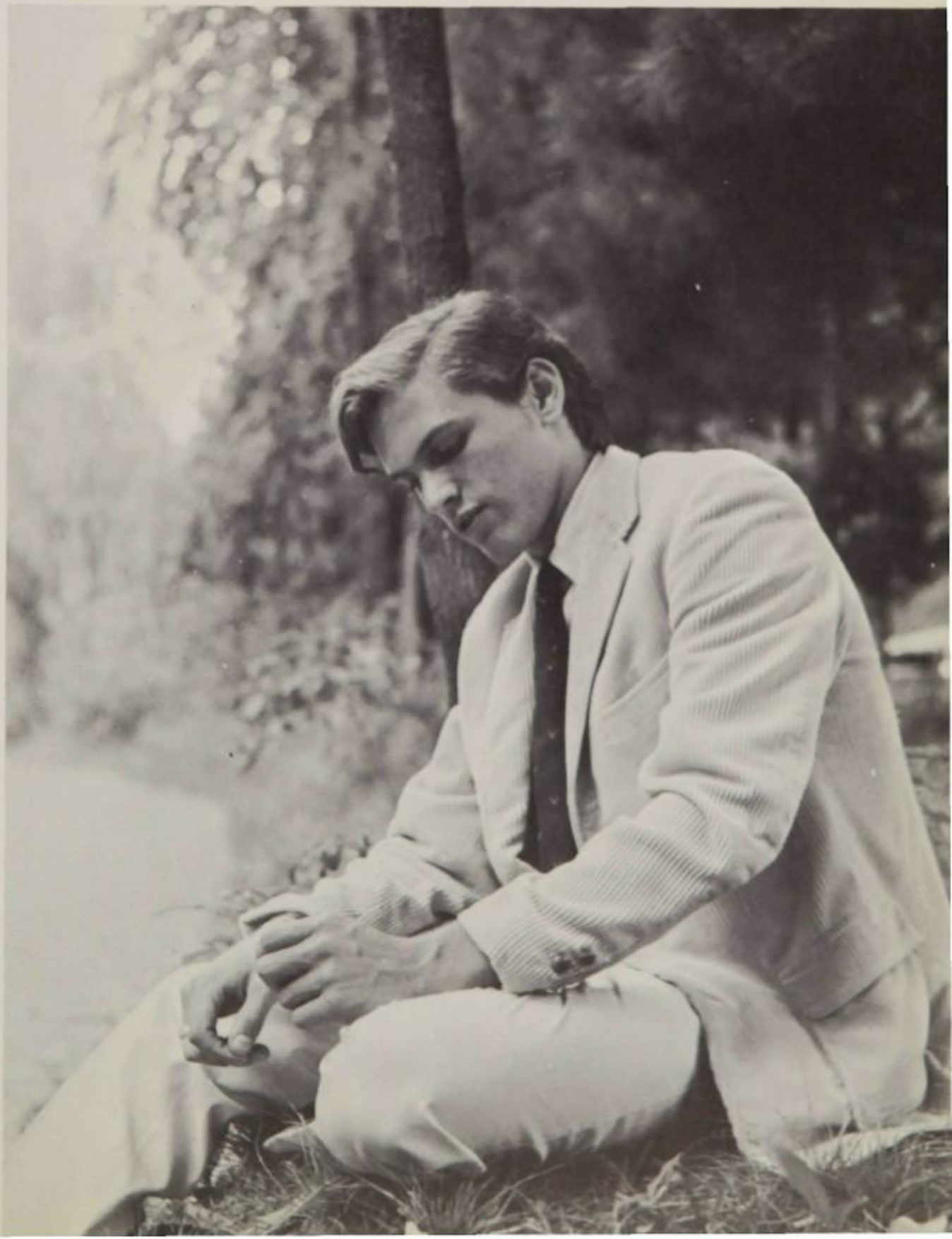
Everyone in the forest knew of this heffalump. It was certainly no run of the mill, ordinary, easy to snare heffalump. No, this one was completely elusive and could very cleverly conceal itself from trappers in the grass. Many times the hunters had come to the forest searching for this special heffalump, but it would always confuse them by repeating biting words of sarcasm from various locations in the dense forest making its whereabouts impossible to discover.

But the heffalump wasn't elusive to everyone; it had many forest companions with whom it romped and played until the noises of the hunters were heard. It would then quickly disappear to begin the battle: Heffalump vs. Hunter and everyone knew who always won.

It was a pleasing life this heffalump led, always finding the best things in a heffalump's life easy to come by.

Sitting upon his lily pad, the contented frog wished for nothing but a serene life. He had no feeling for the other frogs hopping from lily pad to lily pad and pond to pond, never stopping and never staying. But one day, as the contented frog was just beginning to lull into his beautiful world, one of the hoppy frogs came along to talk to him. This was not uncommon but he had always been at a loss for words and the other frog had hopped off to another pond, leaving him to a beautiful but lonely world. But there was something different about this frog. She possessed the vitality to jump from pad to pad, but at the same time was content to stay on just one lily pad. She taught the frog to enjoy pad-hopping, while he showed her the joys of relaxation. Between them, they enjoyed the ups and downs of hopping and landing amongst fields of little froggies and happiness.
Moral: If you like somebody's pond, take time to shake upon his lily pad.

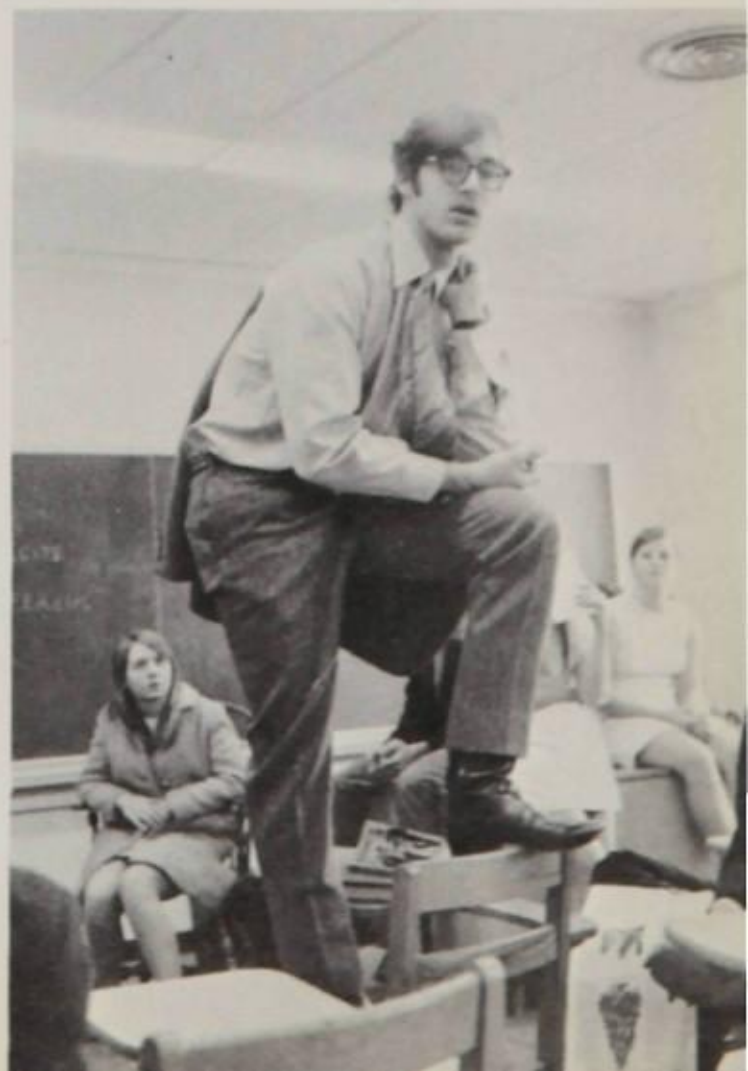
Fred
Schluter



The unicorn was becoming somewhat paranoid. It seemed people were constantly trying to ensnare it, to submit it to clinical observation, to make it something it wasn't, to put it to WORK. The unicorn was an elusive creature, however, and was forever deftly escaping snares and definitions. Often the unicorn was to be seen in the early hours of the morning, slight and insubstantial, jumping fences or slipping between the bars which could not hold it. The other beasts were accustomed to the ways of the unicorn and seemed to sense that it was not to be captured or labeled. They knew it was no ordinary beast of the field and appreciated it all the more for its differences. After all,
that's what makes a unicorn race?

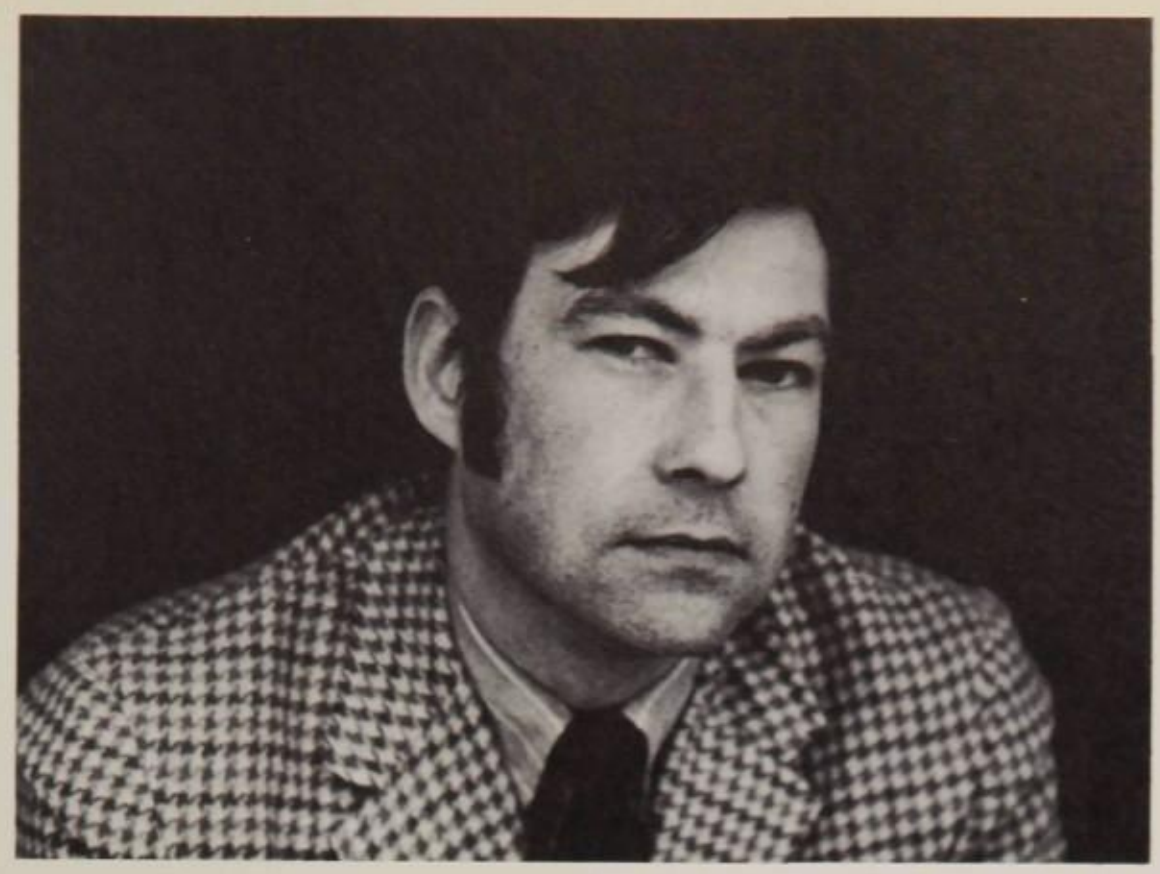
Leslie Grey

MAD
COLEGE
ISUE



"Theme and Variations: Love Conquers All"

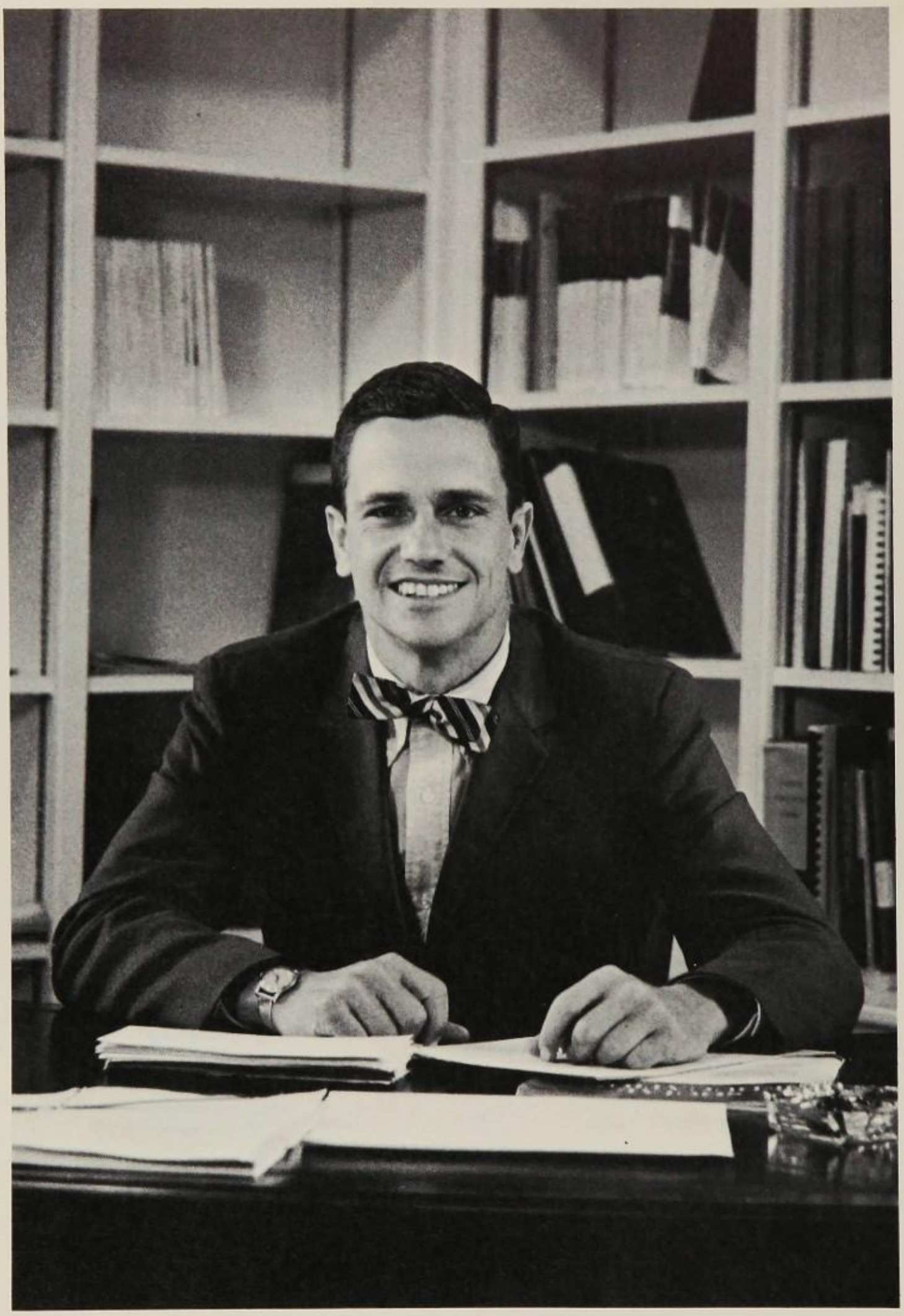
Eighth Grade Original Play,
May, 1966



WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

Ah yes, life in the ghetto . . .

Faculty



Douglas O. McClure
Headmaster

Administration

FRONT ROW: Carl C. Storey, (B.S., M.A. University of Arkansas) Business Manager; Douglas O. McClure, (B.A. Yale, M.A. University of Connecticut) Headmaster, Head of History Dept.; Madeline Weigel, (B.A. Skidmore, Child Education Foundation) Head of Lower School and kindergarten instructor. BACK ROW: Huson R. Gregory, (B.A. Dartmouth) Director of Guidance and instructor in English; Joan C. Baker, (Chateland School, Switzerland) Registrar; Sanford S. Bing, (B.A. Lafayette, M.A. Rutgers) Head of Upper School and instructor in Chemistry; Charles A. Gillies, (A.B. George Washington University, LL. B. Harvard) Director of Development, Head of Mathematics Dept.; Beverly A. Williams, (B.A. Randolph-Macon Women's College) Director of Schedules and Programs; Wesley A. McCaughan, Jr., (B.S. Trenton State College, M.S. Rutgers) Director of Admissions and instructor in history; Fowler Merle-Smith, (B.A. Princeton, M.A.T. Columbia) Head of Middle School.

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Lycée Fenelon
Alliance Française
Professorat

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Head of Science
Department
B. A. Harvard

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Physical Education
A.A Marjorie Webster
Junior College

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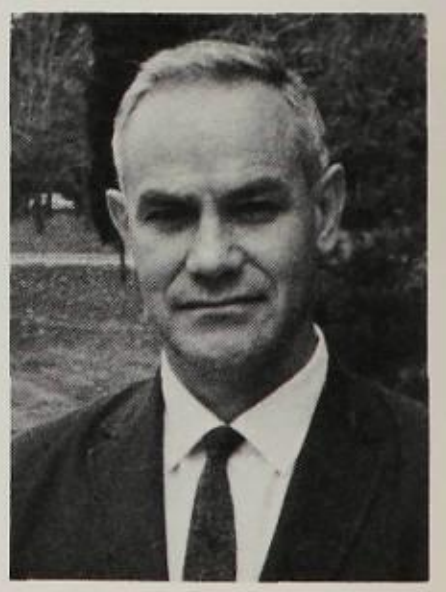
College
M. A. T. DePauw
University

COLETTE BANNER
French
Sorbonne
Teacher's Certificate
Academy of Paris

IRENE C. CONROY
Mathematics
B. A. University of
New Hampshire

DEIRDRE BANNON
Science
B. A. Douglass



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B. S., M. S. Univer-
sity of Michigan

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Mathematics
Director of Boys'
Physical Education
B. S. Gannon

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Mawr

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M. A. University of Detroit

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GARY M. C. LOTT
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M. A. Columbia

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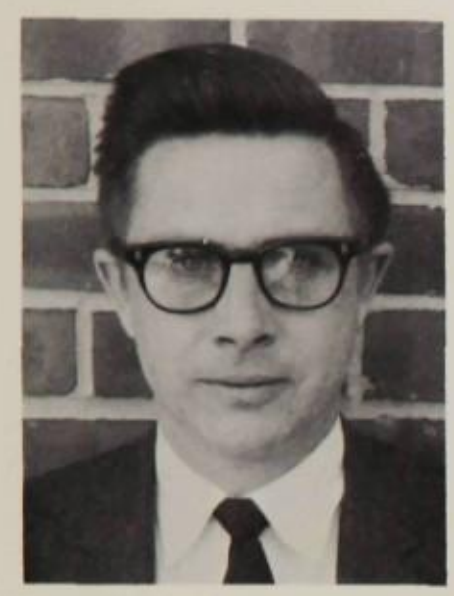
B. A. Princeton



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B. A. Douglass

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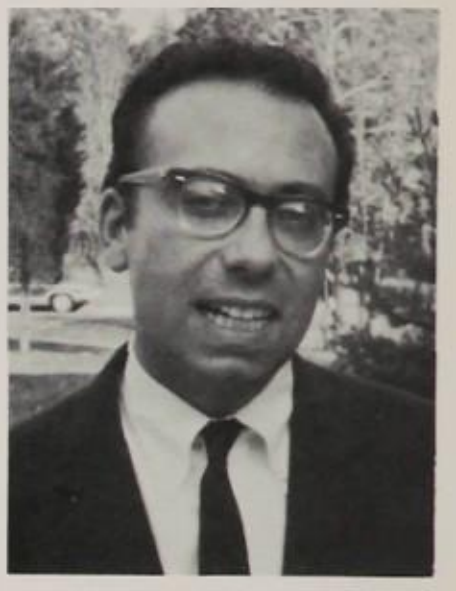

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JOHN SALADINO
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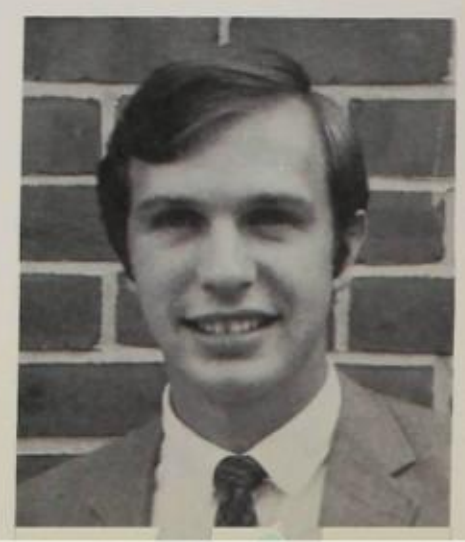

DONALD A. SAWYER
Science
B. S. University of Denver
M. A. University of Maryland

ARLENE H. SMITH
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Diploma Newark School of Fine Arts
Art Student's League.

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B. A. University of Kansas
M. A. Western Reserve

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B. D. St. Vladimir's

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B. A. Wellesley

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M. A. T. Cornell University

MARGERY R. CLAGHORN
Receptionist
B. A. Bryn Mawr.

RENEE - PAULINE EXIGA WHIPPLE
French
Professorat et Directorat des Colléges Modernes (Education Nationale).

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Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds.

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B. S., M. S., Trenton State College.

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B. A. Hunter
O. T. R. Tufts
M. A. San Francisco State College.

GERTRUDE D. BROPHY
R. N.
School Nurse.

HOWARD S. UNANGST
School Physician
B. S. Annapolis
M. D. University of Pennsylvania.

FRONT ROW: Eleanor S. Barclay, (B.A. Trenton State College) Fourth Grade; Sally S. Paterson, (B.A. Vassar) First Grade; Louise V. Dennison, (University of West Virginia) Third Grade; Madeline Weigel, (B.A. Skidmore, Child Education Foundation) Head of Lower School and Kindergarten. SECOND ROW: Leah G. Oathout, (B.A., M.S. College of Saint Rose, M.A. State University of New York, Albany) Reading; Jean Jansen, (B.A. Fresno State College) Third Grade; Carroll Kane, (B.A. Smith) Second Grade; Martha C. Akers, (B.A. Wheaton) Kindergarten Assistant; June C. Gulick, (B.A. Wellesley) First Grade; Barbara Roberts, (B.A. Simmons, M.A. Columbia) Fourth Grade. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Nancy B. Miller, (B.S. Wheelock) Second Grade; Elliot B. Illava, (B.A., M.A. University of Michigan) Fourth Grade; John Johnson, (B.A. Princeton) Fourth Grade; Margaret W. Gilbert, (B.A. Mary Baldwin) Music; Eileen Hohmuth, (B.A. State University of New York, New Paltz) Art.

Lower School Faculty

School

XI FRONT ROW: Jeremy Bonner, Bill Flemer, Tim Smith, Tom Worthington, Carl Jacobelli, Bob Norman, Danny Cantor, David Seckel, John Paine, Scott Richardson, Robbie Holt, Frank Warner, Bob van de Velde. MIDDLE ROW: Tom O'Connor, Lizette Mills, Katie Poole, Lisa Warren, Natalie Huston, Nan Karwan, Diane Jass, Betsy Gorman, Jean Schluter, Bobbie Fishmann, Becky Ramsey, Paula Zaitz. BACK ROW: Jody Platt, Dore Levy, Sasha Silverstein, Cathy Lane, Jean Ginsburgh, Anne Healy, Nanci Weissman, Linda Gatchell, Larry Levenson.

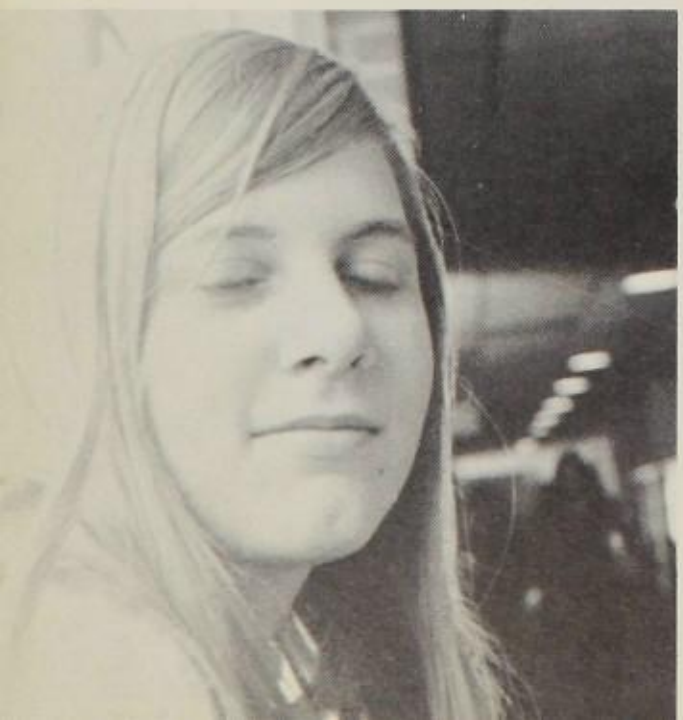
X FRONT ROW: Paul Ridgway, Steve Bash, Steve Silverman, Jerem Gordon, Kirk Moore, John Kalpin, John Moore, Artie Mittnacht, Carl Rosenberg, Mary Johnson, Lucinda Herrick. MIDDLE ROW: Richard Albert, Wistar Williams, Harriette McLoughlin, Sally Rodgers, Page McInnis, Lit Lyness, Fairfax Hutter, Jan Hall, Jane Lee, Jackie Webster, Kate Erdman, Cheri Holcomb, Kathy Bissell. BACK ROW: Anthea Burtle, Charlotte Kornegay, Mary Mills, John Gordon, Noeline Hargrave, Jeri Hafitz, Harrison Uhl, Connie Cain, Kobby Gulick, Cici Morgan, Jean Beckwith, Ginny Myer, Karen Grosz, Laurie Merrick, Ted Vogt, Nancy Schluter, Andy Houston, Andrea Scasserra, Kacey Constable, David Tenney.

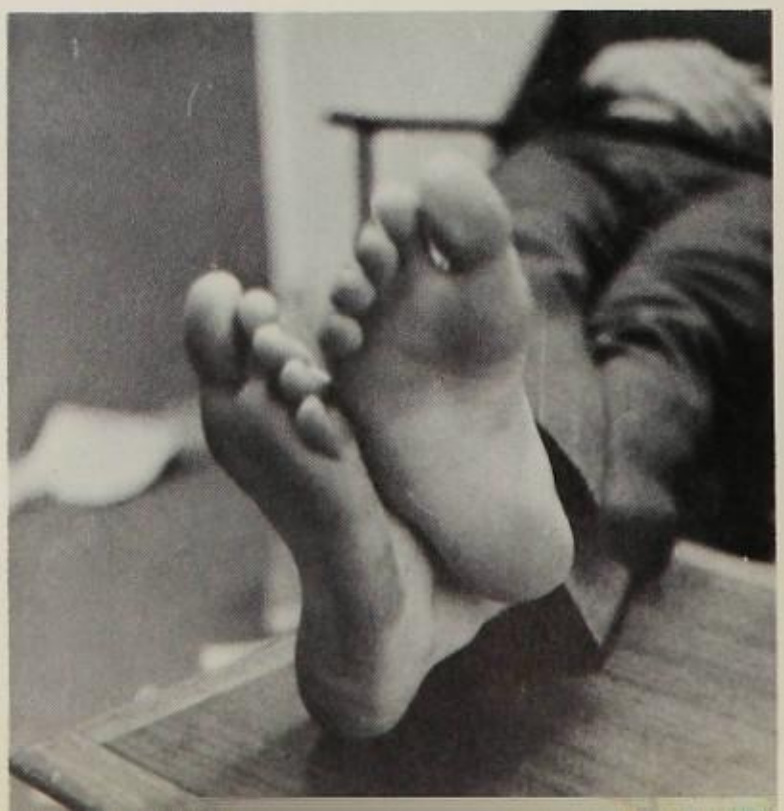
XI FRONT ROW: Sam Rodgers, Paul Lyman, David Stark, Richard Bryant, Mitch Sussman, Joe Punia, Neil Rosenthal, Kathy McClure, Betsy Meredith, Nina Shafran, Kristi Vaughn, Kim Chambers, Joan Lewis. MIDDLE ROW: Judy Walker, Candy Brown, Martha Feltenstein, Kristen Garver, Greacian Goeke, Louise Broad, Arlene Opatut, Margaret DeVries, Ruth Shefer, Terrie Fried, George Treves, Don Millner. BACK ROW: Blythe Kropf, Barbara Bauer, Chris Smith, Nancy Davies, Tony Dale, Cathy Wadelton, David Claghorn, Vicki Willock, Terry Booth, Larry Rose, Jean Ginsburgh, Anne Healy, Wicki Bishop, Liz Tomlinson, Ellen Stern, Lee Morgan, Howard Vine. Missing from picture: Laurie Bryant, Jane Cross, Robin Frey, Patricia Mulryan.

X FRONT ROW: Tom Myers, Alex Laughlin, Pieter Fisher, Mike Savage, Tom Reynolds, Ed Lavinthal, Mike Cagan, Lucien Yokana, Michael Englander, Giovanni Ferrante, Jonathan Chilton, Steve Zudnak, Fred Dalrymple. MIDDLE ROW: John Lockette, Ledlie Borgerhoff, Judy Kleinberg, Karen Turner, Susan Ecroyd, Anne Reid, Ellen Sussman, Ellen Prebluda, Hope Miller, Kate Merlino, Susan Linowitz, Joan Robinson, Helen Langewiesche, Stephanie Shoemaker. BACK ROW: Kathy Veeder, Meg Affleck, Elizabeth Sinnott, Elizabeth Foster, Anne Robinson, Peter McCandless, Jordan Young, Jay MacAfee. Missing from picture: Stephen Foss.

IX FRONT ROW: Sandy Gordon, Martha Sullivan, Henry Heggen, Wayne Roberts, Andy Bonner, Roger Sherman, Joe Abelson, Carl Sturken, Alan Bogdonoff, William Langewiesche, Postell Nicholes, Robert Palmerie. SECOND ROW: Jenny Berger, Sarah Strong, Gwyn Jones, David Barach, Don DeVries, Ellen Fisher, Darin Hicks, Peter Stern, Liz Pratt, Anne Gilliam, Trudi Prescott, Susan Ross. BACK ROW: Vicki Austin, Cassandra Oxley, Barbara Moravec, Marion Huston, Richard Olcott, Jim Harford, Roger Williams, Sue Meigs, Barbara Russo, Anne Bishop.

FRONT ROW: Andy Ahrens, Jeff Schuss, Peter Moore, Jim Britt, David Goeke, Chip Place, Dan Blum, Mark Ellsworth, Art Levy, Bill Warren, Chris Burt, Chip Dillworth, Abby Notterman, Joanne Miller. MIDDLE ROW: Wendy Richardson, Julie Brewster, Margaret Erdman, Liza Keyser, Leslie Sander, Andrea Katin, Robin Kraut, Helena Brett-Smith, Jill Williams, Brenda Scott, Laura Kaysen, Allison Ellis, Helen Szathmary, Hope Spiro. BACK ROW: John Mittnacht, John Bushnell, Buzz Woodworth, Mike Hafitz, Daryl Janick, Patti Seale, Hilary Morgan, Beth Sanford, Tony Towns, Glenna Weisberg, Ann Gamblin, Anne Gilliam, Ginna Vogt, Anne Macleod, Gina Coscone, Carol Lifland, Sandra Driver, Liz Hunter. (Missing from picture: Susan Bauer, Cynthia Bishop, Alexander Kennedy, Mary Lynn Lavine, Winn Thompson.)





FRONT ROW: Joan Lewis, Neil Rosenthal, Lew Bowers (president), Freddi Cagan, Tom O'Connor, Wistar Williams. SECOND ROW: Tom Reynolds, Mrs. Shepherd, Mr. Bronk, Andrew Bonner, Pam Woodworth, Jimmy Rodgers, Ellen Fisher, Linda McCandless (vice-president). THIRD ROW: Lit Lyness, Bill Warren, Meg Brinster, Tim Smith, Heidi Flemer, Jack Kilgore, Lindsey Hicks, Joan Williams, Becky Bushnell. BACK ROW: Mr. Poole, Mr. McClure, Mr. Hahn, Mr. Gregory. Missing from Picture: Porter Eubank, Mr. Bing.

Community Council

FRONT ROW: Kathy McClure, Midge Valdes, Karin Grosz. SECOND ROW: Becky Bushnell, Heidi Flemer, Louise Sayen, Chris Burt, John Mittnacht, Hope Miller.

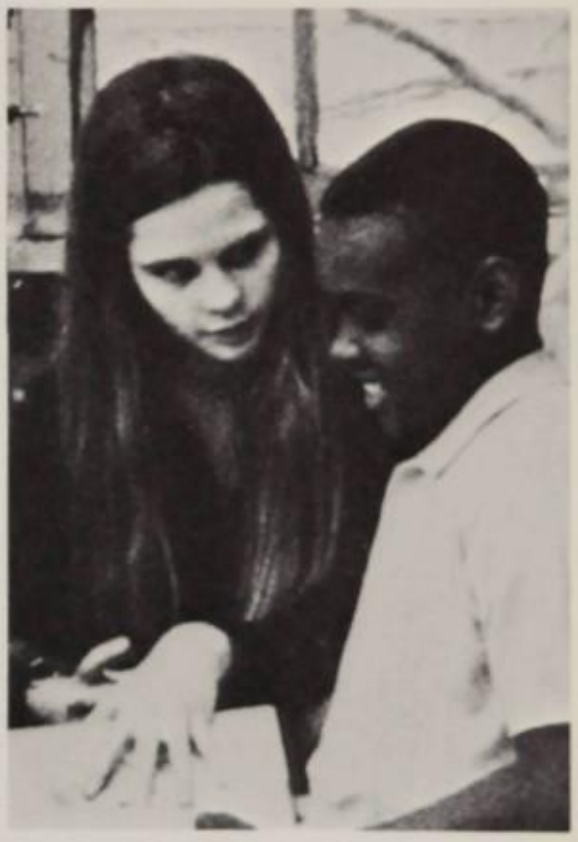
Social Service Committee

Key Club

FRONT ROW: Judi Kleinberg, Harriet Sharlin, Freddi Cagan, Peninah Chilton, Louise Hutner, Kim Chambers. SECOND ROW: Kobby Gulick, Pam Woodworth, Jim Rodgers, Anne Robinson, Steve Bash, Janet Masterton, Gil Farr, Liz Hamid.

Judiciary Committee

Mr. Bing, Nan Schluter, Cynthia Bishop, Lew Bowers, Linda McCandless (chairman), David Mack, Mr. Reimers, Howard Vine.



"LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE"

BOOK AND MUSIC BY RICK BESOYAN

Presented by

THE DRAMA CLUB

of

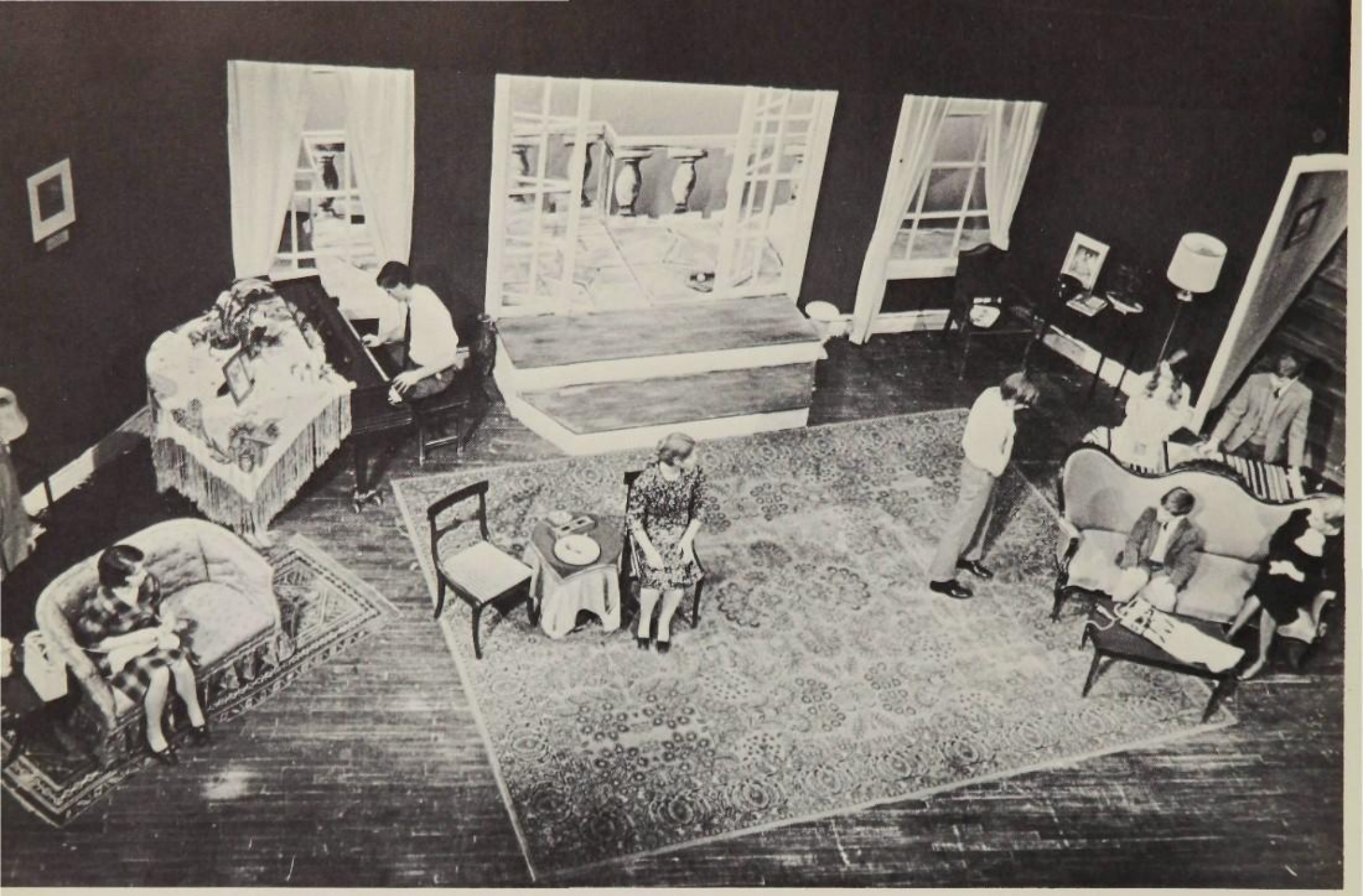
PRINCETON DAY SCHOOL

PRINCETON DAY SCHOOL THEATRE

APRIL 18 and 19, 1969

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PROLOGUE . . . . . Nina Shafran
CHIEF BROWN BEAR(Chief of the Kadota Indians) . . . . . Ashby Adams
CAPTAIN "BIG JIM" WARINGTON (of the Forest Rangers) . . . . . .Christopher Reeve
CORPORAL "BILLY" JESTER (a Forest Ranger) . . . . . .Robert A. Norman
"LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE" (Proprietress of the Colorado Inn) . . . . . Kristen Garver
MME. ERNESTINE VON LIEBEDICH (an opera singer) . . . . . .Pooh Holt
NANCY TWINKLE (Little Mary's maid) . . . . . Elizabeth Rose
FLEET FOOT (an Indian guide) . . . . . Paul Lyman
YELLOW FEATHER (Chief Brown Bear's son) . . . . . Richard B. Judge, Jr.
GEN. OSCAR FAIRFAX, RET. (a Washington diplomat) . . . . . .Bob Korman



Watch on the Rhine

by Lillian Hellman

NOVEMBER 21, 22, 26, 1969

THE CAST

ANISE	Paula Zaitz
JOSEPH	Robert A. Norman
FANNY FARRELLY	Barbara Miller
DAVID FARRELLY	Allyn Love
MARTHE DE BRANCOVIS	Rebecca Ramsey
TECK DE BRANCOVIS	Jeremy Bonner
SARA MULLER	Dore Levy
BABETTE MULLER	Cintra Eglin
JOSHUA MULLER	Andrew Bonner
BODO MULLER	Davis Yokana
KURT MULLER	Christopher Reeve

Directed by HERBERT McANENY

Scene construction directed by GARY LOTT

Light design by PIERRE MALI

Stage Manager: FREDDI CAGAN

Assistant Stage Manager: CARL ROSENBERG

Officers And Production Staff Of Drama Club

President: Chris Reeve
Secretary-Treasurer: Barbara Fishman

Scenery: Liz Hamid
Lighting: Bill Power
Costumes: Lizette Mills
Properties: Joan Lewis
Make-Up: Leslie Grey and Margaret Meigs

Sound: Bruce Plapinger
Tickets: Pam Woodworth and Calvin Johnson
House: Arlene Opatut
Publicity: Gil Farr

Cymbals

FRONT ROW: Danny Cantor, Andrew Bonner, Judy Kleinberg, Bobby Miller (editor), Robbie Holt. SECOND ROW: Bill Warren, Cici Morgan, Margi Shaw.

Link

FRONT ROW: Louise Sayen (layout, writing), Allison Gilbert (lay-out), Lindsey Hicks (advertising), Becky Bushnell (writing). BACK ROW: Paul Lyman (photography), Liz Hamid (lay-out), Hilary Martin (editor), Naurene Donelly (editor), Cynthia Walsh (lay-out), Mrs. Shepherd (adviser), Louise Hutner (writing), Bobbi Miller (writing), Leslie Gray (art), Joan Williams (writing), Margaret Meigs (writing). Missing from picture: Bob Salup (writing), Margi Shaw (writing), Bob Peck (photography), Peninah Chilton (business), Gil Farr (production manager), Harriet Sharlin (photography), and Alice Holiman (contest editor).

Upper School

FRONT ROW: Joan Williams, editor, Gil Farr, assistant editor. SECOND ROW: Anne Healy, Cathy Lane, Jan Hall, Kathy Veeder, Mary Mills, Mitch Sussman, Danny Cantor, Larry Levenson, Steve Silverman, Margaret Meigs. THIRD ROW: Ed Laventhal, Robin Frey, Nini Shafron, Tim Smith, Ted Vogt, Lizette Mills, assistant editor, Helena Brett-Smith, Jean Ginsburgh, Vicki Austin. FOURTH ROW: Porter Eubank, Eve Robinson, Judi Migliori, Helen Langewiesche, Robin Kraut, Betsy Meredith, Ginna Vogt, Kristen Garver. Missing from picture: Richard Albert, Becky Bushnell, Leslie Grey, Andrew Houston, Louise Hutner, Becky Ramsey, Karen Turner, Paula Zaitz, Paul Lyman.

Spokesman

FRONT ROW: Sarah Williams, Jessica Barton, Jill Migliori, Claire Treves, Alexis Arlett, Virgie Rodgers, Libby Hicks, Becky Hafitz, Beth Johnson, Bibi Gaston, George Zoukee, Russell Haitch, Hans Aberg, Jim Redman. BACK ROW: Bill Brown, Zander Lamar, Cam Ferrante, Walter Poole, editor, Frank Erdman, Doug Sharp, Glenn Bevensee.

Middle School

Orchestra

Violins:

Trudy Prescott
Ron Susswein
Robert Norman
Cheryl Graff
Laurie Mali
Nina Shafran

Viola:

Blythe Kropf

Oboe:

Elizabeth Sinnott

Clarinets:

Dan Cantor
David Barach
Daniel Skvir

French Horns:

Don Millner
Nancy Davies

Flutes:

Barbara Moravec
Patti Seale
Hope Spiro
Elizabeth Pratt

Cellos:

Jackie Webster
Anne Gamblin
Andrea Katin
Julian Gorelli

Double Basses:

Arthur Levy
Howard Vine

Bassoon:

Carl Rosenberg

Alto Saxophone:

Meg Affleck

Trumpet:

Roger Williams

Percussion:

Andrew Houston
Jon Krosnick

Piano:

Robin Frey
Andrew Bonner

Glee Club

Sopranos:

Anne Bishop
Allison Ellis
Anne Gilliam
Marion Huston
Carol Lifland
Anne MacLeod
Hope Spiro
Ginna Vogt
Susan Ecroyd
Judy Kleinberg
Helen Langewiesche
Laurie Merrick
J. B. Robinson
Louise Broad
Candie Browne
Laurie Bryant
Kristen Garver
Greacian Goeke
Betsy Norman
Natalie Houston
Nan Karwan
Diane Jass
Dore Levy
Barbara Sturken
Anthea Burtle
Sasha Silverstein

Altos:

Vicki Austin
Anne Gamblin
Elizabeth Pratt
Trudy Prescott
Sue Ross
Sarah Strong
Meg Affleck
Jan Hall
Jane Lee
Mary Mills
Kathy Veeder
Jackie Webster
Nancy Davies
Robin Frey
Terrie Fried
Jodie Platt
Suzanne Fish
Laurie D'Agostino
Blythe Kropf
Hilary Morgan
Margaret DeVries
Arlene Opatut

Madrigal Singers

Sopranos:

Kristen Garver
Anthea Burtle
Louise Broad
Laurie Bryant
Dore Levy

Director
Carol K. Lewis

Altos:

Trudy Prescott
Hilary Morgan
Jodie Platt
J. B. Robinson
Greacian Goeke
Helen Langewiesche

Tenor:

Christopher Reeve

Basses:

David Mack
Allyn Love
Richard Bryant
Andrew Houston

Middle School Band

Oboe:
Livingston Johnson

Flutes:
Tina Pritchard
Janet Pritchard
Yuki Moore
Elizabeth Dowey
Alice Dunn
Claudine Frank

Clarinets:
Greg Bash
Ricky Gordon
Ted Brown
Isabel Frank
Julie Stabler
Barky Penick

Alto Saxophones:
Lunn Sawyer
Mark Blaxill

Trumpets:
Charles Lifland
Gerry Thomas
Keith Plapinger
Billy Plapinger
Andrew Besser

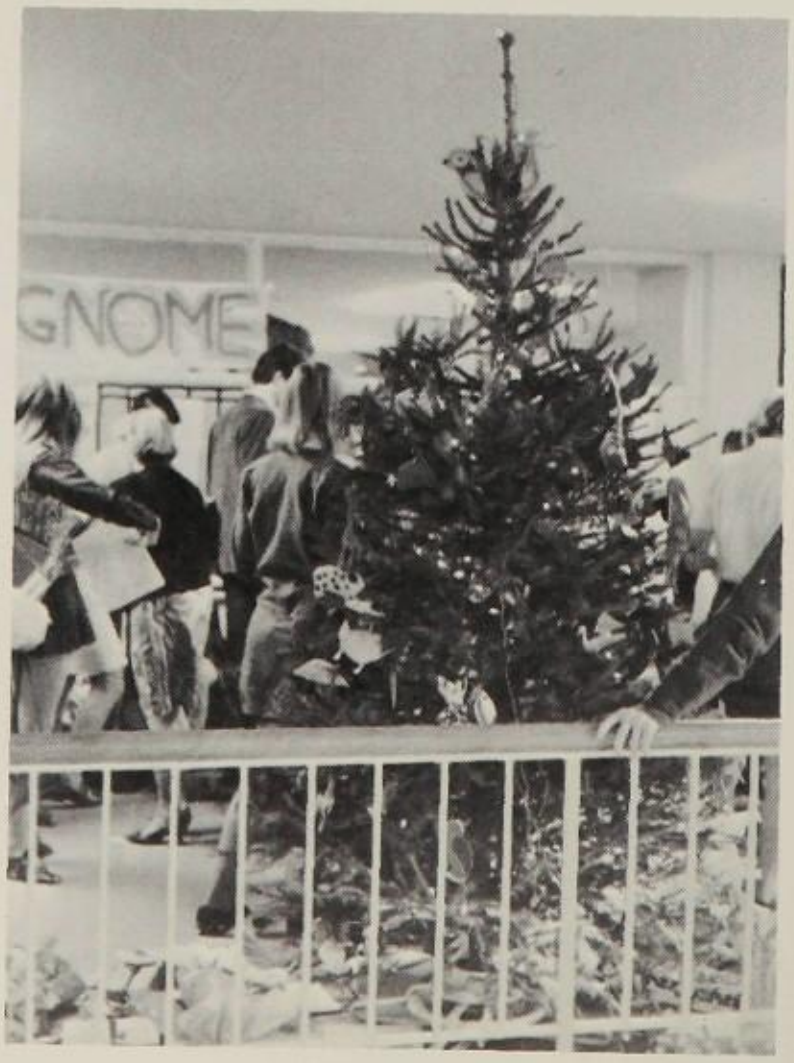
Baritone Horns:
Doug Robinson
Dafyd Jones

Trombone:
Anthony Knott

Percussion:
Jon Krosnick
Hilary Winter

American Field Service Committee

FRONT ROW: Allyn Love, Secretary-Treasurer, Meg Brinster, Chairman, Anne Kolsrud, AFS student, Jane Cross. SECOND ROW: Martha Sullivan, Mrs. Baker, Laurie Merrick, Laurie D'Agostino.



Karen Turner, Laura Mali, Kathy Veeder, Pam Orr, Dore Levy, Martha Feltenstein. Missing from picture: Liz Hamid.

Library Council

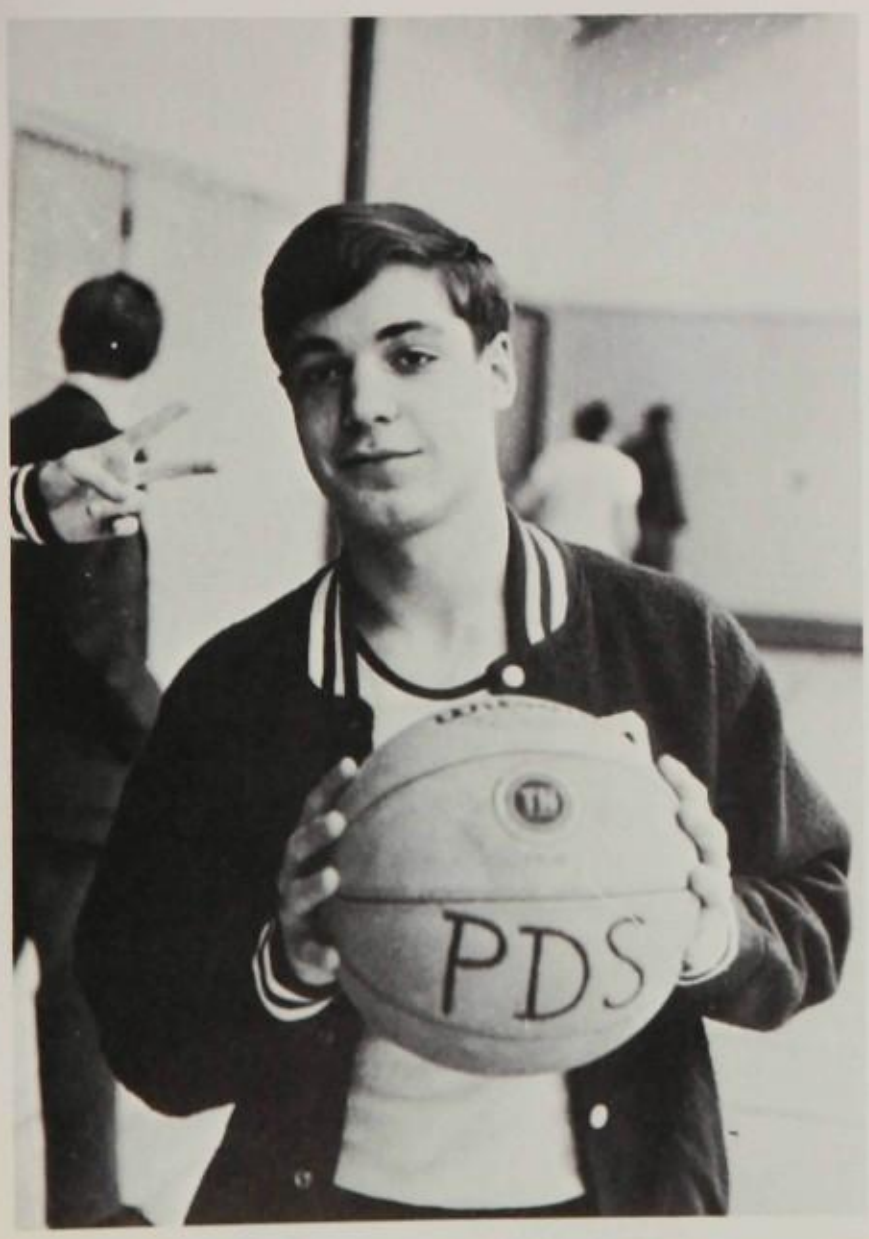
Middle School Council

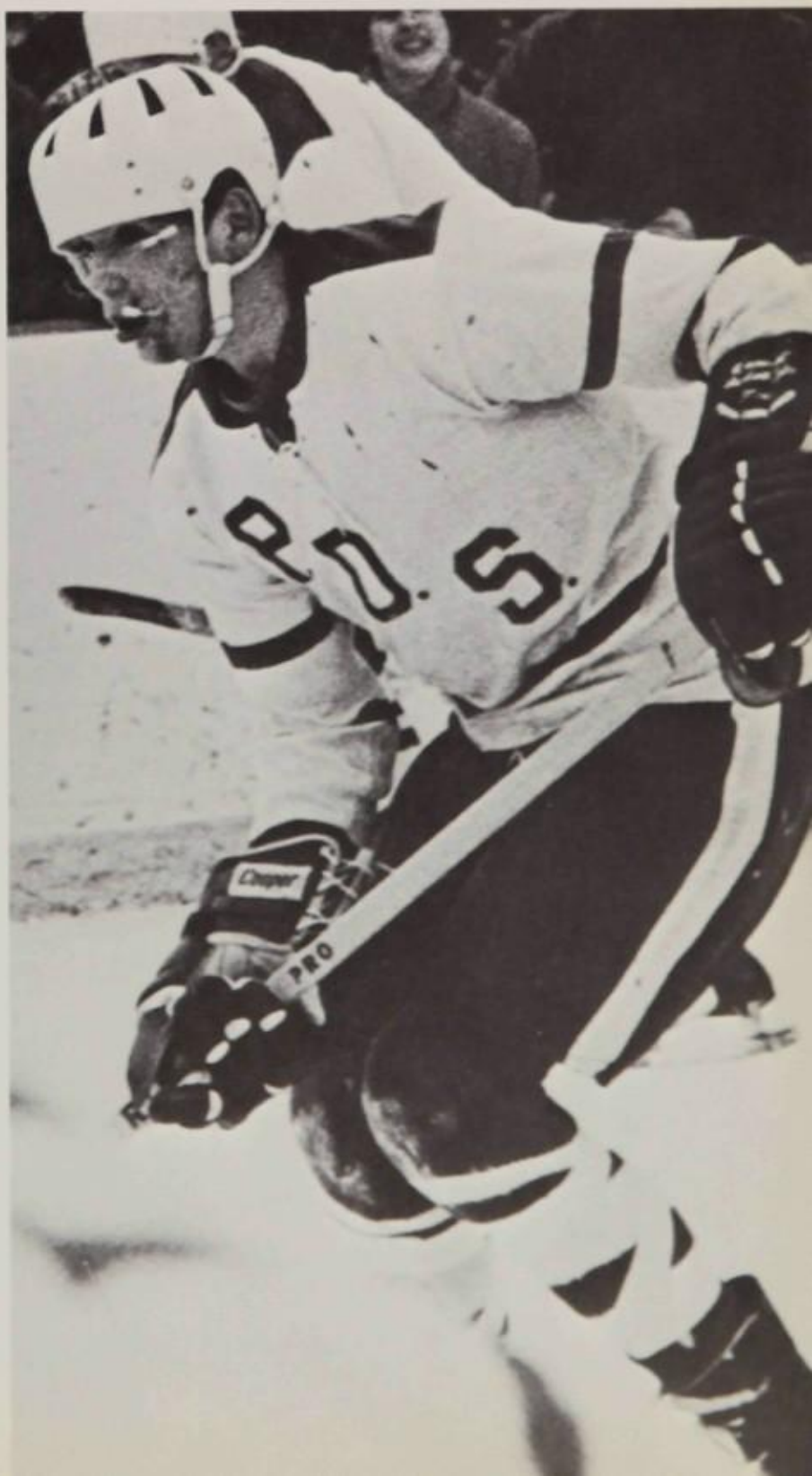
FRONT ROW: Cindy Hill, Lucy Whittemore, Jamie Segal. SECOND ROW: Barbara Russell, Fifi Laughlin, Tina Pritchard, Molly Sword, Julie Stabler, Cintra Eglin. BACK ROW: John Laughlin, John Meredith, Rusty Carrier, David Straut, Cam Ferrante (president), Evan Bash, Grayson Ferrante, Greg Bash, Nathaniel Kreiger, Roark Howard.

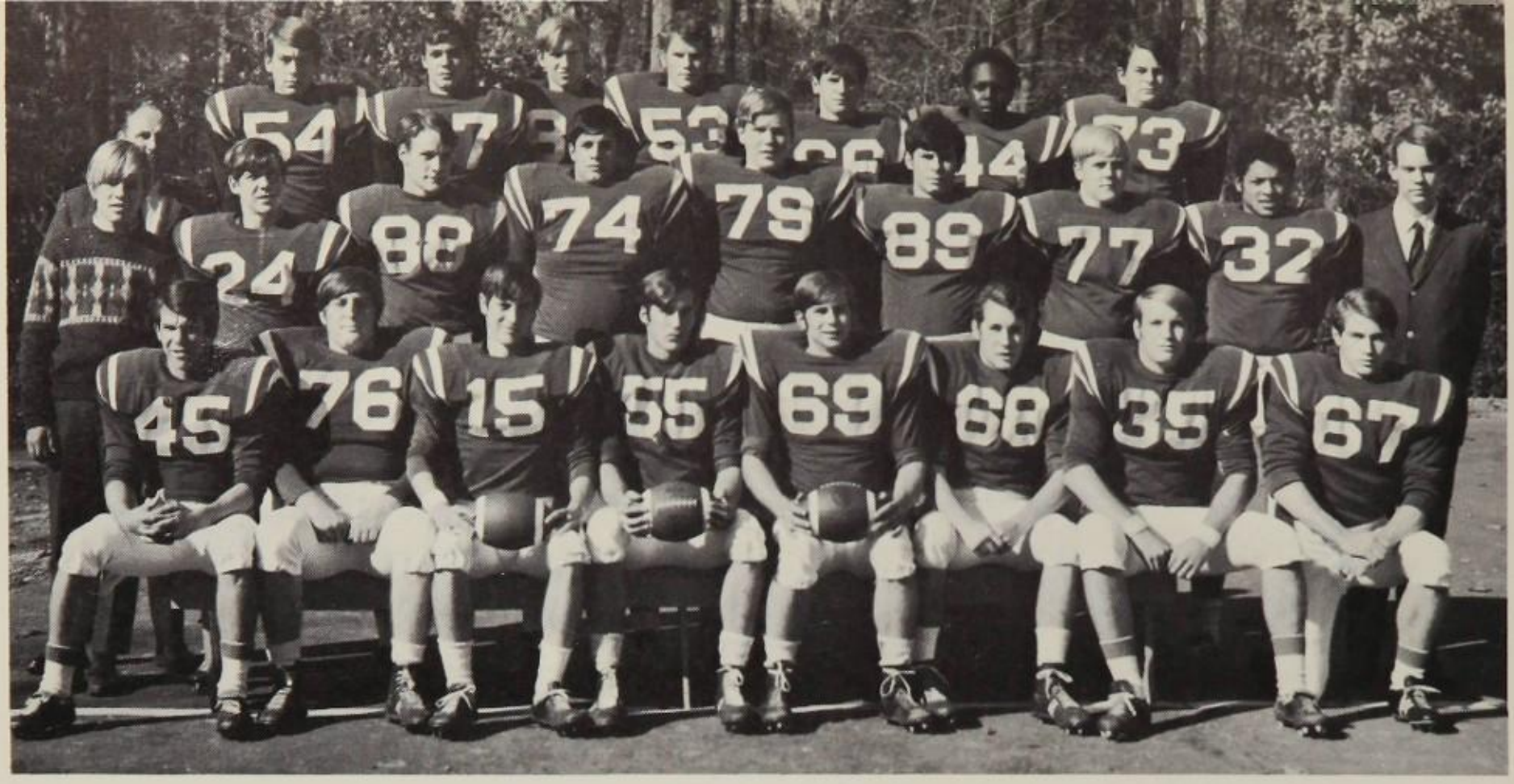
Peter McCandless, Tony Dale, Pam Woodworth (president), Jimmy Rodgers (president), Darin Hicks, Deebs Young, Sammy Rodgers (secretary-treasurer), Sally Rodgers, Buzzy Woodworth, Chris Smith, Robin Murray.

Athletic Association

PDS

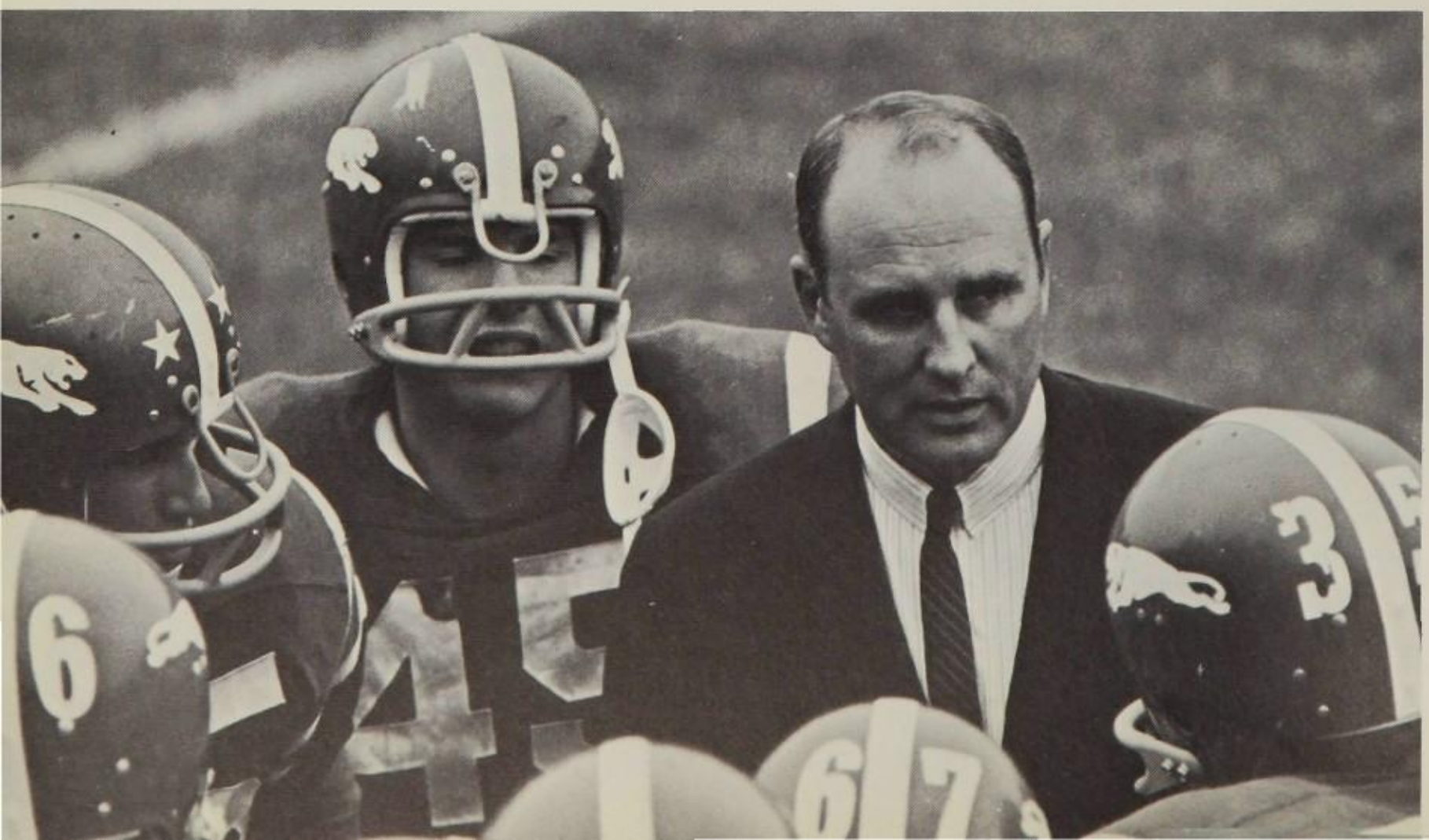

PDS


P.D.S.



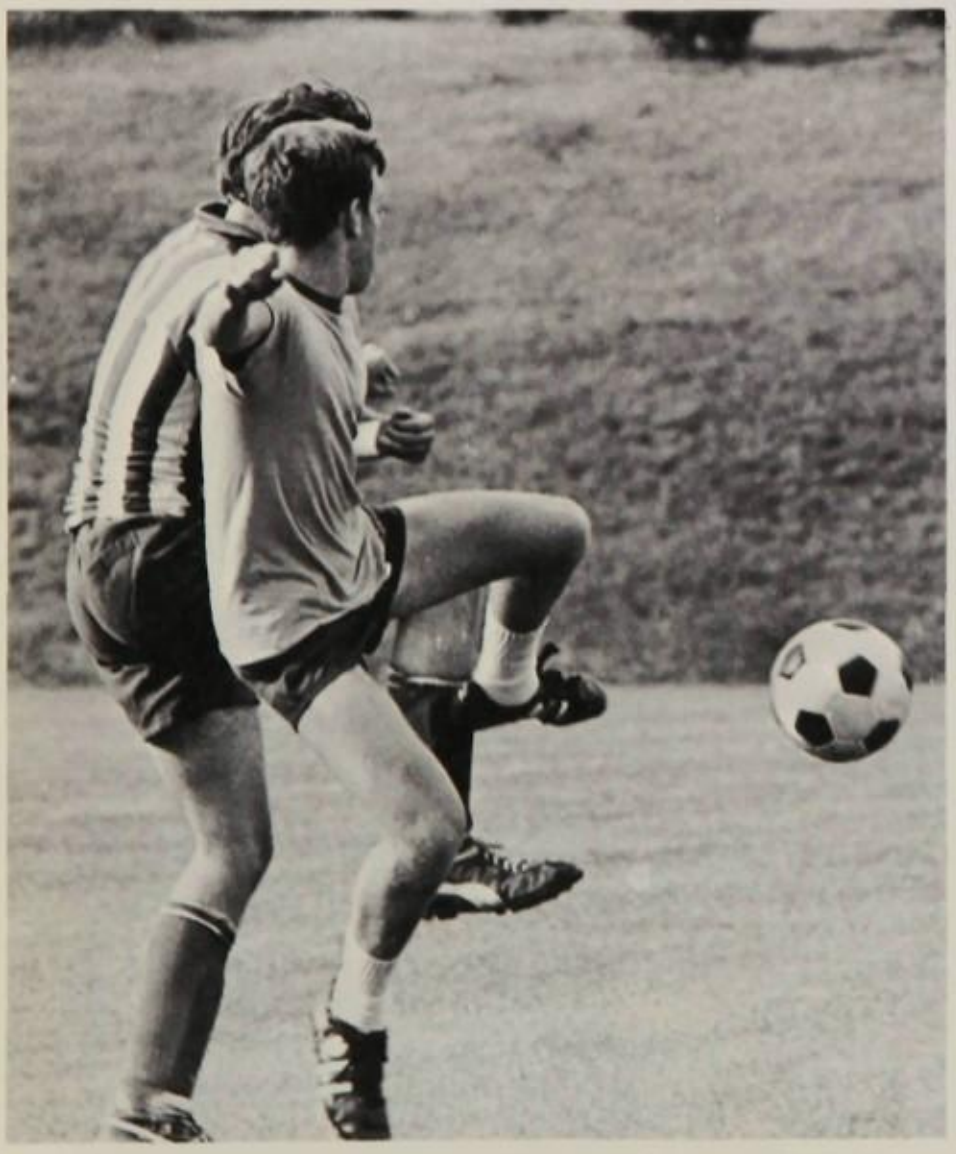
FRONT ROW: Dave Claghorn, David Mack, Erik Heggen (Captain), Jack Kilgore (Captain), Lew Bowers (Captain), Bob Peck, Terry Booth, John Kalpin. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Barren (Coach), Paul Ridgway (Manager), Tom Worthington, Peter McCandless, Carl Jacobelli, Ted Vogt, Howard Vine, Steve Zudnak, Kirk Moore, Gil Farr (Manager). BACK ROW: Tom O'Connor, Tony Dale, Andy Houston, Bill Warren, Tim Smith, Tony Towns, Bob van de Velde.

Varsity Football



FRONT ROW: John Mittnacht, John Schuss, Art Levy, John Gordon, Frank Warner, Don Millner. BACK ROW: Giovanni Ferrante, Buzz Woodworth, Steve Bash, Freddy Schluter, Jim Rodgers, Mr. Ivors (Coach), Randy Martin, Deebs Young, Robbie Holt, Dave Seckel.

Varsity Soccer

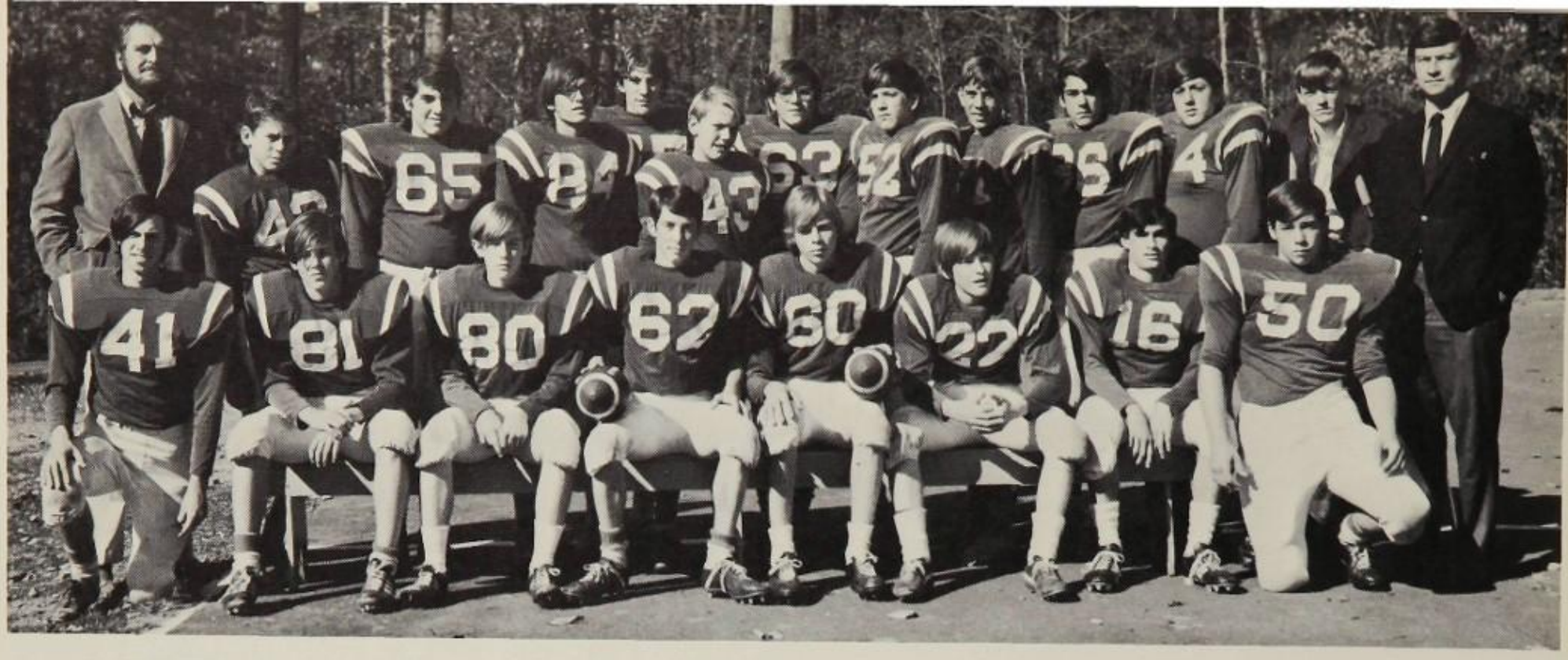


FRONT ROW: David Stark (Manager), Jay MacAfre, Richard Albert, Danny Cantor, Larry Levenson, Nick Nicholes, Mr. Saladino (Coach). BACK ROW: Alex Laughlin, Tom Reynolds, David Tenney, Bruce Plapinger, Richard Bryant, Sam Rodgers.

Cross Country

Varsity Field Hockey

FRONT ROW: Kathy McClure, Chris Smith, Lindsey Hicks, Cindy Shoemaker, Sally Rodgers, Pam Woodworth. BACK ROW: Miss Norris (Coach), Hope Miller, Kacey Constable, Linda McCandless, Anne Reid, Nan Schluter, Miss Baker (Coach).

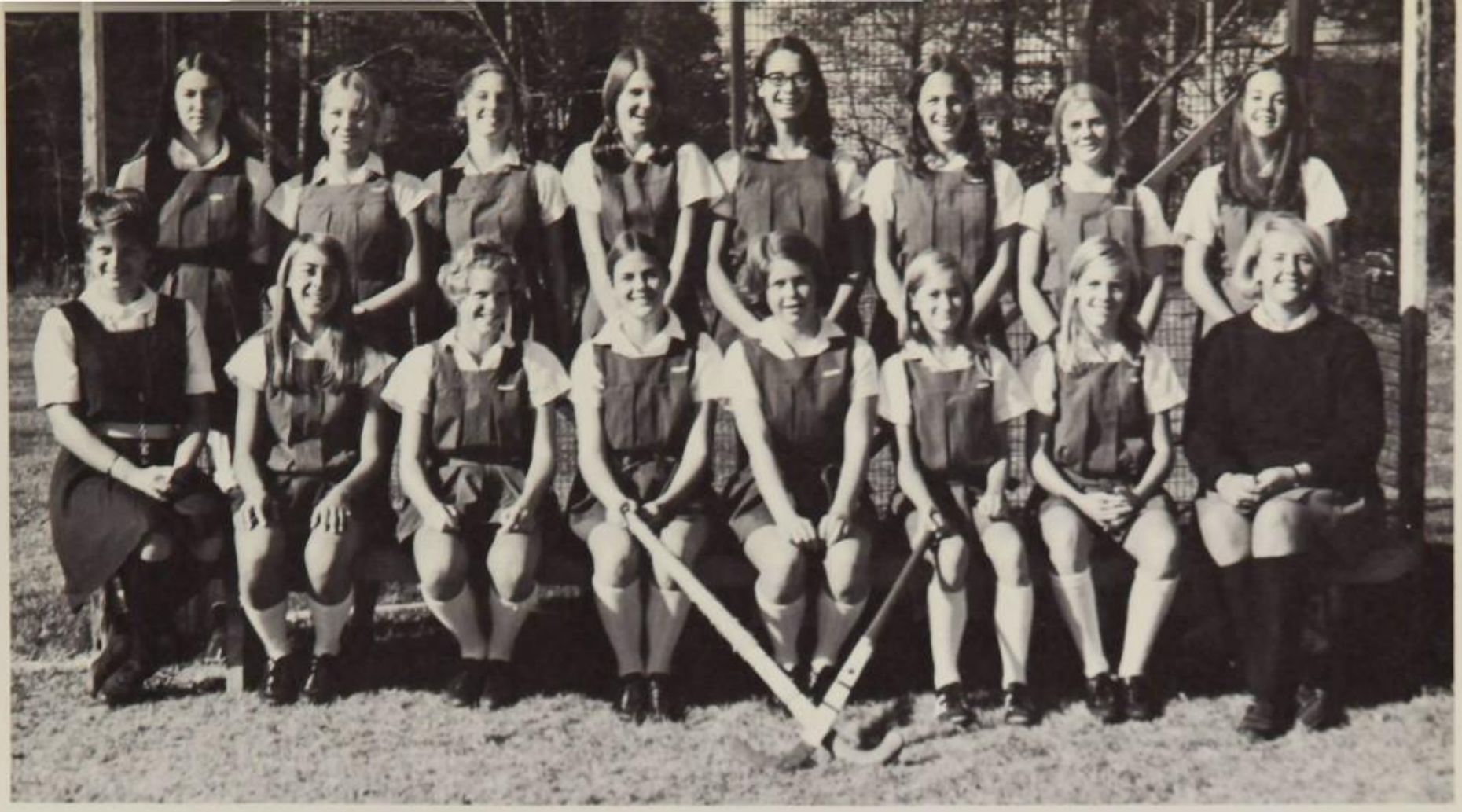


FIRST ROW: John Paine, Jim Harford, John Busnell, Bob Salup, Tom Myers, Taylor Chambers, Artie Mittnacht, John Moore. BACK ROW: Mr. Packard (Coach), Dan Blum, George Treves, Scott Richardson, Alexander Kennedy, Pieter Fisher, Mike Englander, Mike Hafitz, Mark Ellsworth, Jonathan Chilton, Mitch Sussman, Andy Ahrens, Mr. Gregory (Coach).

Junior Varsity Football

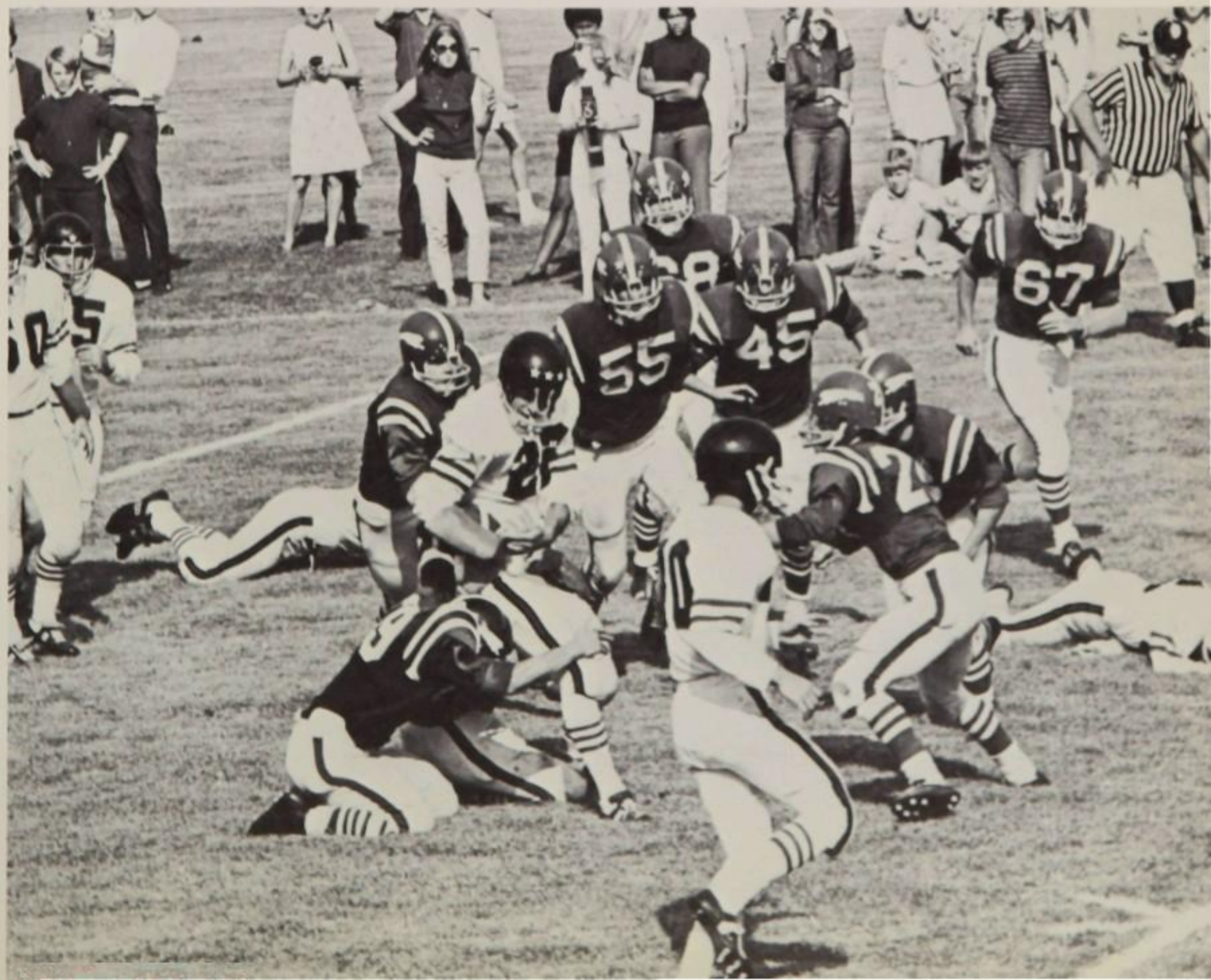
Junior Varsity Soccer

FRONT ROW: Don DeVries, Chip Place, Peter Moore, Joe Punia, Jerem Gordon, William Langewiesche, Mike Cagan. BACK ROW: Wayne Roberts, Carl Sturken, Roger Williams, Steven Foss, Jim Britt, David Barach, Wynn Thompson.



FRONT ROW: Miss Norris (Coach), Patti Seale, Liza Keyser, Robin Murray, Margi Erdman, Sandy Gordon, Ellen Fisher, Miss Baker (Coach). BACK ROW: Page McInnis, Susan Ross, Natalie Huston, Kobby Gulick, Daryl Janick, Ginny Meyer, Andy Scasserra, Cynthia Bishop.

Junior Varsity Field Hockey



Ice Hockey

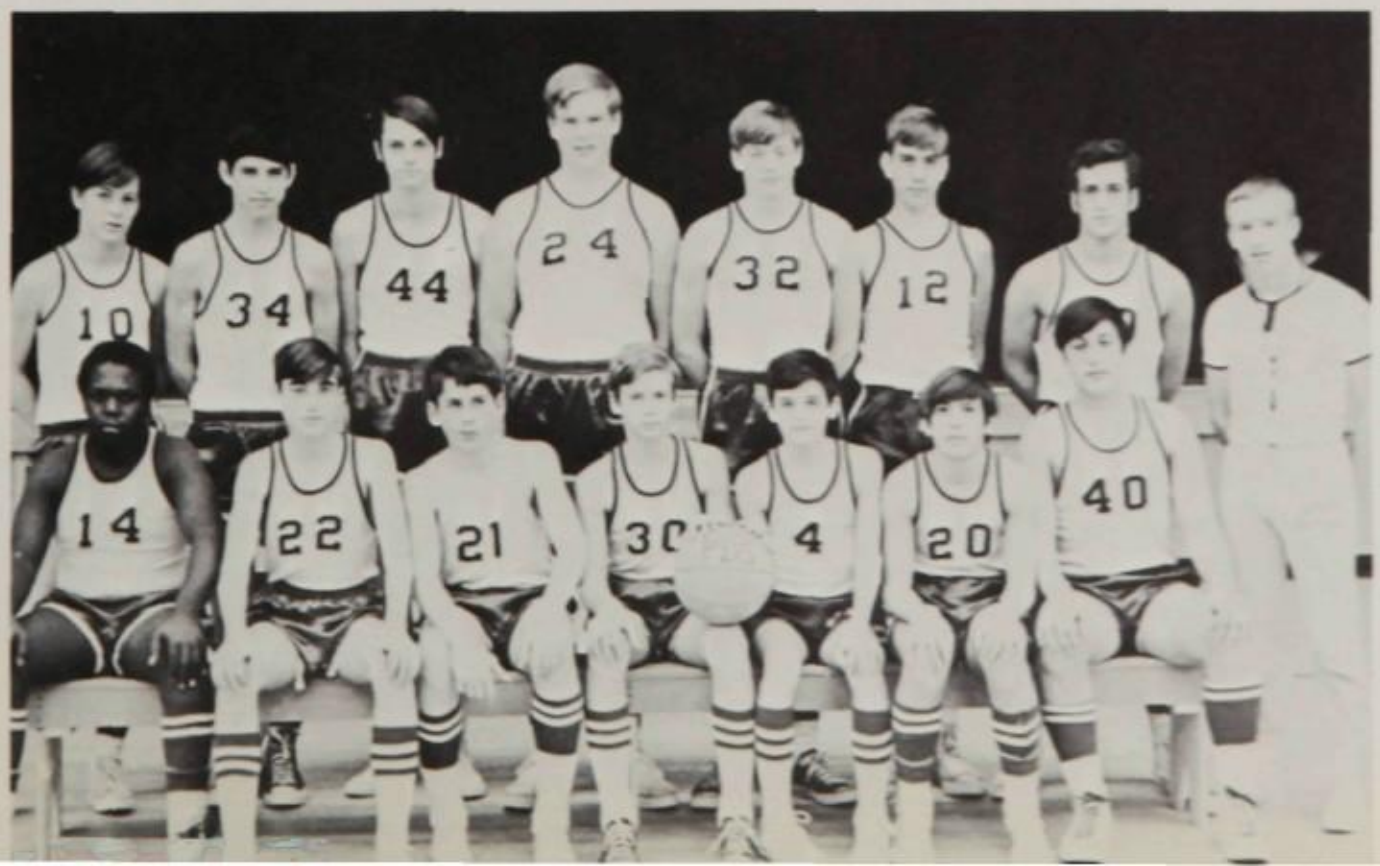
FRONT ROW: Tom O'Connor, Sam Rodgers, Jim Rodgers, co-captain, Fred Schluter, Deebs Young, co-captain, Chris Reeve. SECOND ROW: Peter McCandless, Johnny Mittnacht, Mr. Rulon-Miller, coach, Peter Moore, Alex Laughlin, John Moore, Buz Woodworth, Lucien Yokana, Artie Mittnacht, Rob Holt, John Gordon.

Varsity Basketball

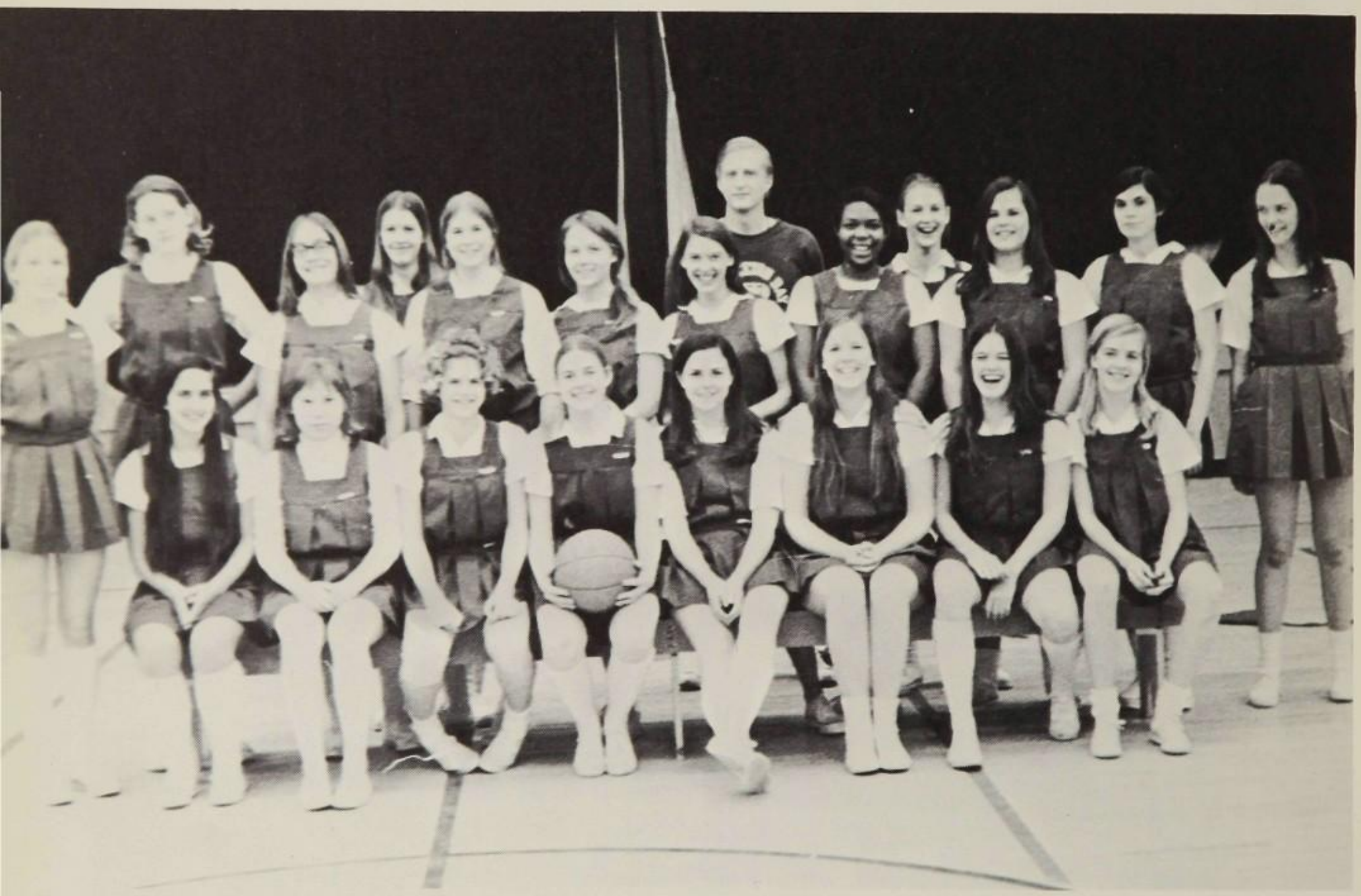
SEATED: Don Millner, Tony Dale, David Claghorn, Randy Martin (captain), Steve Bash STANDING: Mr. Jones (coach), Carl Jacobelli, David Seckel, Kirk Moore, Mark Ellsworth, Gil Farr (manager).

Junior Varsity Basketball

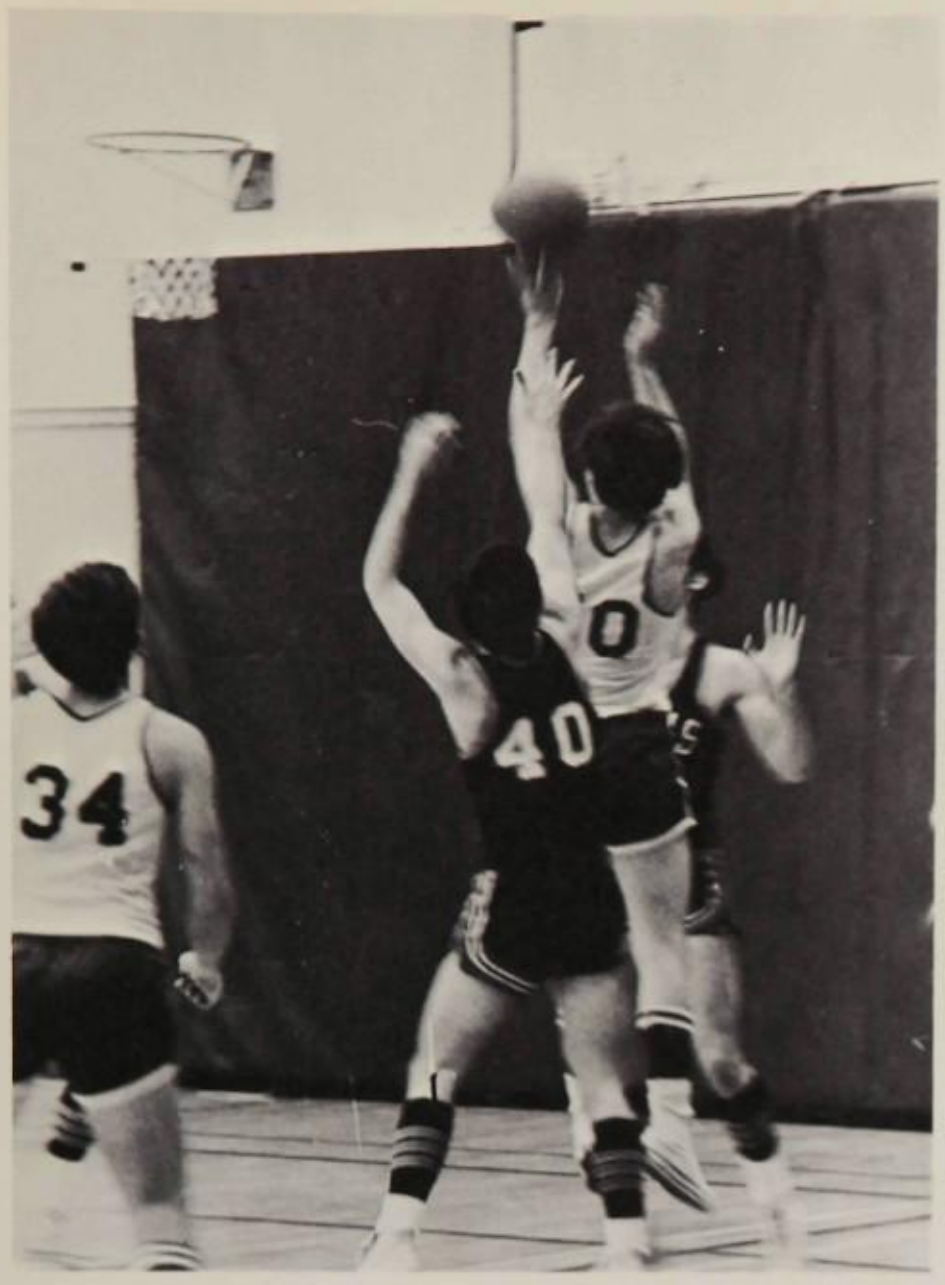
SEATED: Tony Towns, Henry Heggen, Daniel Blum, Jeff Schuss, Chip Place, Jerem Gordon, Mitch Sussman. STANDING: Jim Harford, Joe Punia, Mr. Stanfuss, Ted Vogt, Mark Ellsworth, Robbie Norman, Mr. Ivors (coach).



Girls' Varsity and Junior Varsity Basketball



SEATED: Cindy Shoemaker, Linda Mihan, Lisa Kaiser, Robin Murray (captain), Naurene Donelly, Ann Wiley, Noeline Hargrave, Ellen Fisher. STANDING: Sue Ross, Casey Constable, Hope Miller, Beth Sanford, Connie Cain, Pam Orr, Pam Woodworth, Peter Sears (coach), Brenda Scott, Ann Reid, Liz Hamid, Terry Fried, Cynthia Bishop. Missing from picture: Lucy Stover.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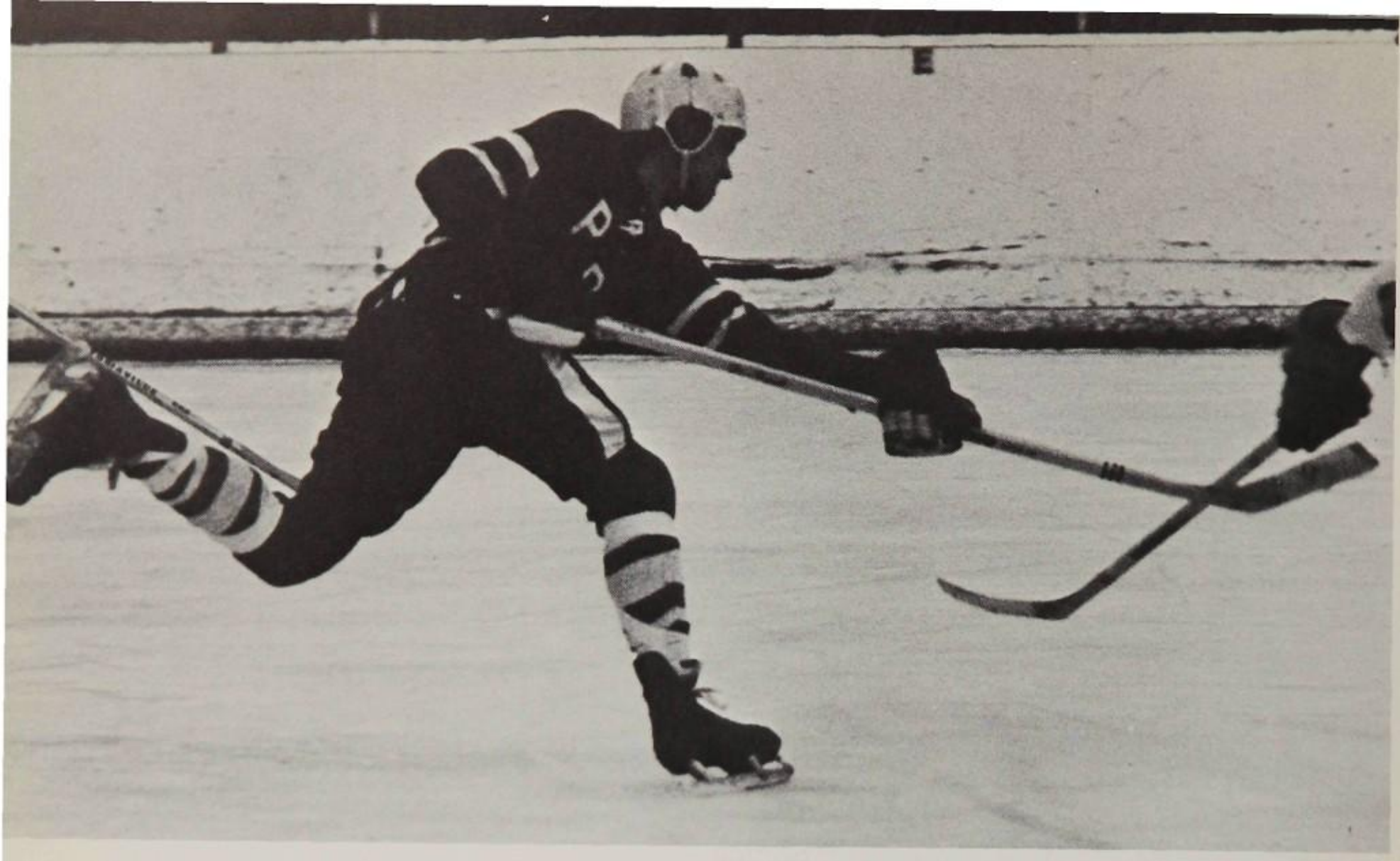
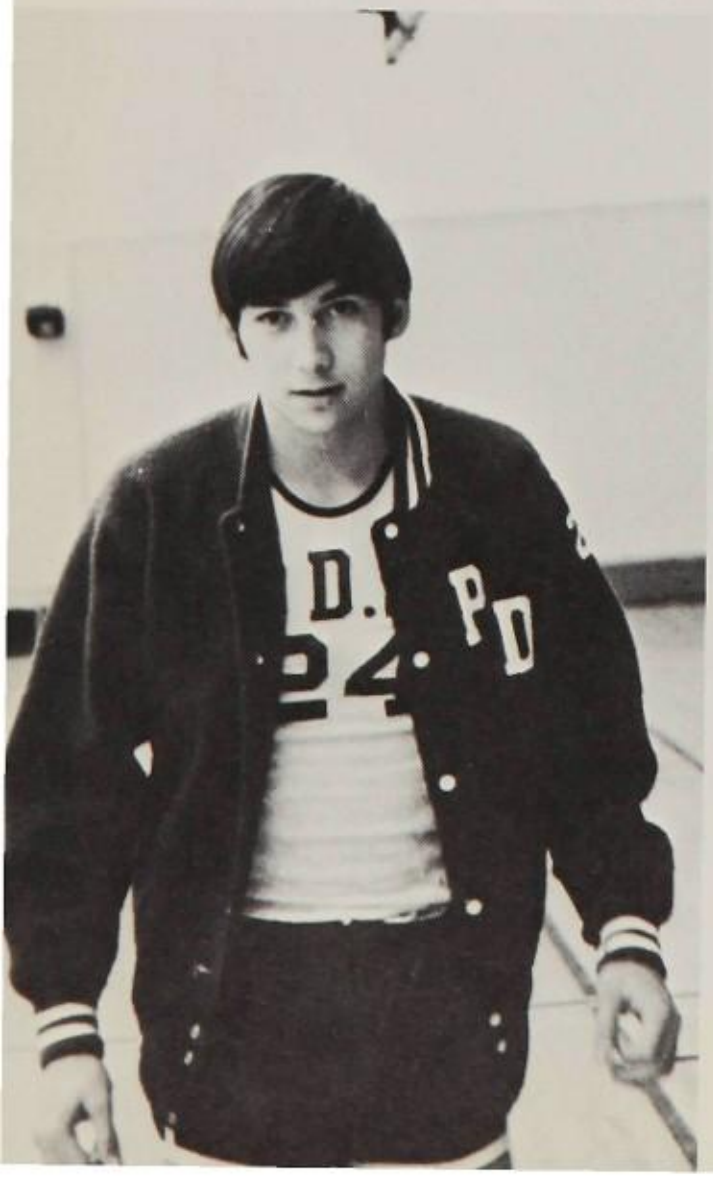
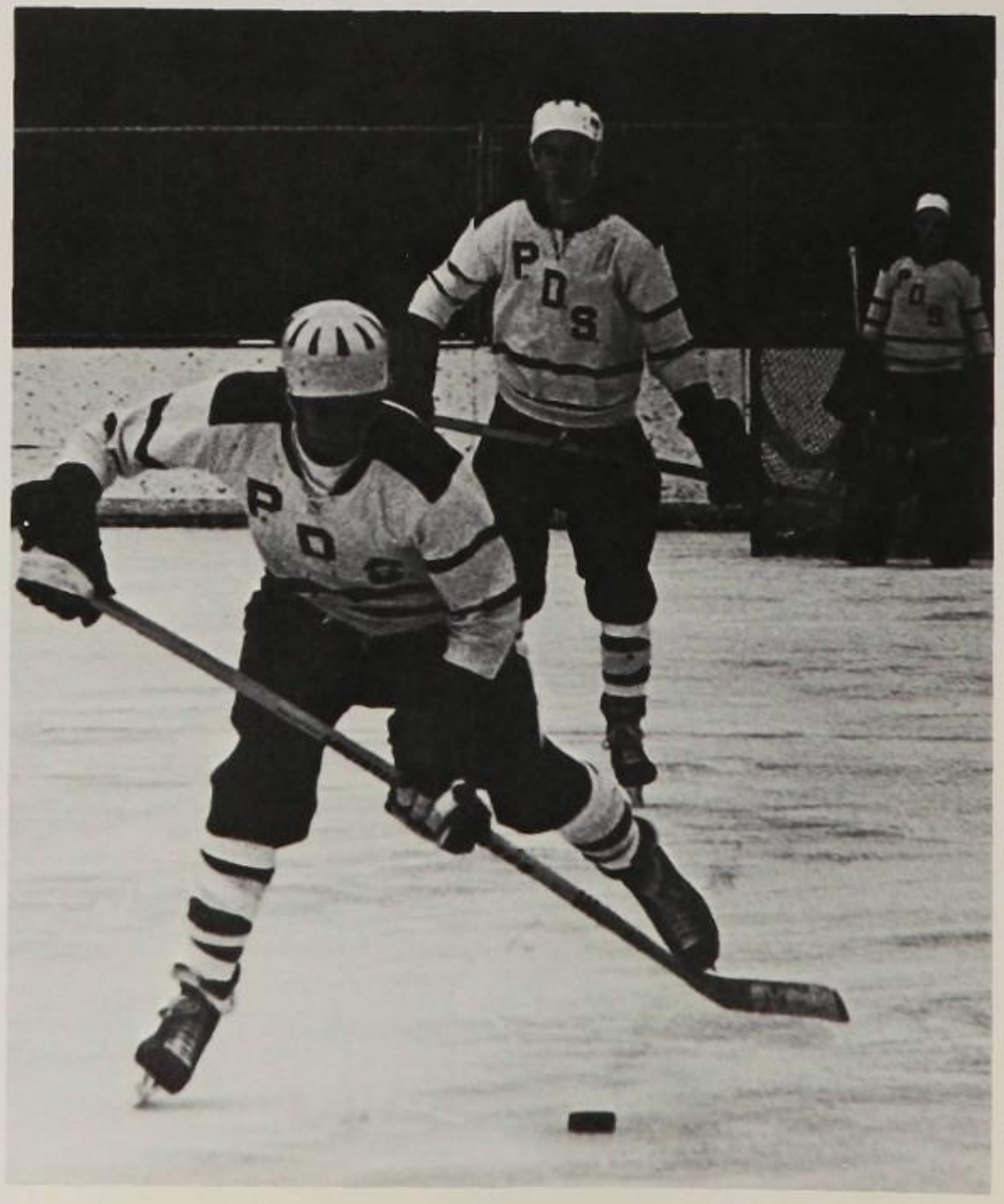
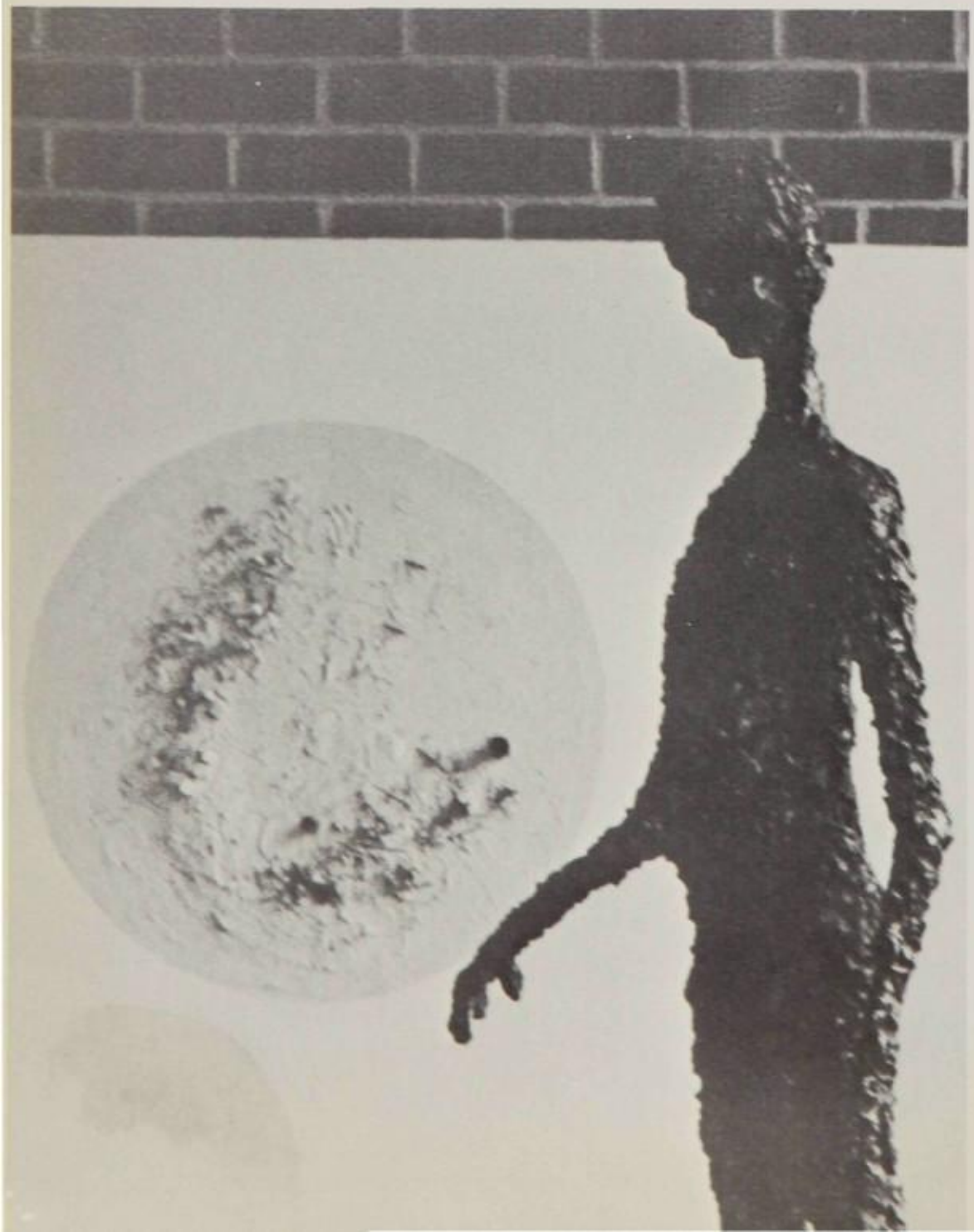
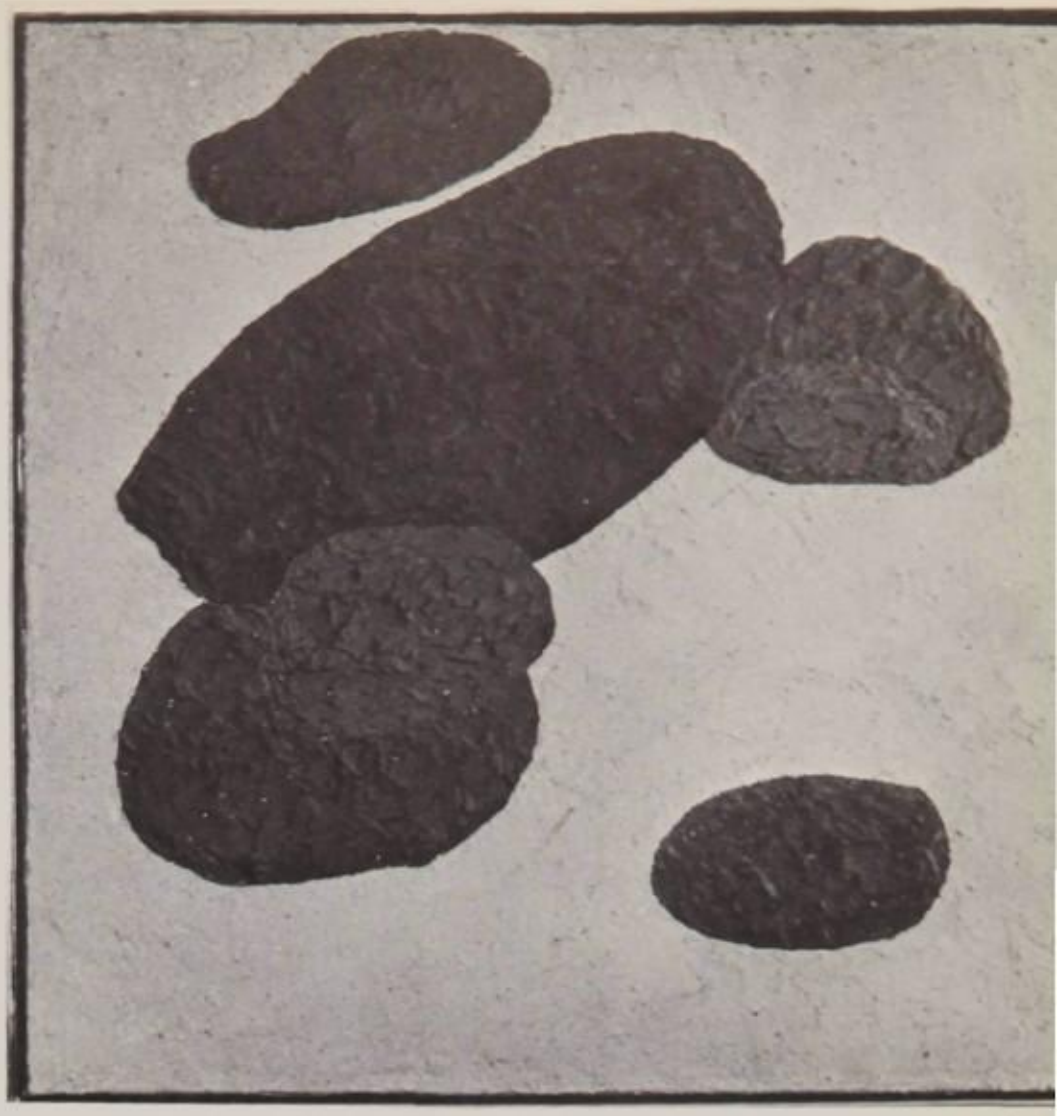


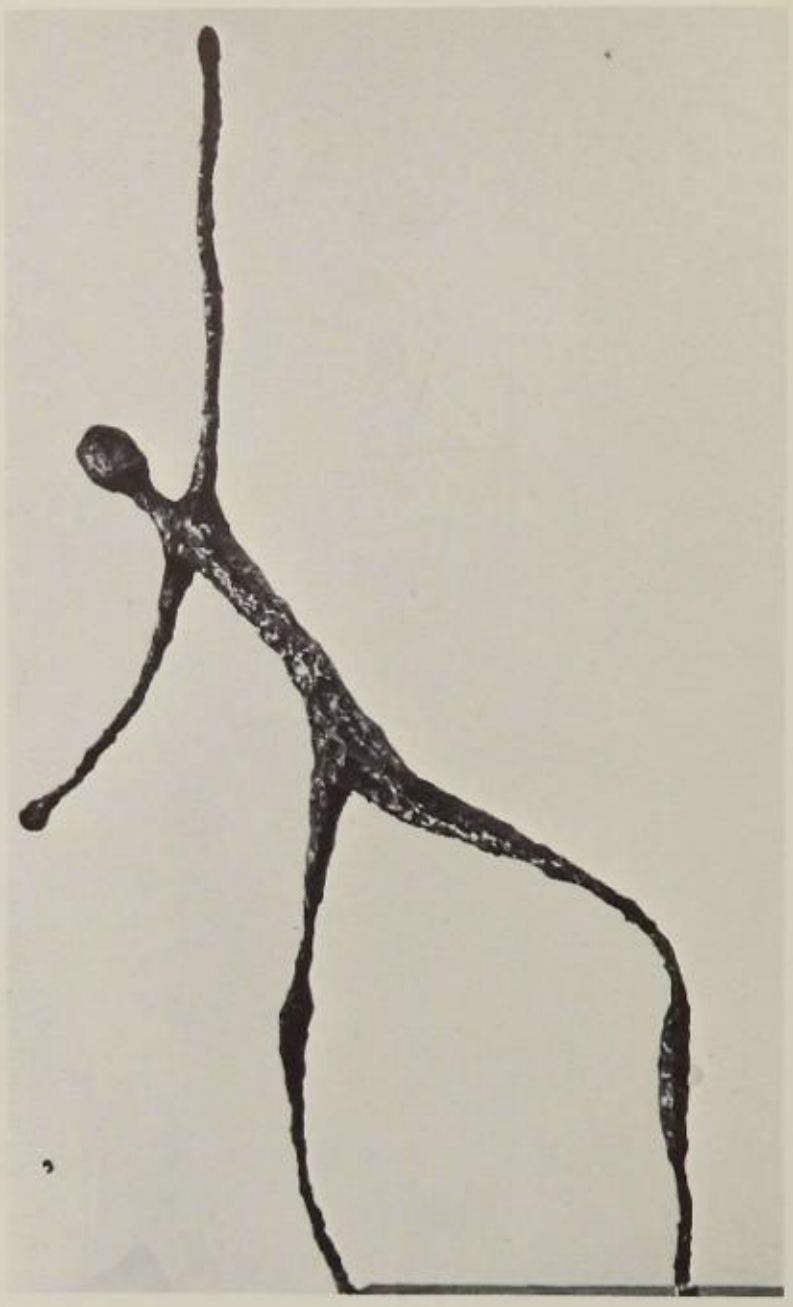


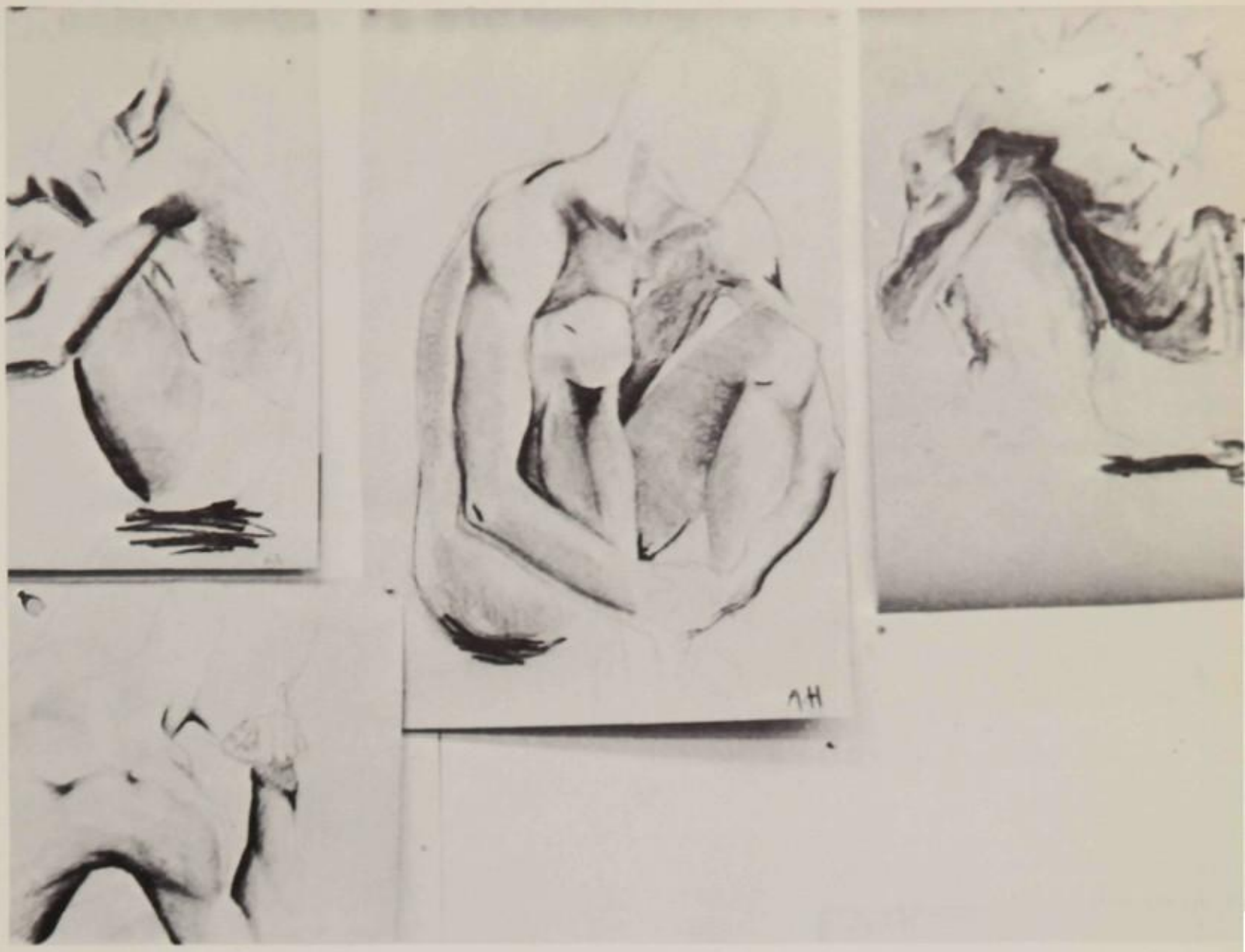


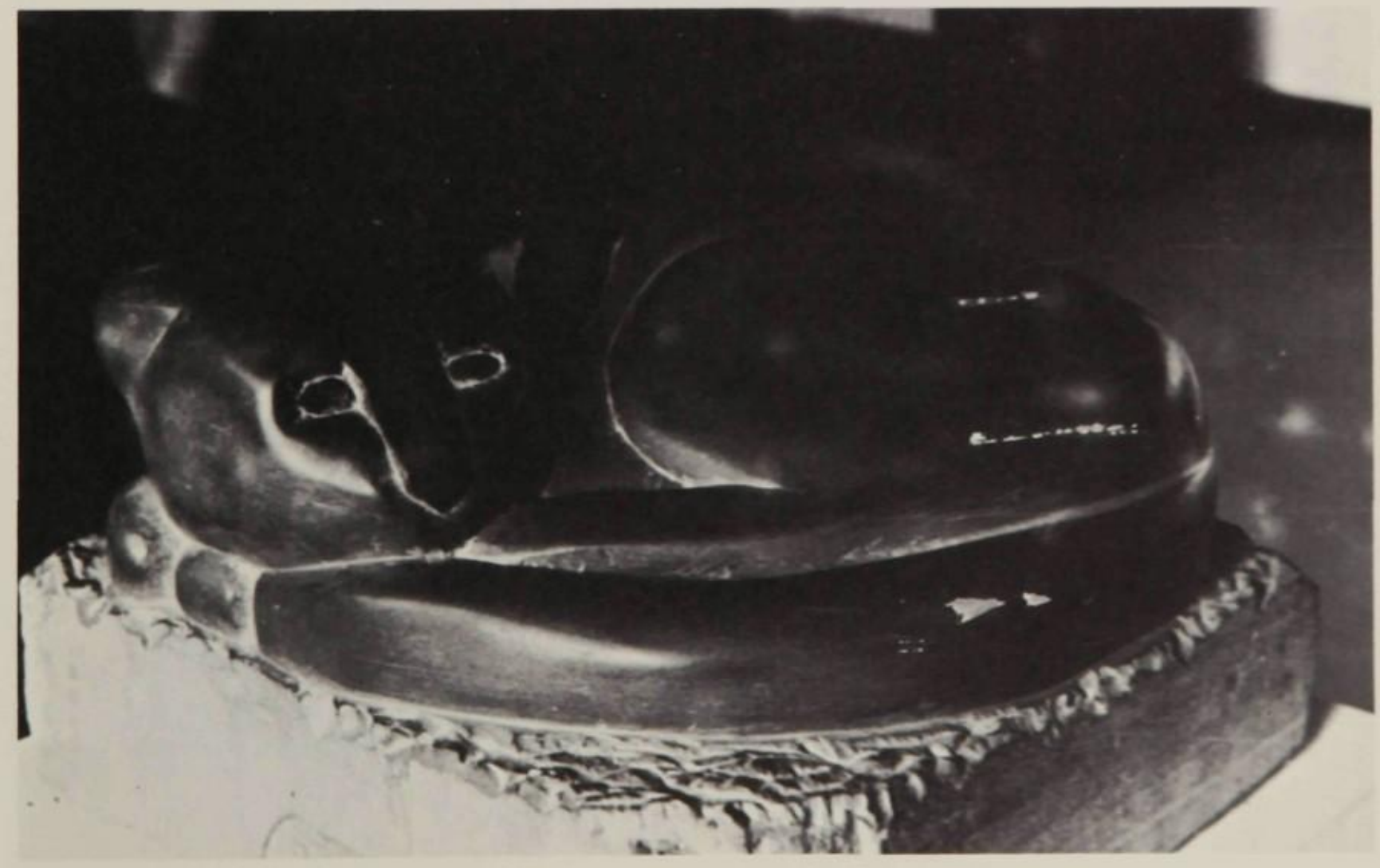
Art and Literature











The Return

It's a queer matter: returning to a place which one has loved very much when a child. The buildings, which once seemed so large, are now quite small, and various changes have overtaken the landscape. But if one is fortunate, the feeling of the town is the same.

As Catherine walked softly along the narrow streets, she was surprised by the constancy of her emotions. She recalled how, at the age of six, she had first come to Ludlow. They had taken a train to Gloucester. Then the whole family had piled into a shining car, hired from the local garage, and they had driven the rest of the way. The car had wound down the steep road between tall rocky banks covered with green fern and moisture, next the bridge with its queer, orderly parapets for the fisherman was crossed over, and the car was racing up the steep hill into town. About half way up Broad Street the car had slowed to enter a narrow tunnel passing through a tall, purplish house of undetermined age, which had not allowed modern traffic to completely divorce one side of the street from the other. The last thing she remembered of that swift, bewildering journey was the clear sound of church bells as they rang the call to Evensong.

Today she felt the same thrill of excitement and adventure, the same eager anticipation and rejoicing, which she had experienced long ago. The familiar roofs and housefronts, the soft country voices and the smell emanating from the town's best bakery still comforted her. The old antique shop hidden away behind the Buttercross kept on displaying its firmly polished mahogany chairs and cabinets, the price tags discreetly hanging down to one side. Even the silky cats sitting in its windows seemed the same. She should have gone in, but she had not and wondered about the dour west country dealer who had sold her two regency sideboards carved with snarling lions for two-thirds of their true price. When they were delivered she had opened the top right hand drawer and had discovered a fruitwood apple, beautifully carved, which had never been there before. An apple is a lover's gift; Catherine remembered her Catullus and trying to dismiss the slender, dignified phantom from her mind, she turned her thoughts resolutely to the Buttercross. Set firmly onto its round, sturdy pillars in the exact center of the old town, it did not vary, but stood like a self-assured breakwater against the swift onrush of the tide.

Catherine walked on steadily under the early morning sun, fully alive to the implacable hoofs of Helic's well-trained mounts beating out the minutes in her brain. Yet she let the time slip by, her mind filled with full-bodied images which passed across her her memory in a sedate and lengthy liturgical procession. She could not stop them herself, but as she turned a corner Catharine halted abruptly. A familiar scene arose before her eyes and she turned quickly to the left, up a narrow alley, reeking of stale milk and the heady, penetrating flavor of roasting hops. There was an oasthouse nearby, she remembered. She broke into a run, fleeing from the overpowering smell. She had always hated it and even now she was afraid. That was silly but she was a goose, and geese are always silly. Someone had told her that long ago, but Catharine did not wish to remember who.

The soft coo-cu-roo of a grey pigeon hopping near her feet recalled her vanished senses and she realized she was in the old church-yard. She went over to a dilapidated wooden bench and read the following inscription:

This bench was place here by William Boggs Esq in the year of our Lord, 1902, in memory of his beloved wife, Anna Maria Boggs. 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord'.

Perhaps William had loved his wife, but she doubted it and sat down. The cool wind sang softly to itself in the ancient ash trees and Catharine rested, pushing the past into desolate caverns and crannies and cracks of her mind. The old church comforted her. The strong, supple Gothic tower reaching and stretching its delicate parapets to the heavens made some tiny bird inside herself begin to sing and her mind tried to imagine the lives of those who had built it. She seemed to see them working and toiling, as if through a glass darkly, expecting at any moment to see her mirror crack from side to side and their lives fully revealed for her closer inspection. The singing stopped, the mirror faded into grey mist and her eyes roved on, noting the sturdy Norman trunk of the church and the convoluted Victorian limbs, which had been added on here and there for no apparent reason. The pervading peace of the parish garden flowed over and around her like a slow, determined river gently encroaching on a tiny island in midstream. Catharine abandoned herself to the firmly rising waters and as the tip of the land sank beneath the calm surface of the stream she felt herself to be at rest.

All the incidents of her life passed before her eyes, like a long line of tropical fish swimming inexorably through a tube-shaped aquarium. Unwittingly, she recalled the moment of bewilderment, doubt, hesitation, unreasoning cruelty, hatred and bitterness in which she had chosen wrongly. Catharine wanted so desperately to think she had been successful in America, but she knew this was not true. Under the bright glare of a foreign sunshine she had withered and coarsened. The anguish of her first arrival and the continual torture of her daily existence was some hideous black tunnel from which she had escaped only for a few minutes. There, Catharine thought, she was some ancient mummy, tied and bound in the winding cloths and ropes of an alien environment. For a second, she resolved to stay in Ludlow; it would be easy, really. She would simply tell Jake that she was not coming back, and that would be that. The moment passed, and Catharine knew she could not do it. It was not possible to break her word and then to enjoy Ludlow. The very values which aroused passionate devotion to the ancient

town made it impossible not to return to the United States, She muttered to herself, "I will do it."

Catharine leaned back in the seat and rested; the turbulence of her emotions still raged inside her like strange demons from the Arabian Nights imprisoned within some magic bottle, but she had decided rightly. A few minutes later, she was making her way to the church, when a voice called, "Hi, honey. C'mon, the car's fixed. They did it pretty quick, for the English. I--Hey! what you doin' over there? C'mon!"

"Wait a few minutes, Jake," Catharine pleaded and vanished into the dim recesses of the parish church. She soon reappeared, smiling vaguely at him.

"I thought you weren't ever coming, honey," he said grumpily. He took hold of her hand and strode forward, saying, "I want you to see this, darling, there's such a great smell. It's so British. Boy, I can't wait to tell the boys back home 'bout this. It's a real English experience." They entered the alley and Jake stopped, tossing his head like an angry bull to snuffle and snort at the powerful odor.

"Boy, this is just great", he repeated. "Ain't it, honey?" Entranced by his own perspicacity, Jake did not wait for an answer but hurried on. Catharine, fighting the ever-present tide of fear, heard his voice as if at a great distance and followed him dimly like an old mare to the slaughter house.

As Jake started the car, he said, "Boy, was that smell great, but I dunno 'bout the town. Seems pretty rotten--nothing to see. Boy, do I want to see some of these English castles. I bet they're really great." Catharine replied softly, "There is a castle at Ludlow, you know, Jake," but he did not hear her above the sound of the engine.

Sarah Brett-Smith XII
First Prize
Upper School Prose

His Little Sister

It was the following afternoon when he awoke. The room was hot, dark, and stank of smoke. He squinted in an attempt to check the time on his watch, rolled over and sort of stared at a pile of junk in the corner. His hand automatically fumbled on the table for cigarettes and lighter. He managed to light one, and raise himself to the side of the bed to finish it. His eyes throbbed; he rubbed them to relieve the pain. He gave a long sigh and stood up. His head ached and he felt a little sick. He put on his pants, T-shirt, loafers and reached in the drawer for a light-blue shirt. He tore off the plastic, opened it, put it on without buttoning it, dropped the cigarettes and lighter into the pocket and walked sluggishly, yet accurately, down the stairs. The sun shining in through the front door made him shiver and bothered his eyes, which didn't help any. In the kitchen the coffee was still hot, so he poured it into clean cup which was conveniently on the table. He sat down, reached for his smokes--another day had just begun.

As he took a slurp of the coffee, his eyes were diverted to a shadow on the diningroom wall. He could tell who the outlined figure was by her sloppy sweater; and who else would approach him at that time of day? It was his little sister, Wendy. She peered around the corner of the kitchen door, grabbing onto the frame, so as not to fall from her sudden halt, and said in a whispering voice, "What time did ya get in last night, or to put it more succinctly this morning?" She smiled coyly.

He lowered the cup to the table and replied, "I guess around four."

At this, as if it were an invitation to sit down, Wendy stepped through the door and walked over to the cupboard next to the sink. Without her looking, her hand successfully reached onto the first shelf for a cup. She turned away with the cup in hand and set it on the table. She sat down across from her brother and slid the cup over beside the coffee pot. Her brother followed through with the sequence, filled the cup and handed it back to her. She had the sugar already.

"Thanks," she said. She stirred the coffee slowly, so as not to hit the spoon on the sides of the cup. "So what did ya do all that time?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, then replied, "I went over to big brother's house. We just sat around for a while, talked, had a few beers and then went to the bar where we played a couple games of pool."

"Who won?" she asked as if it made that much of a difference.

"Did ya see anyone you knew there?"

"Do you remember Mary Sidler? I used to know her when I was back in high school. Her father is a lawyer here in town. Filthy rich! Anyway she was never really that great looking, but not bad. Now--God what a fox!"

"What does she look like?"

"Fairly tall, sort of long blonde hair, big blue eyes and just a sharp-looking girl. I got her address in California. She's leaving in a couple of days to go see this guy out there."

"Is she really that great or is she just another one?"

"Yah I guess she's all right--like all the rest."

"One of these days you are going to get hung up on someone and she's not going to give you a second look."

He looked at her strangely--kind of realistically (if there is such a look)--smiled that sincere smile, and said, "So I'll find another one. Anyway, we reminisced about all the good old times and when I think back on it, I was really a crazy kid."

She hesitated to answer, smiled, then with a slow pause in her voice said, "Yah I remember. I don't think Mom and Dad thought you would ever finish high school."

"I guess for awhile there neither did I. It got sort of tense after the second school."

"I remember when you would get in trouble, I'd always feel sorry for you. (She thought back on a few of the times and thought maybe it was a little for herself too.) I would cry when they'd take it all out on you. I never saw Mom and Dad so happy as when you received your High School diploma. I know that they felt it all had been worth it."

"I guess I appreciate a lot of the stuff that they did for me, but back then it was all wrong. They were so damn good to me about that stolen car and so many other things. I hope you never do them the wrong that I did them or big brother did either. It's going to be rough for you, since you're the youngest and the only girl. Wade and I have either helped or made it worse for you. I mean we learned a lot, but they learned how to handle things a lot better."

She looked at him believingly--and why shouldn't she have--then said, "I know what ya mean since they sort of lost you two in one way or another. They have put all their hope in me. They don't ever push me or anything, but deep inside they would like to see one of us do something with our lives. It's bad enough one kid letting them down, but two--and now there's me. They realize their mistakes with you two and so they won't make the same ones again. I mean they love us all equally but in completely different ways. Parents will always try to do the things the right way--they don't give up. I guess it's their nature. Even though they have been hurt so many times. I'll never deliberately hurt them. But I've got to be myself. I don't know, maybe that hurts them."

"Don't worry about it," he said in such a confident way. "They don't expect the world from you. They understand."

"Yah, I know they're understanding. I really feel guilty when I do something wrong, really guilty. It bothers me."

The subject wasn't doing either of them any good. Enough had been said. She fidgeted in her chair and looked down at her messy braids. She retied the bow of the left one, then examined her split ends. She did not particularly want to look up. She really was kind of afraid to. The silence really bothered her. She had to break it somehow.

"Um--let me have a cigarette." She heard the pack open. There was another long silence. It was not what she expected. She looked up sort of startled. Her brother had an astute look about him. She smiled slightly, then waited for him to say it.

"No little sister of mine is going to smoke. It's a dirty habit, especially for a girl. It's just no good." He sat back in his chair and picked up his coffee cup.

"How can you just sit there, light up, and then tell me don't smoke?" After she said that she felt like a little eleven-year-old kid.

"That's different."

"Yah I guess so." She smiled meekly. "That's my little sister." And there were no more questions asked.

From the time she was little, she had believed in her two brothers. When their friends were over, her brothers referred to her as a pest. And often she would pay for her little-sisterness by being pushed around or made to mow the lawn, when it was their job. She did a lot of dirty work for them and errands were a speciality. She was taken advantage of numerous times. Although she never figured that out or ever really wanted to. She really did know it, but never gave them too much grief about it.

He broke the silence with a cheerful voice. "Listen do ya want to go flying? From what I've seen it's really a nice day. We'll go up for about an hour or so. I'll let you fly it like last time."

"How much does it cost again?"

"Oh around twenty an hour, but I'm sure I can arrange it, so that it's not quite that much."

"But still, where are ya going to get that kind of money--you said yourself--you only have forty to get back to school on. And don't ask Mom and Dad for it cause you know they'll give it to you. You just gotta cut down a lot from all this big spending, like on flying, jumping and other whims and adventures."

"Don't worry about it. I'll pay for it some way."

"Yah--but then you're broke."

" "OK, so ya don't want to go."

"I didn't say that." She knew exactly what he wanted her to say. So she waited for an appropriate length of time to pass. "OK. I'll pay."

"Come on, let's go." He smiled that usual 'I knew you'd pull through.' (She knew it too.)

She stood up and walked over to the sink, stacked the cups, and both left the room. When they reached the front door and looked outside, he asked her, "Wen--get my smokes. They're on the table." Without hesitation, like a well-trained sister, she

turned and headed for the kitchen.

A few weeks had gone by. Her brother had gone back to school, and she was just messing aound for the rest of the summer. She got a letter from him that day. She went up to her room, where everything was quieter, flopped into a big old armchair, checked the return address again, and proceeded to read the following:

"Dear Wendy,

You must be very busy, what with all the good stuff that you are doing this summer, no sense me asking the questions. I will tell you what I have been doing and when you write me--let me know what's new with you.

I got back here and took Ann to Denver--the next weekend, I went to Yellowstone Park and saw a ranger buddy of mine, rode a little, saw Old Faithful, caught two trout, saw four bear jams and rode around in the ranger car, then came back and started school--which is really hard this semester. I have two Political Science courses with Dr. Moore. English History and biology again. (I didn't get through it last semester.) I have all kinds of books to read--so I go out in the sun and read--get two things done at once.

I have a job now bartending, a good easy job, where I can read and do homework part of the time on slow days.

I started ground school for skydiving, am making a nice amount on the logbook and all their schooling. I have ten students and I think I will just pocket the money--pay off school, do some flying and jumping. Do you remember that Budweiser representative who saw me jumping about 3 months ago, anyway he bought me that "paracomander" parachute with Budweiser written in great big letters on it. It's really great--all I have to do is use it every time I jump. Tell Dad!

Do you remember Tina the girl I went to see in D.C. Well she has written me off as a bad cause. You can't win them all. There are plenty more--women are like street cars--there will be another along in a half hour. Don't YOU ever put up with somebody like me.

Don't tell anybody--at least not yet. I bought a second hand plane--an Aronce Champion. It's in incredible condition. Great! I borrowed the money or enough for half. It cost a lot but it's worth it in the long run."

She stopped reading and just sat staring at the words. After a little while, she crammed the letter into her pocket, then reached into the drawer for something, crumpled it in her hand and walked forcefully out of the room, down the steps. The sun shining in through the front door felt so warm and securing. She pushed open the screen door and slid through the opening before the door closed. As she looked across the lawn and farther to the fields, her hands drew a cigarette out of the squished pack that she had been holding. She lit the cigarette and drew a long slow breath. Her eyes blurred. She blinked, only to make the tears slide down her face. The cigarette fell to the ground; her hand reached for the door handle. She stepped inside. Her footsteps up the stairs were slow and sluggish yet accurately placed. She walked past her brother's room--but stopped long enough to toss the pack into the wastebasket.

Janet Masterton XII
Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

My Brother, on his Nineteenth Birthday

My brother pumps
the old parlor organ.
I see him
gravely
study and press
each key
as he works the wheezing bellows.

When my brother
ends his organ chorus,
he smiles,
and runs his forehead
on the keyboard;
the organ heaves a groan.
He closes his eyes.

My brother
on his skateboard
rolls down towards me,
down the hill.
He is balanced,
arms spread,
bobbing to the
syncopation of the wheels.
He holds a lemon in
an outstretched hand.

Rebecca Bushnell XII
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

Dusk walls
papered
with faded roses,
closely
Ordered.

An orange crayon,
and a child link roses,
draw out
rows of women
uneven, with mouths
blown open
Rose women.

Rebecca Bushnell XII
Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

Thanksgiving for What?

Faces of exuberant young men around the table!
The succulent turkey in the center.
Eager hands buttering warm rolls.
The post chaplain resplendent in his army blues.
Uttering a long and cheerful prayer of thanksgiving
For the laden table!

Thanksgiving for what?

Faces of exhaustion and sweat,
Young men sitting in the dirt;
Small cans of C-ration heated in their helmets
Suffering hands of pain under rough army blankets
In the hospital tent.
The field chaplain in his muddy fatigues
Offering a prayer for the dead:
Thanksgiving at DaNang.

Thanksgiving for what?

Hilary Winter VII
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

The Reality of Dreams

Earl was dreaming of his childhood days again. He was playing with a hermit crab by the ocean, and the wet, gleaming animal huddled in the back of its beautiful house. The ocean was a blue never seen before in his dreams and the white foam capped each wave like the snow on a mountain. The colors were so real and vivid that they made his eyes hurt. The golden was sprinkled with white gleamers by the sun, and the sun itself hit the water and was transformed into reddish tints.

Suddenly, the alarm went off, and Earl was brought back to the black world he had known for so long now. He had ceased to be bitter that his dreams made him forget his situation, and brought back the wonderful sights, only to end in the void of blindness. Now he treasured the dreams - they were precious for they brought the only means of escape from a dark and senseless world.

He turned the alarm off and found his clothes. He dressed mechanically, found the eggs, and put on the radio. He ate slowly, listening closely to the broadcast. He liked the radio because it meant that he was inferior to no one since no one else could see the newscaster either. An announcement came on that there had just been a chain crash on the turnpike. Earl got up very deliberately, turned off the voice, and wondered if any had become blind. He had become blind in a chain crash. He could still remember the terror of the car driving into the car ahead of him, the gleaming silver fender coming closer and closer, and waking up blind. He pushed the thought out of his mind and walked out of the apartment.

Earl's braille class was at 10:00 o'clock, so he had an hour before he had to be there. To kill the time, he went to the public library, where he got a braille book out. He loved to read because the descriptions sometimes made him remember something that he thought he had forgotten, such as the way bricks are laid or the exact color of a cat's tongue - things like that. Many times Earl would spend the whole day reading braille. He was very good at it, and besides, it was another escape out of his sightless world. He could see the colors so vivid and startling, and the lovely features of the earth so well in his mind that at times he thought he was really there in the book, and the blindness was a dream or fantasy; it would end as soon as the alarm went off.

Earl put down his book and sighed. He thought it was about time to leave, asked, and found he was right. He had acquired a very good sense of time. Earl had a watch without a glass case, so he could feel the time but had found he really didn't need it since his own instinct was enough.

As he came down the steps he tripped and fell down. He was helped up by an old lady judging from her voice and wrinkled hands. Earl felt a little tinge of guilt about having an old lady help him. After all, it was supposed to be he who helped her. Besides this, he had found it a little bit degrading.

He stopped outside and found it drizzling a little. He tried to imagine what it looked like, the silver water falling and the people scurrying like cats away from it.

He crossed the street daydreaming a little and a car screeched in front of him. He went on mumbling a thank you. Earl hated cars. After all, they had taken away his sight.

He finally came to the Blind Research Institute. There they read and talked about a lot of things. One of the students asked the teacher what she looked like. She said she had red hair, grey eyes, and a small nose. Earl imagined her to be extremely beautiful, especially the red hair which he thought must be really attractive. He had known hair which he considered to be very dull.

After the class the teacher whose name was Mrs. Fletcher asked to see Earl for a minute. He approached the desk and she asked him to sit down. She said that a man called Doctor Douglas had talked to her and it seemed that he was performing a series of experiments to cure severed nerve endings with a new chemical he had found. He was looking for an exceptional student who would be willing to undergo the operation. "The choice is entirely up to you," she said, "but I must warn you that the experiments are very new and if something goes wrong it may damage the condition of the brain."

Earl walked out of the room stunned. He now had the choice between seeing the wonderful sights of life and colors or brain damage. The decision was too big for him. He went to be undecided. He wanted so desperately to see, but he would not forfeit any part of his thinking because if the experiment did not succeed he would remain blind and would not even have controlled thinking to help him through the world and that was the only thing he could depend on.

That night he dreamed he was in a forest where pink and lavender birds fluttered on the boughs of trees and the dew and the soft brown earth filled him with rapture. He ran through mounds of yellow and mauve leaves and the sun filtered through silver spider webs. The earth was so big and he was so little, and all of it was his, all his. The alarm went off.

He had made up his mind. That morning he told Mrs. Fletcher he would undergo the operation.

The next week was spent dreaming except these dreams were held at all hours of the day. He would think how his mother looked now, he would go and see his old house, and was his apartment really the way he imagined it?

The day finally came. He lay on the wheeler bed, all the doctors had wished him luck, Mrs. Fletcher was there and it seemed as though the whole world was on his side.

The next moment he found himself awake and he could see! But the white was not the brilliant white of his dreams, it was flat. And the blues and greens and yellows, they were all muted. Mrs. Fletcher spoke and she was short and plain and worst of all her hair was not red, it was rusty brown, not the bright and beautiful red he had imagined. It was all muted. He fell asleep and dreamt the beautiful dreams he had built his life around.

Meriol Burtle VIII
First Prize
Middle School Prose

John Leyzorek VIII won honorable mention for his story, "Arcturusian Revenge" in the Middle School Prose contest. "Black" by Clarissa Roberts VI and "The Magic Flea" by Billy Plapinger VII tied for honorable mention in poetry.

Acknowledgments

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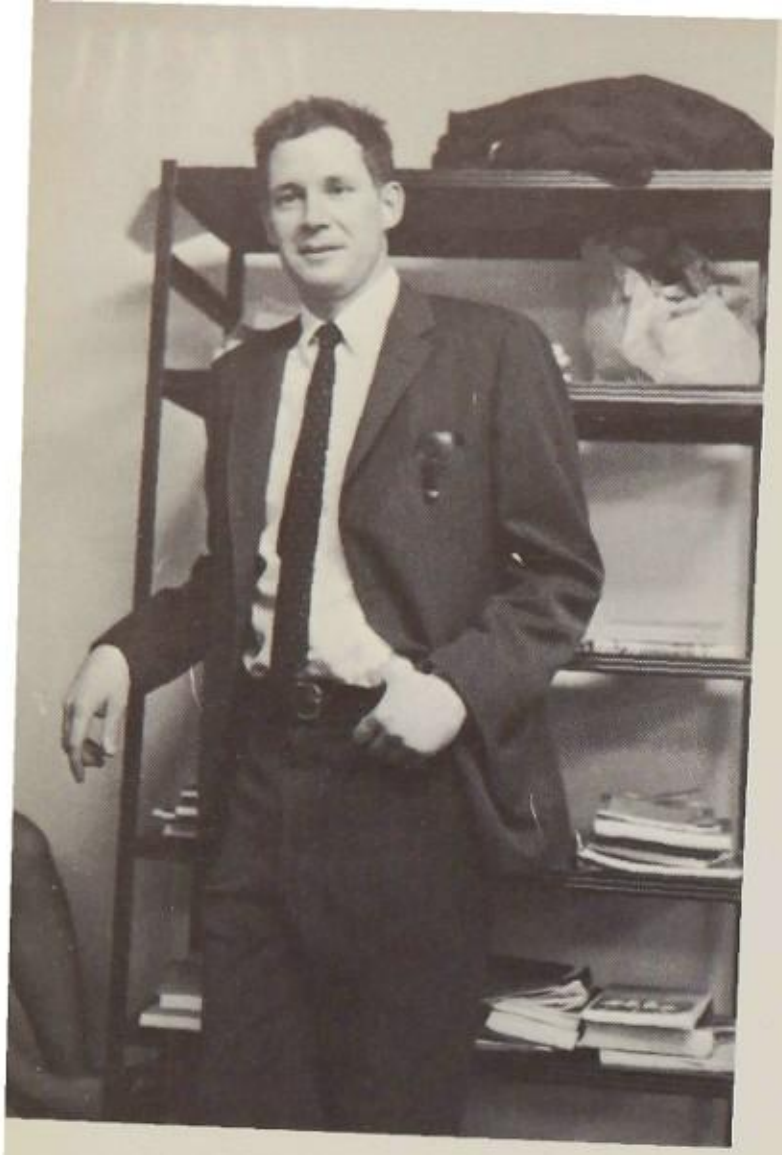

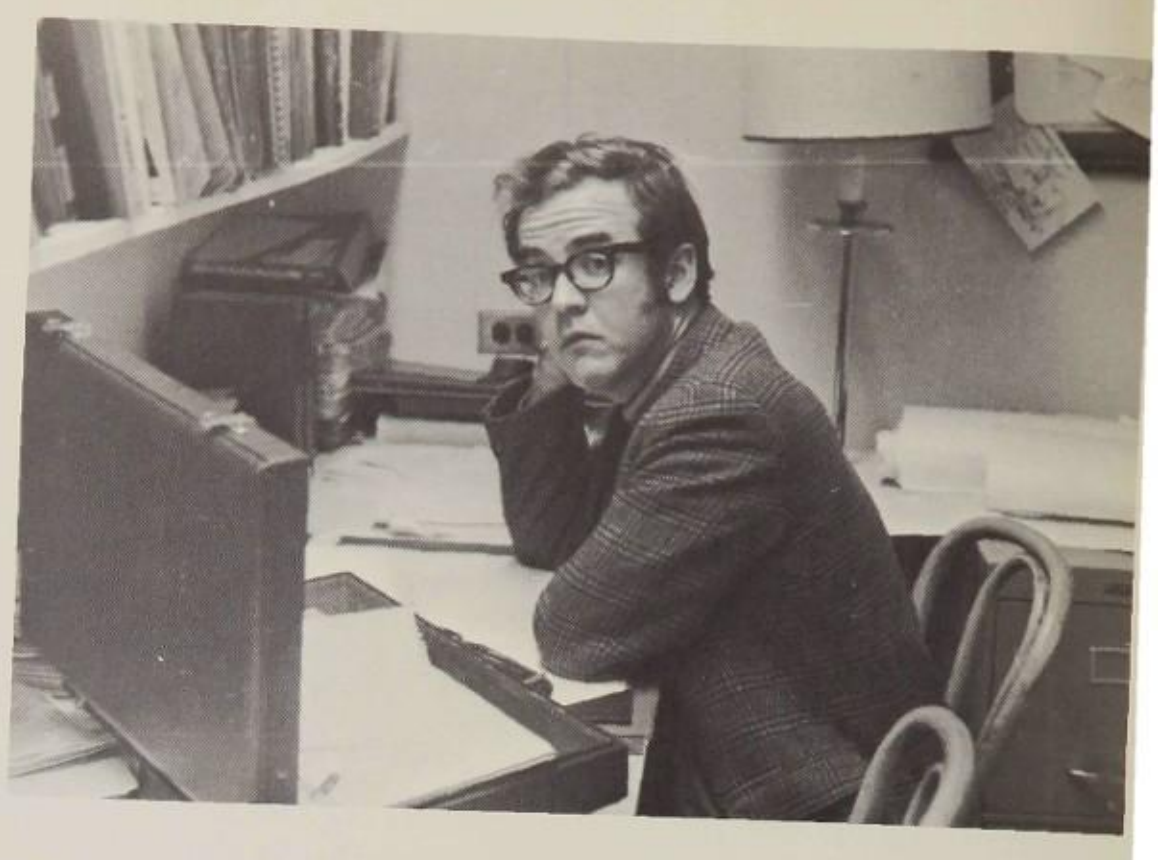

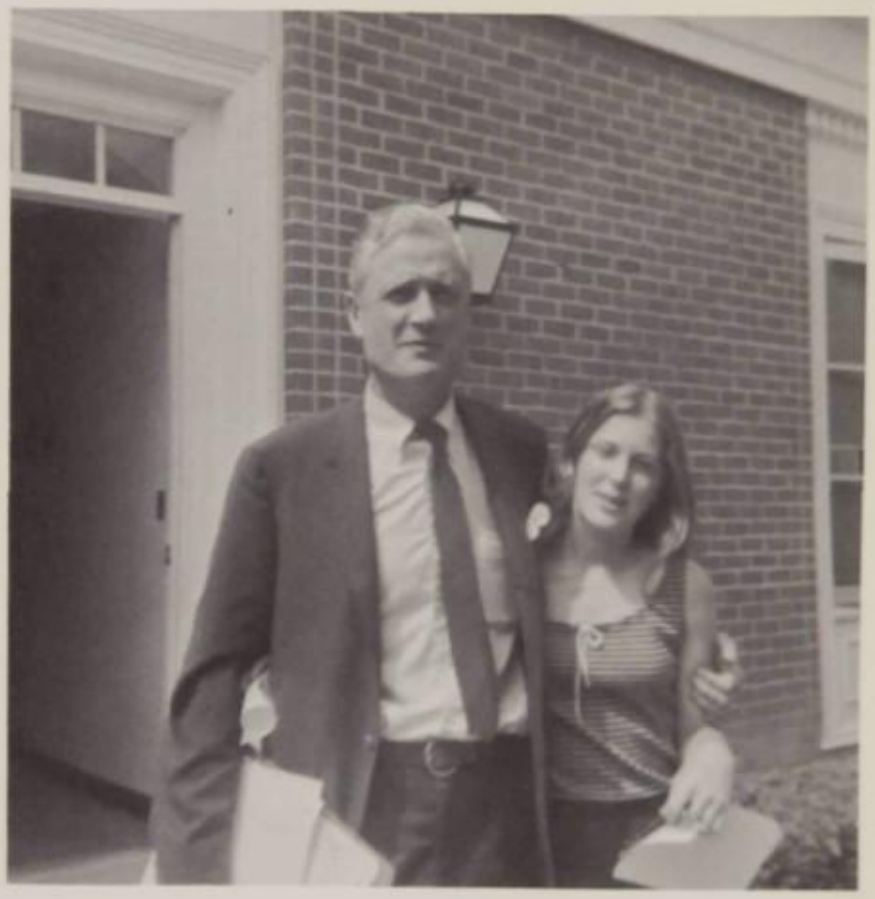

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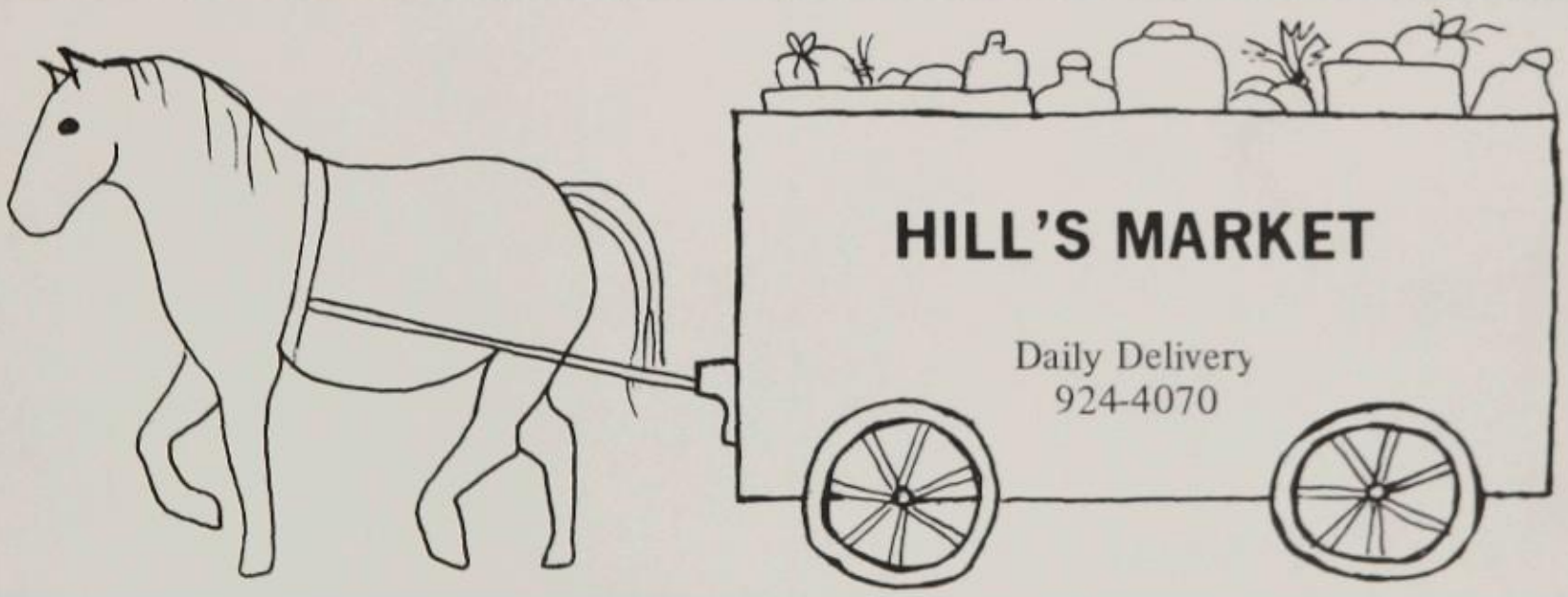

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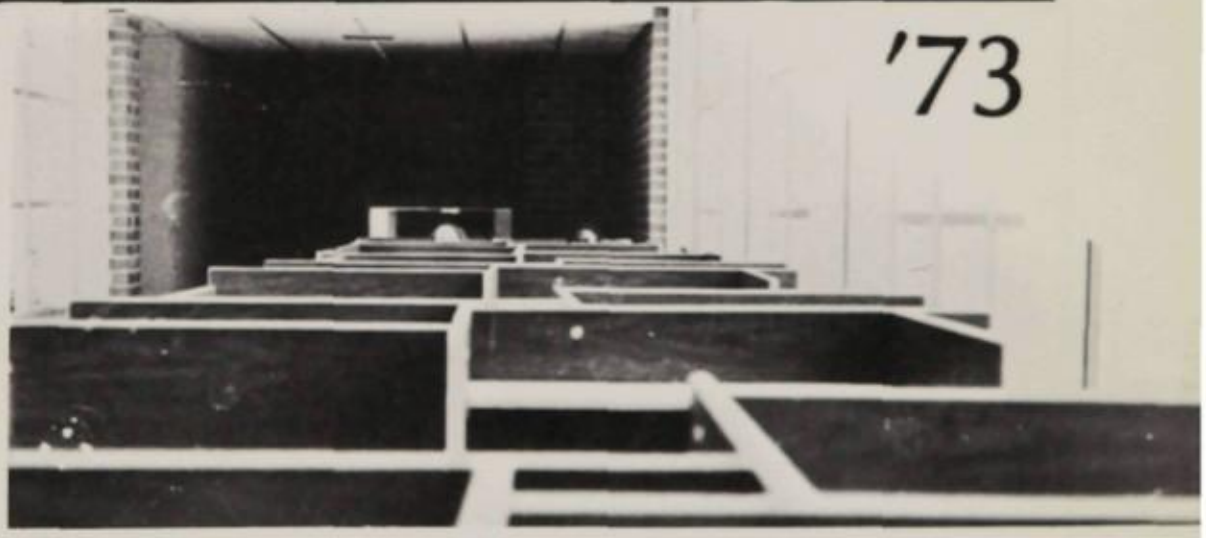

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Love,
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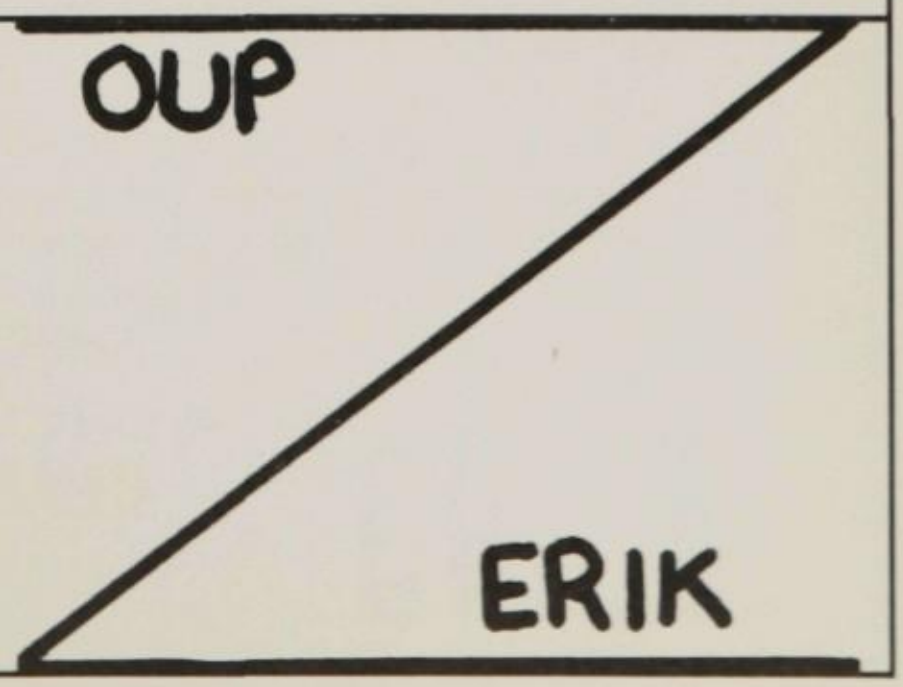

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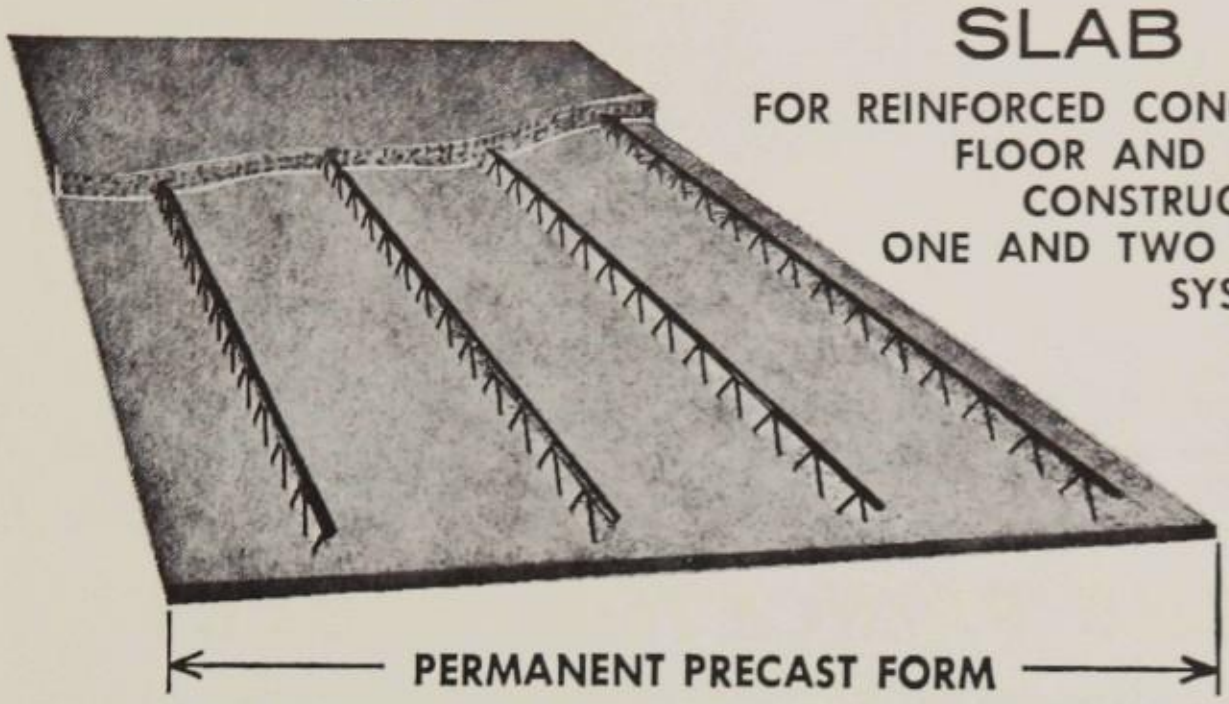

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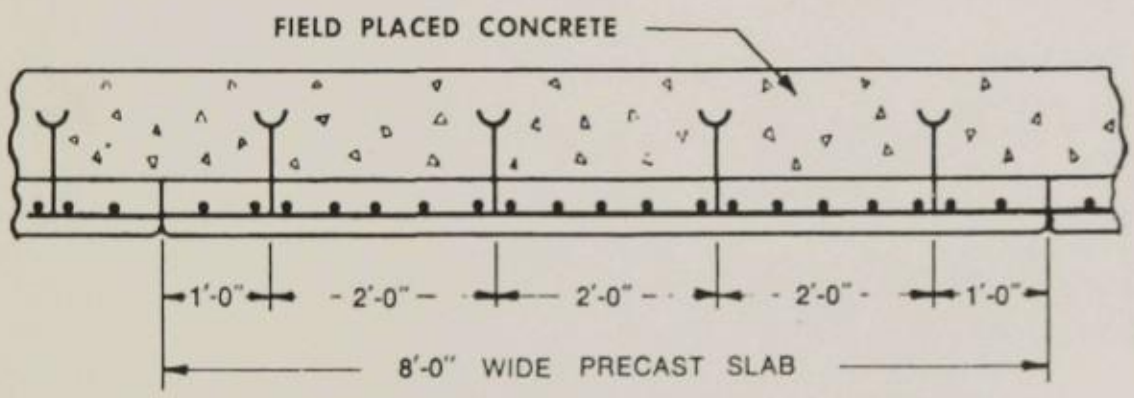

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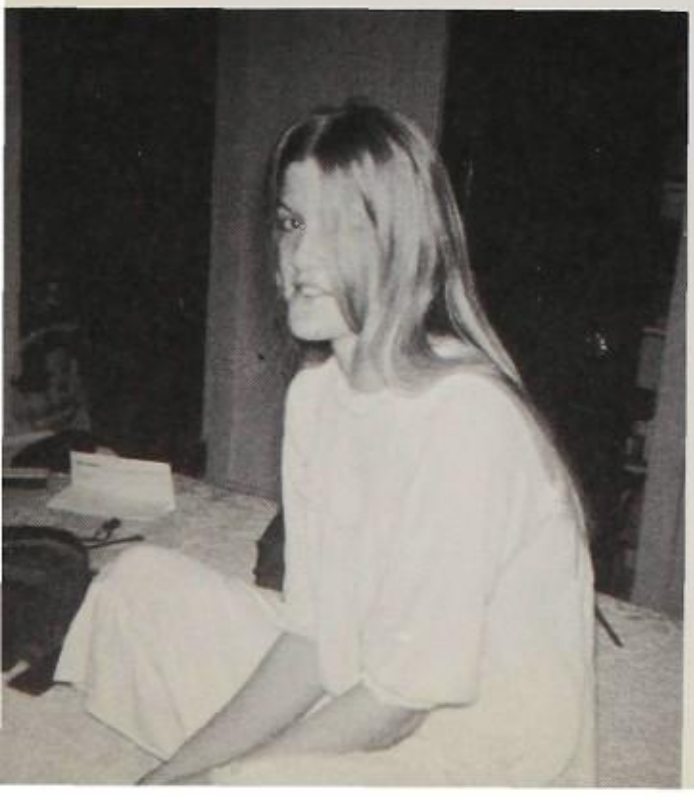

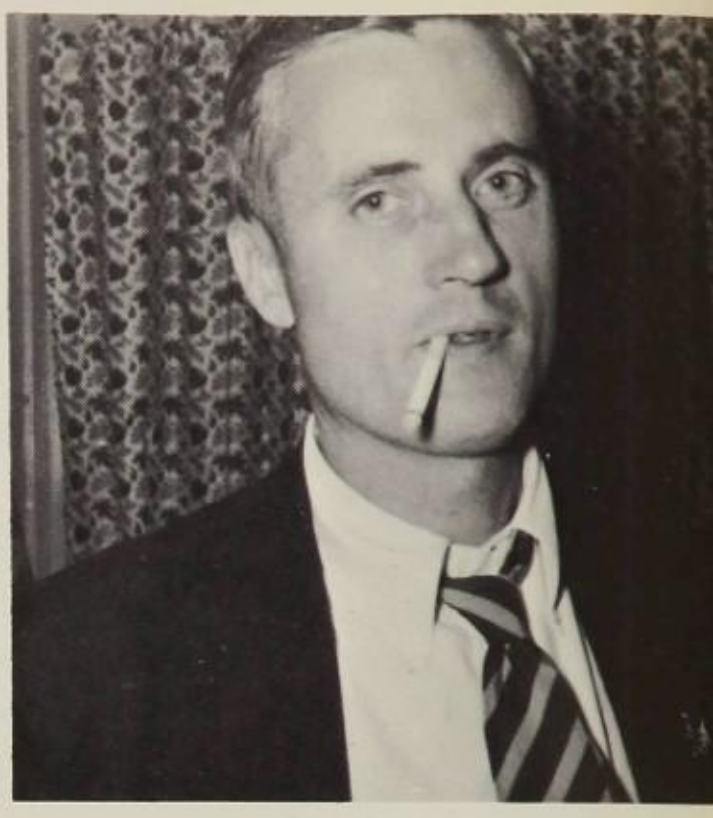

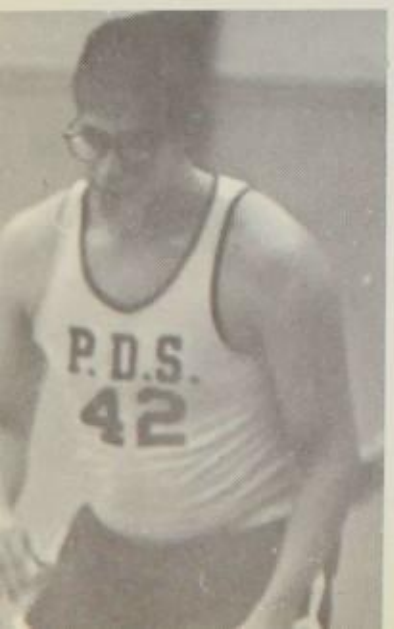
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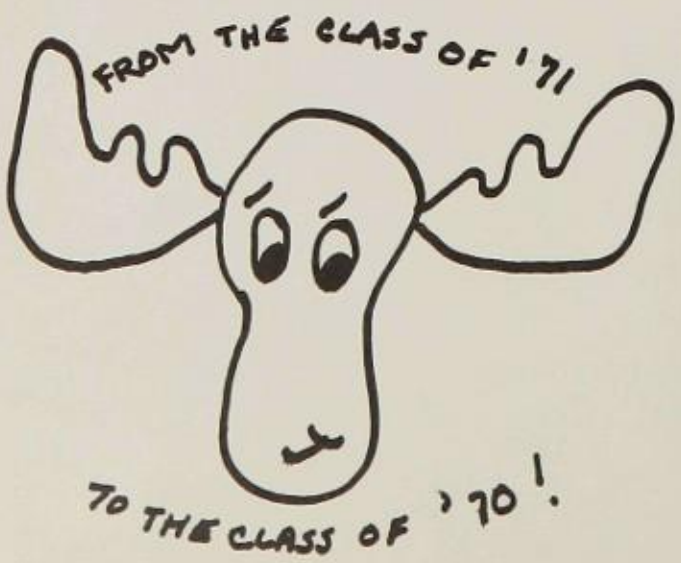
FROM THE CLASS OF '71
TO THE CLASS OF '70!

BEST WISHES TO THE CLASS OF 1970.

STEEL PIER

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

leaving...
...george, dick, lawrence...puppies, ussies, stuffed teddy-bears and stomachs...theatre, court, psyche... on a jet plane...miss., n.c., l.a... steve, randy, -o-...cynical idealism, pacifism, sensitivism...wishing, hoping, dreaming...praying?...rebirth of wonder...don't know when i'll be back again...tears,sorrows,shoulders ...love, love, love...together... cramps, headaches, depression... yogurt, soup, spilt tea...tears,joys, hugs...why...

...oh -o-, i hate to go

To a unique and unforgettable class —

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know . . .
The world should listen then —
as I am listening now."

Douglas O. McClure

Greetings to the class of 1970 from the other side of the generation gap.

Dr. and Mrs.
I. W. Robinson

"Truly the light is sweet, and

a pleasant thing it is for the eyes

to behold the sun . . ." Ecclesiastes

Huson

Thank you
David and Trisha

Old Yorke Inn

Gracious Dining - Cocktails

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NEVIUS-VOORHEES

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From two
young teens...

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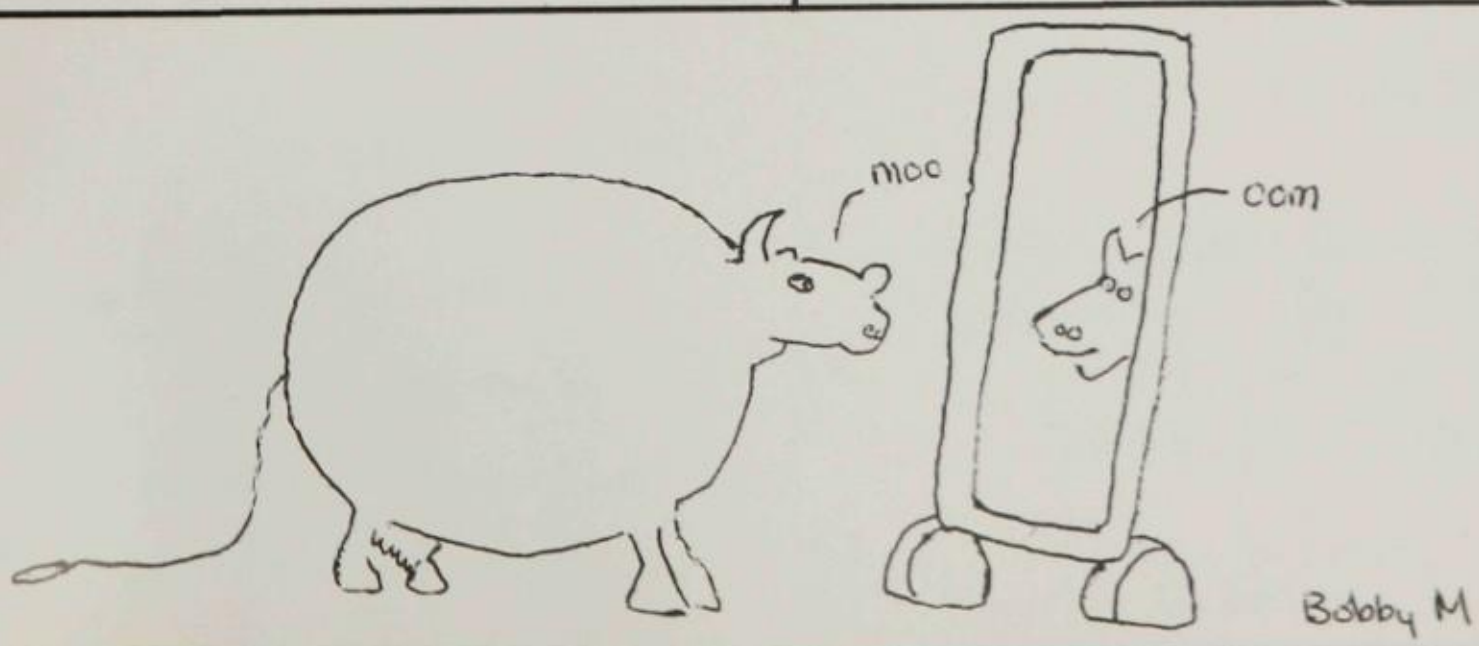

To Miss Campbell

Thank you for: By gum . . . quick sketch, write lightly . . . how gay . . . shedding water into a bucket . . . turned into an integer . . . everybody look up here, I'm expanding! . . . baby theorems . . . the whole kaboodle . . . why'd you people let me do this? . . . my glory be to heaven . . . Sketch, sketch, sketch, you have all this show business!! . . . Believe you me!?%$ . . . it's certainly an old horse chestnut . . . let's plug in . . . Hop into your table . . . Lo and behold! . . . backward, forward and inbetween . . . b_2 had dissolved . . . it's up here now . . . Did you understand what the book was doing?

from: Naurene, Peninah, Barbara, Lew, Porter, David, Louise, Tim, Pam, Joan, Linda Margi, Liz, and Rebecca

S.J.

K
R
O
L

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TIGER BUS LINE, INC.

Deluxe Air-Conditioned Charter
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to Tommy, Tim, Jeremy, Bill, Tommy and Johnny

with love from H, A & H

For Les:
The couch, the island,
packs

The S. sitting room and the swings

All will leave you —

But the memory will always be with us

And so will our love . . . Jeff

We are stuck inside the mobile with the Memphis Blues again (open the door, Rachel)

"THE RAPE OF THE LOTT"

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Anywhere you want to Travel
Let us acquaint you with our
many travel services.

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in Princeton

AMERICAN EXPRESS

10 Nassau Street
Princeton, N.J.

Soon we'll be away from here

Step on the gas and wipe that tear away

One sweet dream came true today

— John Lennon

Meg and Allyn

To a marvelous set of people:

My greatest thanks for the best five years I've ever lived. I don't think I will ever come across a better group of people. Every teacher has been a friend and every friend, a teacher. I love you all deeply and will miss you more than you will ever know.

A senior who doesn't want to go.

AFFECTIONATE BEST WISHES FOR THE FUTURE

FROM TWO ADMIRERS WHO SHARED

YOUR "WASHINGTON TRIP"

Compliments of

BENTLEY'S MARKET

Lawrenceville, N.J.

We wish for the Class of 1970
. . . Not to be deluded by dreams.
To know that great civilizations have broken down
into violence,
and their tyrants come, many times before.
When open violence appears, to avoid it with honor
or choose
the least ugly faction; these evils are essential.
To keep one's own integrity, be merciful
and uncorrupted
and not wish for evil; and not be duped
by dreams of universal justice or happiness. These
dreams will
not be fulfilled.
To know this, and know that however ugly
the parts appear
the whole remains beautiful . . . Integrity
is wholeness,
the greatest beauty is
Organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things,
the divine beauty
of the universe. Love that, not man
Apart from that . . .

Robinson Jeffers

The Karl Lights

best wishes to the class of '70

from alice's restaurant

You'll Do Better
at

BAILEY'S

for those nice things to wear.
Princeton Shopping Center
Princeton, N.J.

"The future of a generation lies in the education of its youth."
May your world be wonderful
Dr. and Mrs. Neal W. Chilton

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PIPES TOBACCO
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a complete line of
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TEE-HEE
and
GOODBYE

Love, the two C.S.'s,
Daggy & Phyllis

Hooray

for

HARRY

&

his hockey team

"O rapture, O rapture, O rapture!
. . . I who am food, eat the eater of food!
I have overcome the whole world!" TU,3.10 (6)

to live, perchance to learn: ay, there's the rub!

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Cheltenham · Plymouth Meeting Mall · Wayne

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EGAN MACHINERY COMPANY

Somerville, N.J.

Eloquence.
It is often silence.
Or a glance, or a
touch.
Or it is a very special
way of understanding.
Thank you for
your eloquence.
For those who love, time is eternity.

to wee willie

potts,

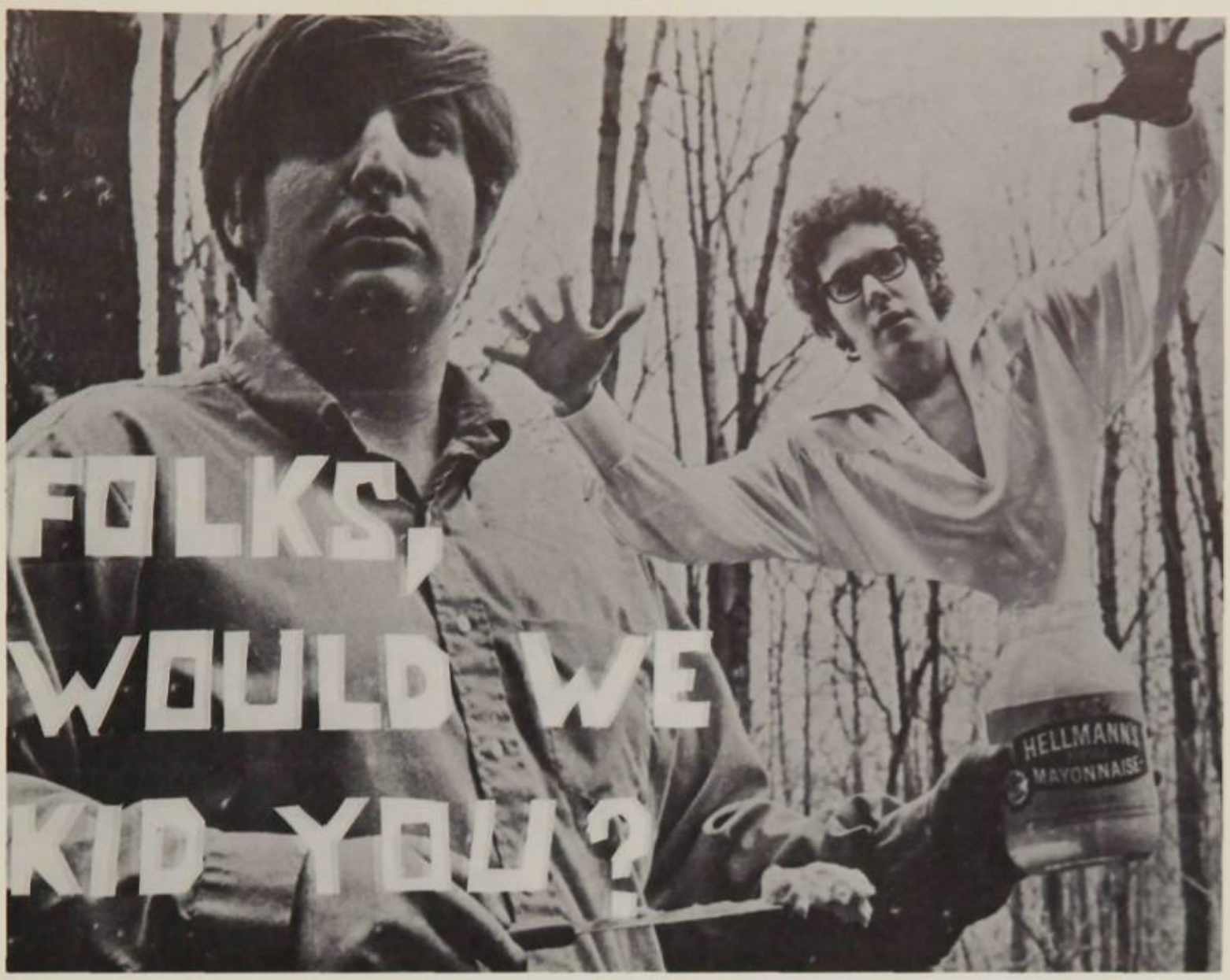
from the haunted

house trio

A.W.B.C.T.
N.R.

flea

smitty



Congratulations
to the class of 1970
from

Mr. And Mrs.
E. A. Sharlin

Всё Аоброго Felicitaciones

Bonne Chance Met'ἀγaθῆs Túχηs

1970

ūtinam forṫuna secunda utamini

DUKE

DUCHESS

UNCLE OF'ZOO LAND
WE CAME HERE TO WORK
COUNTRY STORE
ELCOME TO GHAN